

CHATELAIN

JANUARY
1939
TEN CENTS



In This Issue: **"TRAINING A FUTURE QUEEN"...** BY JOAN WOOLLCOMBE



a magazine for canadian women

CHATELAINE FOR JANUARY

Vol. 12

No. 1

COMPLETE NOVEL

- Fairer Was the Dream
..... Nelia Gardner White 43

FICTION

- Wedding at Dusk
..... Margaret Lee Runbeck 3
The Hat Dorothy Purcell Lewis 6
That Girl Evelyn Murray Campbell 8
Party Girl (serial)
..... Marion Baxter Taylor 12

GENERAL ARTICLES

- What's Wrong With Women's Clubs?
..... Elizabeth Bailey Price 10
Training a Future Queen
..... Joan Woolcombe 11

BEAUTY CULTURE

- This Year—Myself Carolyn Damon 15
Don't Carry Your Hat! Carolyn Damon 23
Fashion Shorts Kay Murphy 24
Tea Time Varieties (pattern) 30
One Gown in Three Acts (pattern) ... 31

HOUSEKEEPING

- Party Soups Helen G. Campbell 35
Meals of the Month 36

"YOUR HOME"

- Budgeting Your Rooms
..... Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C. 39
House Clinic 41

REGULAR FEATURE

- Baby Clinic... J. W. S. McCullough, M.D. 32

And a Happy New Year!

The hope is in the hearts of all of us. But with it, these days, walks a faint sense of fear. "The world is too much with us . . ." chanted a poet not so many years ago. And in this January, 1939, the world with its troubles, seems indefinitely parked on our front doorsteps.

If you had one wish—what would you ask for the coming year?

Wouldn't it be, I wonder, a sense of security? That precious attribute of normal living, seems to be diminishing as the century moves forward. Can war be averted? Are our hopes for peace utterly futile? Will husbands and sons lose their jobs? Will the young people have a chance to find them? The question mark is rampant, as 1938 turns the cycle of the years. Whatever one may do through public organizations, every woman has the chance to achieve a triumph in building a sense of confidence in her own home. The fundamentals of living are still simple—although their practice has become so complex.

That is one reason why I can recommend "Wedding at Dusk" so heartily. Miss Runbeck is one of the most successful writers of the day. Her thought in this haunting story of hopeful youth, versus doubting maturity, is a comforting one, and the wedding of Katie and John is echoed every day in the press reports. Didn't your own have some such story behind it?

For the world outside the home this issue carries a challenge to women, which is planned to appear in the middle of the season's work. "What is wrong with women's clubs?" asks a writer who has been a member of Canadian organizations for quarter of a century. I hope this article will be read aloud at hundreds of groups—and I only wish we could have a résumé of the discussions which will follow. What is your own opinion?

This Year Myself!

If Bailey Price's article on women's clubs should be read to groups, there are individual women on every friendly list who should be given a copy of Carolyn Damon's article "This year—Myself!" Don't you all know them—faithful, hard-working women, who spend so much time on housework, sewing, philanthropies, that they do not realize how much they are losing in neglecting themselves? The story books tell us that husband, children and friends, love us because we work so hard for them. But the woman who is brave enough to put on one side some of the endless chores of a treadmill routine, to consider herself, will find out how much deeper love goes, hand in hand with admiration.

Our complete novelette "Fairer Was the Dream" is another indication of how much a woman can lose. Nelia Gardner White, who wrote it, appears in the top-ranking list of authors on the continent. Next month, *Chatelaine* brings another famous author—Ben Ames Williams. His novel "The Strumpet Sea" is a thrilling account of what happened to a young girl who sailed to live with her missionary parents, and found them dead, with their work unfinished. The story is set a century or so ago and is full of excitement.

February brings, too, the beginning of our new serial "The Other Brother." It's an important new novel by Clarissa Fairchild Cushman, and will be published in book form early in the year. "The Other Brother" has a unique theme—that of two vividly contrasted brothers. The girl in their lives is one of the most spirited heroines you've met for a long time, and I can promise you many hours of reading pleasure with her.

Till February, then.

Byrne Hope Sanders.

H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director.
BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor.
HELEN G. CAMPBELL, Director, Chatelaine Institute.
EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C., Editor "Your Home" Department.
M. FRANCES HUCKS, Assistant Institute Director.
N. ROY PERRY, Business Manager.
E. B. HARSHAW, Advertising Manager.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO, 2, CANADA
JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Founder and Chairman
HORACE T. HUNTER, President
H. V. TYRRELL, Vice-President and General Manager
Publishers of: Chatelaine, Maclean's Magazine, Canadian Homes and Gardens, Mayfair, The Financial Post, Hardware and Metal, Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine, Sanitary Engineer, Canadian Grocer, Drug Merchandising, Stylewear.

Men's Wear Merchandising, Bookseller and Stationer, The General Merchant of Canada, Canadian Hotel Review and Restaurant, Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News, Modern Power and Engineering, Canadian Trade Abroad, Canadian Printer and Publisher, Canadian Advertising, Canadian Automotive Trade, Bus and Truck Transport in Canada. Other Services: The Canadian Press Clipping Service, The Financial Post Corporation Service—BRANCH OFFICES: Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal; 322 Fifth Avenue, New York; 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; England, The MacLean Company of Great Britain, Limited, Sun of Canada Bldg., 2 Cockspur Street, London S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 6642; Telegraph, Atabek, Lesquare, London — YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—In Canada \$1.00; all other parts of the British Empire \$1.50 per year. United States and possessions, Mexico, Central and South America, France and Spain, \$2.00 per year, all other countries \$3.00 per year. Single copies, 10c. Copies on sale at bookstalls of leading London, Eng. hotels, 9d. Copyright, 1939, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited, Registered in Canadian Patent and Copyright Office. Registered in United States Patent Office.

\$100.
LESS THAN LAST YEAR



PONTIAC "ARROW"

Special Features

"MAGIC CARPET" RIDE—provided by New Balanced Springing.

NEW SAFETY VISION WINDSHIELD—wider and higher for greater visibility.

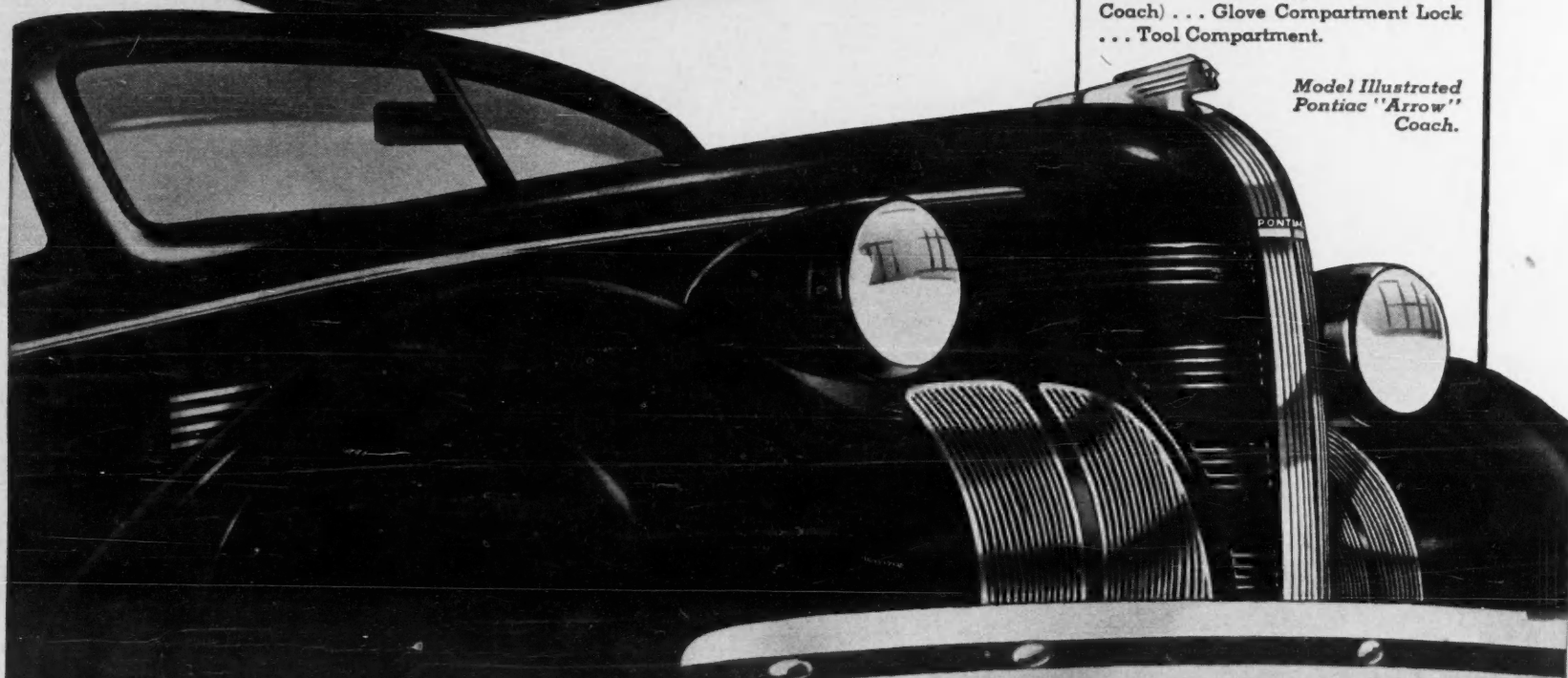
"BLUE FLAME" VALVE-IN-HEAD 6-CYLINDER ENGINE—Smoother, Quieter, More Powerful and Responsive.

NEW "FEATHER TOUCH" CLUTCH—provides new smoothness, operates at light pedal pressure.

HANDI-GEAR SHIFT—on steering column, reduces driving effort (optional at small extra cost.)

"ARROW" STANDARD EQUIPMENT—includes:
600 x 16 Tires . . . Dual Tail Lamps
. . . Controlled No-Draft Ventilation
with Rain Deflector . . . Voltage Regulator . . . Heat Indicator . . . Independent Fully Rubber-Covered Running Boards . . . Sedan Type Front Seat (in Coach) . . . Glove Compartment Lock . . . Tool Compartment.

*Model Illustrated
Pontiac "Arrow"
Coach.*



PONTIAC

Arrow

Chatelaine for JANUARY



Wedding at Dusk

"Dearly beloved," said the minister, and the words of the ceremony built eternal cathedral around them.

THEY'D KNOWN each other since they were babies, the four of them, Katie and John, and Tink and Wuggy. Katie and Tink had been aunts to each other's dolls, and John and Wuggy had been the little boys who dismembered those dolls. John looked like a man these days, but Wuggy, being the son of Dr. Ruggles Andrews, the fairly celebrated mathematician, was still pretty no-account. But sweet, Tink thought.

Other things changed . . . Good lord, one heard of change all the time; change seemed to be the only unchanging fact. . . but they went on being more or less the same, Tink and Wuggy, and Katie and John.

Then, without warning, the bottom fell out of the universe; Tink knew suddenly that Katie and John had grown up.

"I wouldn't want Wuggy to find out," she said to herself. "It'd certainly upset him."

At first it looked like simply a contingent fact, like rain, or being broke, or having the day be Thursday. But as time went on, Tink saw that it was more than that. It was the right angle which changed the traffic of all their lives.

"Things will never be the same again," she said to herself. "It's liable to do just about anything, to all of us." And she felt unbearably lonely and unsearchably afraid.

Thinking back, she knew when it had started. That night at the amusement park. None of the parents liked to have them go there, but everybody but parents adored the place. Mostly, of course, it was the nice dark-eyed foreigners from the mill who clung in fascin-

ated terror to the various speed devices. But the people who really appreciated it all, were the youngsters whose mothers and dads were still full of rococo sentimentality about having the Country Club closed. You'd have thought the Country Club had been something, to hear them go on. Everybody had hoped prosperity would get back from wherever it had gone, in time to get the Country Club into running order again before the children grew up. Everyone was martyred and sentimental about the situation; quite amusing to the young.

"What'd they do at their old Country Club that we can't do?" their children asked each other.

"Snub the people who didn't belong, as near as I can make out."

"Maybe we ought to try snubbing some day. Maybe we're missing something."

"Um-hum. You try it. Let me know your findings."

Well, anyway, the four of them had gone down after dinner to swim, and then, with their hair still a little damp, they'd walked a mile along the old Country Club road to the amusement park.

Above all the rest of the racket, they heard the asthmatic music of the merry-go-round, with the warning bell saying when your ticket had been nearly spent.

"Who's got dimes?" John said. "Tomorrow's pay day for me."

"Tomorrow's always pay day for you," Tink said, putting her hand in her pocket guardedly. "What'd you do with all that pay of yours? We never see any of it."

"I save it," John said. "I'm going to buy your father's business when he admits he's bankrupt."

"You're a vulture," Katie told him. "I honestly believe you do save your money." John, who was twenty-two, was the only person they knew who had a job. A job but never any money. Not to spend, anyway. "Certainly I save it."

"Well, as it happens I have four dimes," Tink said. "Enough for Katie and me to ride twice."

"Katie wouldn't ride without me," John said with his confident grin. "It just wouldn't mean anything to her."

"Wouldn't it? It would mean twice instead of once," Wuggy said. "Katie's a bright woman, son."

But of course they all rode once, and when it developed that Tink had five dimes instead of four, John took that, too, to spend later on for peanuts or potato chips.

They got on the high-stepping ponies with rubies glittering at their pommels, and the music, out of date as chivalry, itself, wheezed out, the bell clanged, and they were off. Katie's hair lifted and lowered as her pony rose and curtsied with the melody. Katie's eyes were bright as the emeralds tangled in her pony's mane, and her hair rose and fell in a sift of gold against her slender little neck. John, his wide mouth grinning with the luxury of that dime in his pocket, looked at her and looked away. Wuggy was shouting at the man in the grimy white skipper's cap to get out the lever with the rings and let 'em have their money's worth. You could see it was just a merry-go-round to Wuggy; probably Dr. Ruggles Andrews hadn't approved of them when Wuggy was young.

Tink looked again at Katie, with her head thrown back and her sweet hair lifting, and then she saw that John was looking, too. He said something over the

PRAISE WINNERS:

Meals by mother

Ketchup by Heinz

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP
ESTD 1869
MADE IN CANADA
FROM SELECTED FRESH RED RIPE TOMATOES
"PICKED COOKED AND BOTTLED ALL IN A DAY"
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY TORONTO

HEINZ CHILI SAUCE
ESTD 1869
MADE IN CANADA
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY TORONTO

HEINZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP
ESTD 1867
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY TORONTO

HEINZ TOMATO JUICE
ESTD 1869
SERVE COLD SHAKE BEFORE USE
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY TORONTO

HEINZ
PURE FOODS

EVEN the juiciest hot steak or the tenderest cut of beef reaches new heights of glory, men say, from a dash or two of this thick, crimson sauce. And so-called ordinary dishes—omelets, stews, hash, cold cuts—gain praise from the same source.

In the big, red bottle there is extra zest for a hundred different dishes—the very same taste that makes so many restaurants popular with diners-out.

No run-of-market sauce could give you the come-hither, mouth-watering qualities of Heinz Tomato Ketchup. The tomatoes are pedigreed, big, red, juicy aristocrats—and to keep their distinctive flavour they're picked, cooked and bottled the same day. The fragrant, zestful spices are selected by Heinz own buyers in the Orient. Every ingredient is of the best. Cooking receives housewifely care after painstaking preparation of the ingredients. Then, quick sealing and away to your dealer—ready to win praise for more home cooks.

Keep a bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup in the kitchen and another for the table. Breakfast, dinner and supper—and the school lunch—all call for this fragrant, warming, zestful tomato ketchup by Heinz. Make a note, please: Most "big" bottles of ketchup contain only 12 ounces—Heinz gives you 14.

Heinz Chili Sauce and Heinz Tomato Juice offer the same distinctive, true tomato-taste. It is also the very soul of Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup.

The Heinz Book of Salads and Meat Recipes—over 100 pages of modern, tested recipes for dozens of salads, dressings, sandwiches; scores of meat cookery ideas; canapes and hors-d'oeuvres. Send 10¢ and labels from any 3 Heinz products. Or, NO MONEY and labels from any 12 Heinz products. H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. C27, Toronto, Ont.



KATIE

WUGGY

Suddenly then, she knew that they had done something about it. She heard it in the worst possible way, at her own breakfast table, alone between those benevolent aliens, the parents.

"What's all this nonsense about Katie?" Mrs. Garland asked.

"What nonsense?" she said to her grapefruit.

"Her poor mother. Katie blandly announced last night that she and John Balm want to get married. I don't know where you children get your ideas."

"I haven't any ideas," Tink said. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"You're nothing but babies," her mother said. "And if you'll just behave yourselves and wait until we get things back to normal—I think Julie Chandler is quite unwise to let Katie see so much of John. He's older anyway. He ought to be ashamed of himself."

"If he's older, maybe that's why," Tink said clumsily. "Maybe he's old enough . . ." But she knew it would be no use to argue with them. They of the so-tangible world, concerned with taxes and tuitions, of mortgages and money, of the old days which were gone, no matter how they refused to believe it!

by MARGARET
LEE RUNBECK

Illustrated by
KAY AVERY

So, they weren't going to take John and Katie seriously. They were going to talk it out of being, as they did so many things. But Tink knew that this time they'd never succeed.

Even when it had become mere neighborly banter between the two families, Katie didn't speak of it to Tink.

"Maybe it's because she knows she doesn't have to tell me," Tink said. "Maybe she knows I know because I've always been like a sister, only more so." But she wished that somewhere in this quickly forming new world of Katie's, there would be some little place where she would be needed.

Mrs. Chandler spoke of it, setting the conversation in the proper teasing tone with clumsy skillfulness. They were all up in the Chandler attic, getting out winter clothes, for now it was October.

"I hope you've not encouraged Katie in this silliness, darling," Mrs. Chandler said. "You've always been such a sensible girl."

"Tink doesn't know anything about it," Katie said, "and please don't let's discuss it."

"We're not going to discuss it," Mrs. Chandler said. "It's much too ridiculous to discuss." Then something, even in her overlaid maternal mind, seemed to click and she remembered that day long ago when she and Katie and Tink had first looked at the wedding dress together.

Mrs. Chandler, who must have been rather young in those days, had been looking for a ballet costume to wear to the Country Club dance—the last of them—in 1929. (She sighed now, remembering those gilded days.)

"Remember that time we all looked at your wedding dress?" she said now.

"Yes, we remember," Katie said impatiently, "and please don't get it out now. I don't want to see it."

But Mrs. Chandler was shoving about the Louis Vuitton trunks, which in the last eight years had done all their travelling by moving van from attic to less pretentious attic. "Here it is; let's just see how it's keeping."

"It's keeping," Katie said matter-of-factly, "and please don't get it out. I'm never going to wear it, and don't let's have a scene." But her mother had unlocked the trunk, and Tink was remembering that old excitement of seeing the yards and yards of satin shrouded in layers of black tissue paper.

"Three brides have worn it, and Katie'll be the fourth," Mrs. Chandler said now, just as Tink remembered her saying when they were nine and ten.

"Katie'll be nothing of the kind," her daughter said, unrolling wool hose ferociously.

"I had seven bridesmaids, and four dozen of everything to start keeping house," Mrs. Chandler said in a

bemused ritual. "Darling, if you'll just be good until things get back to normal . . ."

"Normal? What have four dozen dish towels got to do with being normal?" Katie said. "You don't know what the word means, mother."

Mrs. Chandler was off now on one of the parents' favorite themes, "the days before the Crash." They had gone on talking about that for years and years. But what they considered only temporary concession to emergency was half a lifetime to the children, and so had been accepted as the circumstance of reality.

"Everything was so different," she said self-pityingly. "You don't know what we've suffered, losing first one thing and then another."

"Principally you lost yourselves, if you ever had any selves," Katie said with bitter unfairness. "You've let eight years go past while you've been hugging your threatened belongings to you. Why don't you wake up, mother, and realize things?"

"Realize? You don't know what it means to realize," Mrs. Chandler said. They were both sounding exaggerated and overwritten, the way mothers and daughters do when they can't quarrel about the real subject.

But suddenly Katie was talking about the real subject. "Do you think I care about any old wedding dress, or bridesmaids or sterling silver? It's John I want. I love him, mother, and you can't seem to realize that love hasn't anything to do with weddings or keeping up appearances, or even having a good job. I want to belong to him . . ."

To her great and frigid horror, Tink saw that Katie was weeping. Wild bitter weeping that wiped everything else out.

"I've never heard such talk," Mrs. Chandler said. She was rustling the wedding dress together almost as if she must protect it from being defamed by Katie's unashamedness.

"We found a little house last week," Katie said in a new attempt, trying very hard to control her voice. "Mother, please listen to me. We've worked it all out. It wouldn't cost more than John earns for us to live in it. We don't need anything, if we have each other."

Mrs. Chandler came over and sat down on the little trunk facing Katie. They had both forgotten Tink was there because Tink was

Continued on page 33



music. But Katie couldn't hear. She leaned to hear, and her pony, curtsying at the peak of its rise, suddenly slipped from beneath her. Before she could recover her balance, John was out of the giraffe's saddle and had her in his arms. No closer than they'd been dozens of times, dancing—not so close, really. But this was a different moment, somehow. Even Tink knew that.

They got off the merry-go-round, the four of them, and walked out under the trees, the haggard trees kept awake too late at night by the brilliant lights strung over them. Wuggy was talking. But the others said nothing at all; they walked far apart, with Tink between them.

"What's come over us?" Tink said to herself. "Something's happened to some of us."

But not to Wuggy. He was saying, "Boy, there's something almost philosophical about a merry-go-round. Ever think of that? Always going somewhere and never getting any place. Reminds me of civilization, sort of."

Wuggy began talking about the old man in the laboratory down at the cellulose plant, who thought he might give Dr. Ruggles Andrews' son a chance, come the first of the year.

"Everybody's going to give you something, come some other time than the one that's upon us," Wuggy said, and took out his pipe, which he fully expected to enjoy some day.

But the rest of them said nothing. They stood on the outskirts of the crowd, watching the people from the mill bump into each other in their thundering mechanical bumping cars.

THEN THEY went home, locked in a cautious group as if John and Katie were clinging to them. John came along to the little white house where the Garlands were living now, and he stood around as if he were trying to get the situation right side up again.

"Well, g'night," he said at last. "Thanks for the ride. You coming, Wuggy?"

"No," Wuggy said. "Got to stick around in case Tink wants to pet, or something."

"Okay," he said absently. "Well, be seeing you."

"Listen, Tink," Wuggy said before John had gone far, "that louse walked off with your money. Taking money from a woman! Want me to call him back?"

"No. Let him go," Tink said, for this seemed no moment to be mentioning money.

"Wish I knew where I could get money from a woman."

They sat in the silly little arbor somebody had glued against the front of the house the Garlands were renting this year, and Wuggy pulled on his pipe and looked a little like Franchot Tone, whom Katie and Tink had loved last year.

"What was the matter with those two other guys?" he said after a while. "Fight or something?"

"I guess so." Her throat ached with loneliness, but she could not call it by this name, having never encountered it before.

"People are funny. Always trying to get themselves mixed up about something," Wuggy said. "Maybe you didn't notice anything. You're kind of obtuse at times, my little friend."

"Am I?" She looked across at him forlornly. In the darkness he was a shadow which might have been a man, not Wuggy who'd licked all the glue off her Christmas seals when she was seven.

"Wanna pet?" he said listlessly, knocking the not enthusiastic embers out of his pipe.

"I want to go home," she said in a gulp. "Good-night."

She ran up the steps and tore off her clothes and got into bed without even turning on a light. Her father, poor Horace Garland who'd lost so much sleep during the last eight years, was snoring down the hall because business was better again. Tink lay there shivering in the dark as if she already knew the end of all this. She swallowed and swallowed to keep from sobbing, and for the life of her, she didn't know why she wanted to cry.

Then she thought of Katie's wedding dress, and that was something.

"Mrs. Chandler'll go out of her mind," she said, as if it were all a dismal, accomplished fact. "She's lived for years on the strength of Katie's wedding. And imagine a dress like that at any wedding John could have!"

DURING THE next days, Tink thought surely they'd talk about it, as they had always talked about everything all their lives. But this was different. This wasn't the way they'd both been in love last year with Franchot Tone, nor the way Gabby Duane was in love with her cousin from Winnipeg. This was something quiet and final and grown-up, and Tink knew that in some mysterious way Katie had stepped into a room of herself where Tink had never been.

"Katie thinks I'm just a baby," she said to herself patiently. "I'll have to wait until she really needs me, sort of."

The two of them went on just as they always had, borrowing each other's sweaters and putting waves in each other's hair, giggling and having long serious talks. But not about John. They said less about John than usual. He had always been the weather, hardly worth more than mentioning. But now his name couldn't be trusted, even in a casual voice.

And Wuggy went on having no idea at all, spending time with them, and seeing nothing. Talking a lot and seeing nothing. Just a self-centred lug, you might say, if you weren't fond of Wuggy. But Tink saw.

In an agony of awareness without understanding, she saw Katie and John close at hand, yet miles away from her and Wuggy. There were times when they looked just like their old selves, chasing each other across the beach, screaming with mere youngness. Then John would catch Katie, and they'd just stand where they were, stricken with a horrible wisdom that came not from words but from blood and heartbeats and unwritten generations of loving and living.

"Oh lord, this is really something," Tink would groan to herself. "They'll never get over this. And what on earth will they do about it?"

"A Merry-go-round is like civilization" said one of them. "Always going somewhere...and getting no place." Yet because they boarded one that evening, a wedding dress went without its fourth bride...and a new generation found out how to live



As the wind caught them he darted a hopeful glance at Pat's hat. The atrocity didn't even teeter. He resigned himself to being a two-man parade.

ful and eager and alive. Just being with her, looking into her shining blue eyes and hearing her voice that could be breath-takingly husky, or bubbling with soft laughter as it was now, made you feel that you could lick the world. If only that darned hat . . .

"You wish you'd listened in last night to your father's speech to the Chamber of Commerce."

"Nope. Not that I wouldn't like to have heard him. The governor's a great talker, honey. You'll hear him next month. He's giving a talk to the Woman's Club."

"Johnny, honey, it frightens me to think of meeting your folks. But if—if they're anything like you, I'll love 'em."

Johnny said with forced joviality, "One more guess, honey. You're not even close."

The light washed out of Pat's eyes. "You're not—you are regretting your marriage."

"You nutty kid," Johnny said. "You're a mile off. This is funny. You'd never guess. I was thinking it might be fun to go on a shopping spree with you. We might buy you a new hat."

Pat's laughter tinkled. Her eyes were deep blue pools of light. Johnny thought he had never seen them so bright. He sighed with relief. Pat continued to chuckle. She forgot to finish her sandwich.

All afternoon her gaiety was contagious. Bored sales-ladies forgot to be bored. Their frozen faces thawed and softened under her naive enthusiasm. Johnny found himself enjoying the shopping tour. There was nobody in the world like Pat. She was so darned wholesome and fresh and unselfconscious. Nobody could possibly resist her.

"You should have married a trousseau and found the girl to fit it," she chuckled when they were alone for a minute. And once, "Darling, I'm beginning to get a grab-bag complex." And to Johnny's suddenly blank expression, "You know, darling; the man next to you draws the very thing you could have used." Pat's eyes danced. Her lovely red lips curved.

At last Johnny discovered the hat, a navy sailor. At his casual suggestion Pat wore the new hat and carried

Where is the man who will not understand Johnny's problem — or the woman who will not yearn for his girl's hat?

the old. He had a moment of compunction when he saw how queerly the new hat transformed Pat, but knew his mother would approve. He said that and was rewarded by a low chuckle that broke in the middle. He called Pat's attention to an autogyro. She refused to turn her head. Instead she blew her nose.

"Guess I've caught another cold. Forgot to tell you, Johnny, but I'm subject to 'em."

Back in their room Pat said, "I'm going to treat myself to a facial, Johnny." She disappeared into the bathroom; came back with a bath towel over her face; lay on the bed motionless. In dinner clothes Johnny attempted to lift the towel. Pat clung to it while one arm locked convulsively about Johnny's neck. She said so low that Johnny barely caught the words, "No matter, Johnny, no matter what happens—I'll go on loving you all the rest of my life. I couldn't stop if I wanted to."

Johnny held her close. "Same here," gruffly. "But what's the sense of sounding so—final?"

In the lobby Johnny smoked and read the financial news. Pat had seemed to get as big a kick out of the shopping as he had. Tomorrow he would tip her off about talking to servants. And later he would explain to her how overdrafts cost banks a whale of a fortune. Seven-thirty! Where was Pat?

He rode up in the elevator, tried the door of their room. It was unlocked. "Pat," he called softly. The bed was empty. "Pat!" The bathroom door stood open. Empty! He swung about, stared hypnotized at the dressing table. Glass top swept clean! Clean except for a sheet of paper. Stiff fingers picked up the note.

"Johnny, darling, it was a tragic mistake. Nutty people like me can't be fitted into conventional molds. I'll love you till the end of time. Pat."

Johnny never knew how long he stood staring at Pat's slanting handwriting. After a long time he moved numbly toward the clothespress. Empty! But no! On the shelf, back in the corner, Johnny's groping fingers discovered something. The navy sailor! He jerked it down, crumpled it into a ball, flung it across the

room. Hands in pockets he stood at the window; stared stiffly at gaudy electrical advertisements. "Till the end of time!" The lights blurred before Johnny's young eyes. He crossed the room and flung suits recklessly into his trunk.

At daybreak he ran up the steps of Pat's walk-up apartment, knocked softly on the door. He waited, heart thumping. The door opened a crack and Johnny stared, wordless, into Pat's purple-smudged eyes. She was wearing faded green pyjamas and purple mules. Her hair was brushed back from her face like a small boy's. Johnny pushed open the door. His arms closed about Pat's shoulders. He held her close, swallowing against the lump in his throat. "Darling," he murmured unsteadily.

"Please, Johnny." Pat slipped out of his arms. "It's no good, darling. I couldn't ever—fit." Her voice was no more than a husky whisper. "Conformists like you, Johnny, can't understand crazy people like me. You live on rules and regulations. You're more army—than the army. I saw, darling, right from the start, that you didn't like my hat. But it wouldn't have been honest to change it. I'm like the hat, Johnny. I adore bright colors. And I like to talk to people. Your mouth went straight and your eyes Emily Postish when I chatted with shopkeepers and waiters. You see, Johnny, I couldn't ever worry about what people think. If I got so I could—I'd be somebody else. And you can't be somebody else, Johnny." She swallowed; her soft mouth shook.

Johnny said hoarsely, "Pat! Listen to me, honey, none of that stuff means anything. You're everything in the world to me. Without you there isn't anything at all. Loving each other—that's all that matters. It's crazy to let a fool

Continued on page 26

THE



PAT nestled her blond head deeper into Johnny's shoulder. "I should say no, Johnny," she said huskily. "If only you weren't so darned sweet I could keep remembering your background."

"What's wrong with my background?" Johnny demanded gruffly. "What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing's wrong, darling. That's the trouble," Pat chuckled. "Truly, I'll make a hopeless wife for a conventional man. Change your mind, Johnny!"

"You nutty kid," Johnny murmured, holding Pat close. After a long moment, his young brow furrowed, "There won't be time for announcements. I'll wire the family." It would be a jolt to his mother and dad. They weren't used to slapdash weddings.

Pat's arms tightened about Johnny's neck. "When they come back from Florida—oh, darling, I'll do my darnedest." And then, "Trouble is, Johnny Baxter, I won't have time to collect a bunch of fancy clothes."

"Clothes," Johnny muttered, too happy for coherent thought. "What the heck difference do clothes make?"

The next morning when he picked her up to go to the parsonage he knew. Anchored to Pat's head by a scarlet velvet band was a vicious-red poker chip. The poker chip flaunted a feather. The feather rose majestically from the centre of the hat, made an abrupt about-face, shot forward and ended above Pat's right eye.

And then Johnny forgot the hat. He was standing with Pat before the rector. Mitzie Carr, Pat's roommate, and Hal Caine, who worked for the Baxter Investment Corporation and who had introduced Johnny to Pat, curiously solemn and round-eyed, were close by. Johnny's knees shook; his heart pounded. Pat was giving her precious life into his keeping. He looked into her lovely lifted face. Her blue eyes were shining. Her mouth was quiet with her love for him.

When Pat was Mrs. John Baxter III, and leaving for Atlantic City with her husband, Mitzie said, "Darling, watch out they don't call the fire department to put you out." And Hal, who had loved Pat hopelessly for two years, said, with something desperate in his voice and a world of misery in his blue eyes, "You look swell, kid. Send me a box of salt-water taffy and a couple post-cards."

As their car left the city, Pat parked her hat in the groove behind the seats. She chuckled, "Nothing must harm it. It made me overdraw."

Johnny cut the car's speed. He circled Pat's slim shoulders with a big arm. "How much of an overdraft, honey? I'll mail 'em back a cheque tonight."

"Let 'em cool their heels. They know I'm honest." She nestled her head against his grey tweed shoulder. It's all in a little book, Sweet. When we go home I'll look it up."

Johnny's arms held Pat closer. Queer, this new feeling of responsibility. Pat was the swellest girl in the world; he couldn't let her do things people would criticize. Johnny said, "I'll mail them a cheque for fifty tonight." After all, Pat was Mrs. John Baxter III.

AS THEY drove up to the big hotel next day Pat parked the hat on her soft curls. The instant the doorman opened their door Johnny saw the way the lid hit him between the eyes. A little muscle in Johnny's cheek twitched. He, John Baxter, in the eyes of the world was responsible for that tricky bit of millinery!

"Darling," Pat crowed, "smell the fish. I could eat a lobster or a minnow—raw!" She tugged at his arm like a frisky terrier on the leash and insisted they glimpse the ocean before registering.

Johnny said uncertainly, "Somebody might walk off with our bags."

The doorman intervened. "I'll keep an eye on the luggage." His dour face bloomed under Pat's sparkling smile. He looked pink—almost cherubic.

"It's so beautiful it hurts. Two whole weeks!" Her voice hushed to a whisper. Her fingers clutching his arm. And then, "What if somebody did take the luggage, darling?" She laced slim fingers through Johnny's. "You can't lose the really important things, Johnny. I mean—purple twilight, the moon and stars and sea, and—the way I feel about you. No matter what happens, Johnny, those things will be unchanging."

Johnny hugged Pat's arm convulsively against his side. He said gruffly, "If I lost you, there wouldn't be anything at all. There would be nothing left for me."

Upstairs the lobby fairly bustled with dowagers, and elderly men with canes. A handsome white-haired woman who reminded Johnny of his mother was talking to the room clerk. Her eyes focused on Pat's hat. Johnny's face burned. The hat drew everybody's attention. Everybody was turning round and gaping.

The porter collected their bags; returned Pat's merry grin. Pat smiled at the solemn-faced elevator boy and he grinned back. Johnny writhed; she was friendly enough without sending ahead that hat as emissary.

Alone at last, Pat flung herself into Johnny's arms. Johnny said, the hat



Illustrated by Arthur Sarnoff

forgotten, "I didn't know that it would be like this." They dressed leisurely for dinner; walked for miles afterward, buttoning their coats against the chill May wind. Johnny forgot the red hat completely.

But the next morning he asked, striving for a casual note, "Why pester with a hat?"

"It's such a nice hat. It would be cruel to leave it here."

Johnny signalled the elevator; glared at two young chaps who stared at Pat. At breakfast he was silent with a speechlessness that tore at his throat. He loved Pat with every ounce of his being, but he had to do something about that hat! Pat chattered about everything, impervious to his gruff monosyllables. She discussed canary birds with the suave head waiter; goldfish with their waiter. Johnny's face felt like cement. What if Pat chatted with his father's butler? Or to Helga, his mother's maid? His grapefruit tasted like sodium nitrate. He said so.

"Let me taste it." When Johnny would have clung to his plate, the waiter firmly removed it and gave it to her. She tasted it, head cocked gravely to one side. "It's just like mine, honey. It was that lobster last night."

After breakfast they walked. The wind whipped in from the sea; frisked under the brim of Johnny's grey fedora. He darted a hopeful glance at Pat's head. The red atrocity didn't even teeter. He resigned himself to its permanence, to being in a parade. A two-man parade. Every head turned and followed them.

He said at lunch, his lips dry and his face wearing a synthetic grin, "Let's play mental telepathy." They'd often played that.

Pat fell head-over-heels into the trap. She cocked her head while suddenly sober eyes regarded his face critically. "You're—well, it's unpleasant. Overdrafts," she hazarded exultantly.

"All wet," Johnny grinned. He felt like a Judas. Pat was so darned beauti-

By
DOROTHY
PURCELL
LEWIS

The mother said: "He can't marry her—ever! She's the wrong girl." The boy said: "She isn't even a good sport. But what can I do?" The girl said: "You hate me — and you won't let him be free. He's mine!"

mentioned Geraldine, and sometimes his young mouth closed firmly over the name, shutting his mother out completely. And to be shut away from Greg meant utter darkness.

"But she can never love him as I do!"

Her heart said that over and over but it wasn't any use. That sort of argument had never worked and it didn't work now. Greg wouldn't believe it. He had had his mother always, but he had only had Geraldine's love for a little while and it obscured everything else.

All this was in her mind while she bought peas and carrots and totalled her list sharply. It did not seem ridiculous to confuse a love affair with vegetables and odds and ends of Wednesday's shopping. And the oddest part was that she was actually buying this good,

nourishing dinner for Geraldine herself and trying to choose what the girl would like.

Greg always brought her for dinner Wednesday evenings; it had come to be an institution. And it was always a very good dinner indeed, because Amy had reason to suspect the Morton system of housekeeping. All of them were much too thin. They went rushing about with no time for proper meals—Mrs. Morton herself was an anaemic woman with an anxious pincenez, interested solely in world movements, and with no settled hours or menus in her household. But there were always sandwiches.

"Gee, mother, Gerry knows more than twenty different ways to make sandwiches," Greg had once enthused.

Across her pretty table Amy Carlyle smiled at the girl who had taken her son from her. It was a kind smile and sincere, because at the moment she was concerned because Geraldine didn't eat enough.

"Another slice of lamb, my dear . . . Warren, please. But Geraldine, you must eat your dinner or you can't dance half the night."

Geraldine smiled back as if she loved Greg's mother.

"I couldn't dance at all if I ate all this."

She was a pretty girl but too slender, too delicate. Tall enough, but with breakable-looking limbs and no waist at all. Beside Greg she simply melted to nothingness. Even her voice was a mere trickle of sweet little sounds, like a baby's prattling. Her large brown eyes were always wide-open and startled, and she was afraid of almost everything, Greg explained proudly. Spiders and mice and storms. She almost never walked; her spike-heeled pumps were not made for walking, but she could dance limitlessly.

"Exactly the way our great-grandmothers were made," thought Amy.

She was, herself, a grand outdoor woman, if a little large. She owned complete outfits of hobnailed boots and khaki breeches, and she could follow Greg along any trail. She had made herself do it in his Scout days and now she actually enjoyed it at times.

"He'd have to carry her over every rough spot," she thought. "She would be excess baggage on one of our trips." And so the idea was born.

Warren was packing his bag for a hurried business trip. He would be gone four days.

"Do you know what I think I'll do, Warren?" Amy said. "I think I'll take Greg and Geraldine in the little car and go up to the cabin for the week-end."

He looked up from his work.

"Geraldine? Why, you never took her before."

"There is always a first time."

Warren had a way of hitting at the root of things that was most annoying. She spoke sharply. "If Greg is going to devote all his time to Geraldine, she'll have to learn to do the things he likes to do. He has healthy outdoor tastes and she can acquire them too."

But Greg received the suggestion with warmth that made up for his father's lack of it.

"Gosh, mom, you really mean that? You want Gerry along this time?"

His eagerness gave her a twinge. So he had noticed that Geraldine was never invited. There was a hint of coldness in her voice.

"Of course, Greg. She could have been with us other times, only—she doesn't seem able to rough it with old stagers like you and me."

Greg melted before her eyes. The habitual hard shell showed signs of cracking up, but it was Geraldine's name that had thawed him.

"Don't you believe it, mom." He was too eager, it repelled Amy. "Gerry's a lot stronger than she looks. It's because she's never had a chance to rough it a little; her family doesn't care about that sort of thing—"

The little car was a tight squeeze for three, and the traps they must take along—extra blankets and all the provisions. The cabin had been closed for months.

Amy glanced at Geraldine crushed between herself and Greg. Her heart misgave her, and almost she ordered him to stop at an outfitting shop. Geraldine wore thin flannel slacks and a cotton pullover and white canvas sneakers on her feet. She looked very pretty but much like a robin in search of a delayed spring.

"Do you think you'll be warm enough?" Amy asked. Geraldine smiled eagerly. "I'm never cold."

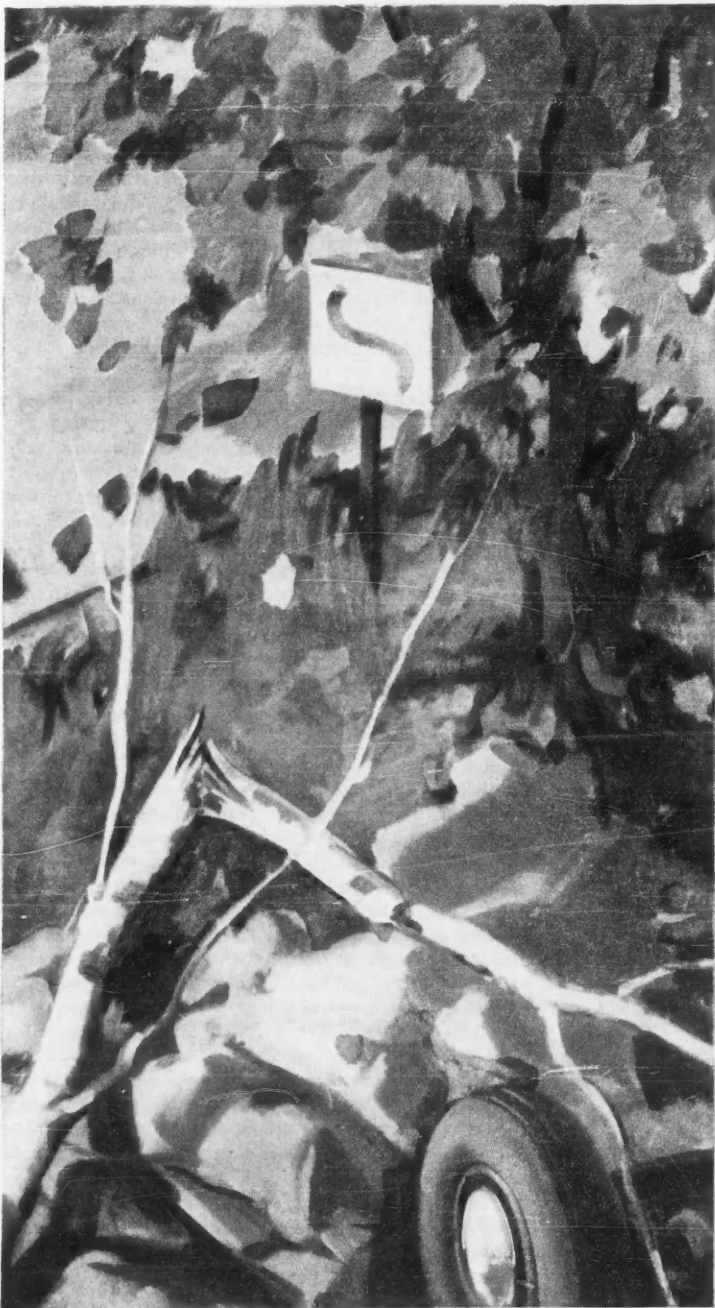
But it was cold as the road climbed into the mountains. It was a narrow winding road, and sometimes it hugged the face of beetling cliffs and sometimes it seemed about to tilt the little car over the naked edge into a pale blue pit hundreds of feet below. And sometimes there was no road at all. It vanished into the sky, yet always when they reached the point of disappearance, it was there.

Greg and Amy took these things as a matter of course. They talked on and on of other trips, and neither noticed that Geraldine's mouth was white or that she kept her eyes tightly closed. There she was, seated snugly between them, shielded from the cold. They thought they were taking beautiful care of her.

And it was cold at the cabin when they got there. The wind searched through canyons with a low howling sound, and there were traces of snow in rock crevices although it was May. But in sunny stretches the grass was strong and green, and spotted with those strange little blue and yellow flowers that love the mountains and have no name because they live such a little while.

THERE WAS a great deal to be done and Amy had far more than her share. At first Geraldine did not seem to think of helping; she ran about quite mad, making discoveries but keeping her eyes away from the endless purple vistas that sank into folded layers of mist that covered the lowlands. It was not happiness but a sort of wild relief that she was on her own feet again, and Greg's eyes were all for her as he and his mother unpacked the car and aired the musty cabin. Amy's heart contracted when she saw his face—it was the way he had looked at her when he was little—wondering, adoring. She complained laughing that the pine smoke from their first fire stung her eyes. Now that look belonged to someone else.

It was fun to be at the cabin with supper on the table and the bunks made up warm and inviting. Later on it was even better. There ■ Continued on page 27



of the road, feeling for the remains of the little tree for support.

That Girl

by
EVELYN MURRAY
CAMPBELL

Illustrated by Charles Kingham

ON THE way to the stores Amy Carlyle drove past the Morton house. Just as she had expected, Greg's car was parked under the trees in front. There were other cars, a new sedan and a roadster with a banged fender, but Amy saw nothing but her son's small coupé. She had done without a new winter coat to help him pay for it, and she had the right to resent its presence at eleven o'clock in the morning in the proximity of Geraldine Morton.

The Mortons' house was like the Mortons themselves, rambling, uncertain with a badly kept lawn redeemed by surprisingly beautiful knots of flowers in unexpected places. It took courage for such a house to hold up its head among such smart neighbors, but Amy Carlyle was untouched by a bid for sympathy. On the contrary she was indignant. She wanted her son, Greg, snatched from that environment, but she didn't know just how to go about snatching him. For a moment she had a wild idea of ringing the doorbell and demanding that he come away with her at once, but that, of course, was utterly impractical. Greg would simply scowl and refuse. He was a man, twenty-one years old, and did as he pleased.

In the end she drove to market and bought lamb and peas and a fresh pineapple in her accustomed manner, but all the time she was thinking of Greg and the Mortons; it was a trick of her mind to class them as a whole instead of admitting Geraldine. It made the connection less obvious, less concrete.

She resented the Mortons having that new sedan. They couldn't pay for it. They would drive it until the paint was tarnished; then there would be a period when the Mortons had no car and Greg would be called upon for transportation at any day or hour. But, she reflected, savagely snapping young green beans, this time there would be no using of her own big car. No, the Mortons would never set foot in that again, not after the last time when they had carried a picnic supper and spilled mayonnaise.

There were three Morton girls and they kept a good many young men about. Young men with cars and football tickets and tendencies to change everything that had always been to something quite different and new. Geraldine was the second one. She had the most power, she was the most dangerous, and for nearly a year she had concentrated upon Greg. There were times when it was almost more than his mother could bear, yet she did bear it because she was his mother and there was nothing she could do.

In the beginning she had merely laughed and been glad that Greg had someone to play around with. Girls gentled a boy at his age; Greg had been inclined to be surly in a big blond way, but Geraldine put a stop to that. He was never surly with her. His perpetual sentimental grin got on his father's nerves, but Amy would never admit that it got on hers. That would be to acknowledge that someone could do more with her son's disposition than she had ever been able to.

The laughter did not last long. When she thought it

time for Greg to stop playing and think of serious things, she discovered that he was altogether serious and that little Geraldine Morton loomed large and menacing upon the horizon of her peace.

Warren Carlyle, a big, easygoing man, said; "Let the youngsters alone. Puppy love. They all have it; had it myself." He crinkled humorous grey eyes at her. "You had it yourself, Amy."

"But he's wasting time; he's cutting classes to be with her. He needs every minute of his time to keep up with his law course."

Warren frowned. That law course had been a bone of contention in the family. Warren hadn't thought his son would make a good lawyer and there were by far too many lawyers already. Young men had to look about for new fields . . . but Amy had won, having first won Greg to her way of thinking.

But that was a year ago, and now Greg had cut law himself. He wanted to make money. He got himself a job in a real-estate office and was doing well at it. He spent a lot of time at the Morton house, or took Geraldine with him to look at houses, which his mother thought was the silliest thing he had ever done because a girl raised like that couldn't know.

And her heart stopped beating when she thought what this might mean.

Her voice trembled when she spoke to his father. "Do you—do you think he might marry her?"

"He might. He'll marry somebody some day," Warren refused to become excited, but he was sympathetic. "Don't worry, girl. The boy has some brains. He knows he can't marry for a while."

For a while! "Warren, have you lost your mind? He

can't marry for years." A dark tide she did not recognize rose within her. "He can't marry that girl—ever! She hasn't a single quality I would choose for Greg—for his wife!"

How strange, how ominous that sounded. Warren frowned again, not at her but at his own thought.

"I'm afraid we've done too much choosing for the boy, because he's our only one, I suppose. And I notice he doesn't care particularly for what we've chosen. I don't want a hand in picking his wife, so long as she's a good girl."

She was irritated by that tiresome phrase, "good girl." There were thousands of good girls but that wasn't enough. Greg's wife had to be more than that. She looked at her husband coldly.

"I am not willing to desert my son at the most important moment of his life. Of course she is good, but what else is she? What character, what initiative, what—depth—has she to give him? A man needs all that in a woman."

Greg didn't tell her things any more. Perhaps he sensed the antagonism, though she tried hard to conceal it. It used to be that he would come and sit on the foot of her bed, and they would talk in friendly, intimate whispers while Warren slept, innocently oblivious. They had always been friends, even when he was a little chap, and he had trusted her with everything. They played the same games and Amy had almost given up bridge for his sake; to be with him on hikes and long, wandering drives in the little car that tired her back so brutally. She had met him on his own ground, determined to be one with him and until now she had succeeded.

But now he was wary. He watched her face when he



"He's down there—underneath," said Geraldine. "I'm going down to him." And she put herself over the edge

Training a Future Queen

by JOAN WOOLLCOMBE



OVER TWELVE years ago a young mother was talking to her friends about her first baby, a girl. "I don't want her to be a little gnome, I want her to be a frilly baby . . ." she said.

About the same time a young and proud father was talking about his child: he said he wanted her to grow up like her mother, "because then she'll give such a lot of happiness . . ."

Prince "Bertie" of York ought to have known, because the wife of whom he was speaking had made and still does make all the difference to the life of a shy, hesitant youth who has developed into a determined and kindly man. The daughter of whom they both spoke, Princess Elizabeth, is over twelve now, and has long left the "frilly baby" stage and is growing up, actually, rather more like her father and his mother, than her own mother.

Get a "close-up" of the young Heir to the Empire, as she is today. Sturdy, independent and a good mixer, and not yet—and probably never to be—spoiled.

There is a story told after her father ascended the Throne which is probably true. Elizabeth had been sent for by her mother to come down and see some guests, one afternoon a few days after the Abdication. Elizabeth, childlike and excited, appeared at the doors of the drawing-room with a "Make way for the future Queen of England . . .!"

The new Queen swept round upon her small daughter (the "plain living and high thinking" of her Scots ancestors up in arms!), and Elizabeth was sent straight upstairs to the nursery. Perhaps that is not a very kind story to tell; but it shows two things of great importance—a high-spirited unartificial child and a firm mother. What more does one want for schoolroom days?

For what Elizabeth and Margaret will be tomorrow depends on what Queen Elizabeth, Miss Crawford, their governess, Mrs. Knight, their nurse, and two famous personal maids of the household, are today.

It was the then Duke of York who contributed to the sensible regime he planned for his babies, when he stated (with the unanswerable determination of the man of few words) that he intended to bring his family up in peace, away from press and publicity. And to a high degree he achieved this.

Behind the shelter of their father's wish, the two girls have been educated: the advice of their grandmother, the consent of the Cabinet, and the intensive work of specialists in modern educational needs, have been behind the scenes. But never again will an Heir to the Throne be "crammed" and overworked.

Perhaps the greatest single influence on the two little girls has been—after their mother—their "Nannie," Mrs. Knight. A woman who knows her said to me, "I have rarely seen such a fine face as that of the Queen's nurse: she has a most magnificent dignity . . ."

Next in daily contact on the nursery children has been the Queen's own Scots maid, "Katta." To these two, and since she has been with them, to little-known Miss Crawford, goes the credit for one little publicized fact, that since their birth *neither of these girls has ever been ill!* And this not because they have been coddled but because both are sturdy little Scots!

Remember the nursery at 145 Piccadilly? None of the gadgets and defenses we remember in certain other rich homes; but rather an old-style room, simple and homely.

There is one point about the father's relationship to his children which shows that "Prince Albert" is not forgotten though he has become King George. "Bertie"

had the appalling job of being younger brother to the most popular young man in the world. Shy, delicate, with a stammer which he fought to control, he grew to manhood and, till he married, remained very much in the background.

You might think this was forgotten? I doubt it is. Because not long back, when a birthday picture of the King and his two girls was taken—a particularly nice one of them on horseback, together in Windsor Great Park—the message went round to the press who were to use the photograph that the King particularly asked that, "If the picture is used, *Princess Margaret is not cut out . . .*" The second son has sympathy with his own second daughter.

BUT, BEFORE we talk about their background and their education, who are these two young ladies? They are not just sweet children any more—if indeed they ever were anything as insipid as that. Get, first, a close-up of Elizabeth. She is approaching the gawky stage, but careful training in dancing and swimming has given the girl a gracious poise; she carries herself quite well. Her hair is; is chestnut and like her Uncle David's.

Elizabeth is extremely like her grandmother, the Queen Mother; and the friendship between the two persists and grows firmer. Lately Queen Mary has started taking the two girls on semi-educational expeditions—one recently to the Bank of England was an unqualified success. The lessons in "Royal Manners" also, are, one imagines, taken in their stride, too. Lessons that, not so long ago, Queen Mary gave "Miss Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon."

The friendship ripens, too. Nearly every day the girl writes to her

Continued on page 16

ARE WOMEN'S clubs in Canada, those nonpolitical, nonsectarian, "friendly societies," losing their appeal? Are they on the wane? Have they served their day and generation? Are their "aims and objects" live issues today? Why are they not getting more support of younger women?

These are questions I have asked myself and others many times during the past year, while attending scores of women's club meetings in the capacity of member, speaker, officer or as a press reporter.

I have been a Canadian club woman for a quarter of a century. I belong to the first generation of "joiners." I am a charter member of branches of the National Council of Women, Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, Canadian Women's Press Club—Canada's oldest and most important national women's organizations. I have run the gamut of all branch and national offices in one or the other. I have reported their national conventions time and time again for the Canadian press. I know their aims, objects and mottoes as at one time I knew the catechism.

And there's something wrong with the women's clubs of today. Like the churches, these old established organizations do not attract the young people as they should—as they did in my younger days.

I have asked many women's club presidents if they face declining, steady or increasing memberships. Too often the answer is "Declining." I have asked if the majority of new members are young women, and I am told they are not. For a decade, at the press table I have been reporting national membership totals approximately the same. Some provinces show an increase; but the decrease is others generally more than offsets the gains.

My press assignments and publicity offices have brought close-ups of membership problems. I have written discouraging stories of membership drives, when the work of numerous new members enrolled, began and ended with the payment of a minimum fee. Not only do they not work, but, in most national organizations, new members often become financial burdens in the matters of the "per capita levy," bookkeeping and notices of meetings. The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire has a national per capita levy of fifty cents. The foundation fund which finances the National Council of Women is reckoned on a membership basis in Local Councils. The annual per capita provincial levy of the Alberta Women's Institutes is a dollar per member, and the annual branch fees vary from twenty-five to fifty cents.

ALMOST ANY club woman will admit that there are too many women's clubs doing the same kind of work in the same community. The membership is drawn from the same groups of women, making clubs a financial burden on those with average incomes. This also tends toward turning these clubs into money-making machines. Women, generally speaking, work far too hard to earn club funds. The usual ways are to make articles for sales, or to give dances, dinners or teas. To save money, members cook, wash dishes, decorate booths and sell tickets over telephones for hours. When the party is given, they are frequently too tired to enjoy it. Furthermore, after donating the refreshments and making or giving the articles, they are mostly their own buyers. It is an exhausting and expensive business. Dread of taking on such obligations keeps many a prospective member from joining a club.

I think women might well emulate the men's service clubs, which do not permit the same men to have memberships in more than one service club. We might follow, too, their money-raising technique. Usually they promote one big annual money-making drive, and base their appeal on a good social time as well as "for the good of the cause." They spend money in promotional work—pay for their advertisements—hire helpers and run the whole event on a legitimate business basis.

There is too much overlapping of "aims and objects" in the various women's clubs in the same community. Again we might learn from the men's service clubs by specializing in one community need and one topic of study. In these rapidly changing times it would be well to have an annual review of objectives—both practical and educational. We might well take on an urgent community need, or study a live current problem, rather than follow the old policy of working for



what is wrong *with* WOMEN'S CLUBS ?

*Have they served their day
and generation? Are they
getting the support of younger
women? Are they losing
their appeal?*

by ELIZABETH
BAILEY PRICE

Illustrated by Laura Gibson

continuing objectives, which are quite worthy but sometimes remote.

RURAL WOMEN are better club specialists than those in more settled centres. The more isolated the women are, the more they are devoted to one club—usually the Women's Institute. Reports from fifty or sixty of these organizations of the Peace River Block of British Columbia and Alberta show that women often walk as many as five miles there and back to the meetings. It is a common occurrence to walk three or four miles. "Life would be dull in the Peace River if it weren't for the Women's Institutes," a district secretary told me. "We never bother about fees in our community, for we know every woman there wants to belong. We work for everything our community needs and we have a good time doing it."

That is the spirit the women's clubs of today need to recapture.

But it is hard to get new members for women's clubs today. I know, because I campaign for them. Especially do I try to interest young, intelligent, trained women. Invariably I am asked questions such as these:

"What will I get out of this club?"

"How much time and money will it take?"

"What will I get out of a club?" brings up the question of what have women's clubs to offer as to programs or opportunities for service. There is great need of drastic changes in the former. Many women's clubs are dying on their feet because of dull meetings. Long-winded speakers on abstract subjects, tedious detailed reports, and futile discussions on resolutions drive away more members from clubs than anything else. No speaker should inflict a sketchy, ill-prepared address, full of platitudes and generalities on any audience—especially an audience of women. All talks and reports should be prepared and timed as for the radio, where every word counts. There is a too prevalent tendency among men to "talk down" to women, to victimize an audience of women by the "rambling-on-and-on" type of speech, with several "just one more word" endings. If, perchance, men speakers should read this, please, please—waste no more time at women's meetings with such remarks as: "Unaccustomed as I am to speaking to an audience of such youth and beauty . . ." Most of us have gone modern to the degree of muttering "apple sauce" when this old chestnut is perpetrated upon us.

HUNDREDS OF convention delegates and conveners of committees will be preparing reports during the coming months. We, at the press table, are constantly deploring that so few women know how to write short interesting reports. They cram them with generalities (which certainly do not glitter) and bury the most important points under a debris of words. All reports should be built upon a plan—what to say and how to say it, in the briefest, most forceful but entertaining way. The first step is to list information under headings, in order of importance. Then embellish these headings with a few personal ideas—descriptions, incidents or observations. But, do not let these run away with the report. Delivery may be a special gift, but all can enunciate clearly and at least "speak up." The best report in the world, if not heard, is a dismal failure.

Lengthy futile discussion on resolutions is another factor that is killing women's clubs today. Too many women feel that nothing is accomplished unless they go "on record," favoring, protesting or urging . . . this, that, or the other thing. Lack of information is the curse of many of these resolutions. As one prominent eastern woman said at the recent I.O.D.E. convention in Vancouver: "We go to governments too often with half-baked schemes . . ." There is no doubt that this lack of preparation is responsible for the casual reception of these resolutions by governments. It has created a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude toward women's club activities. Only the other day my university graduate son said to my junior high school daughter: "Mother's going to the club to pass another resolution."

NOW, AFTER having harshly criticized the old-fashioned club "agenda," uninteresting, and frequently unprepared, long-winded speeches, the habit of dull reports and resolutions, I offer in their place some new ideas.

Continued on page 50



They were talking in low tones when she came back into the room. "If it's concussion—" she heard Barry say, stopping abruptly when he heard her come in.

about him. But oh—if I could get to Hollywood!" Joan sat alone in her apartment that night, thinking. How could she possibly make good her promise to Dick? She knew—she thought she knew—Barry wasn't the man for her. He hadn't trusted her, hadn't believed her; he had never made her happy. And yet she seemed powerless to shake off the strange hold he had over her; powerless to rub him out of her consciousness as she had tried to rub him out of her life.

Suddenly, so simply that its very naturalness made her distrust it at first, the solution offered itself. But of course that was it. Of course that was the way. She had made her first mistake in the beginning, by running away from Barry's office. Now the thing to do was to go back and erase that mistake. Face it squarely, live close to it. Be with him in the office, seeing him every day. Of course that was the way.

SHE WENT early next morning. The familiar streets and familiar buildings reassured her somewhat, and she was calm enough as she was ushered into the office of Mr. Peters, the manager. He looked up in surprise when she was announced.

"Miss Marshall!" he exclaimed. "Well! How are you?"

"I'm fine, Mr. Peters. I've been sick—but it's over. I—I want to get back to work now."

"I see. You mean you want to come back here?"

She nodded. "If there's an opening."

He looked thoughtful for a moment, then slowly shook his head. "I'm afraid the secretarial jobs are filled, Miss Marshall. Of course there's always the chance of one being vacated. I'd be glad to let you know—"

"But isn't there something?" she broke in urgently.

She wasn't sure she could bring herself to this point again. "Clerking, or the general staff?"

He looked at her intently. "You wouldn't want that. It doesn't pay well, and besides—"

"I wouldn't care. I want something right away. Is— is there any sort of opening?"

"There is, as it happens. One girl left at the beginning of the summer, and we didn't fill the vacancy. We've been in no hurry about it—summer's slack, as you know—but we'll fill it very soon now. You could have that."

"That would be fine," Joan said eagerly. "And later perhaps, as you say, there may be a vacancy in the secretarial jobs."

Mr. Peters looked at her curiously, but said nothing, and it was settled. As she was leaving, he said, "Mr. Hunt is away for a week or so."

Joan smiled at him. "Thank you. I'll see him later then. Monday, you say?"

It was only a few days off, but the time dragged. One moment she was glad she'd done it; the next she was on the point of calling Mr. Peters and telling him she wouldn't be there. The meeting with Barry even though it was postponed, began to assume frightening proportions; she was sure she couldn't go through with it. But her very reluctance served, in the end, to strengthen her decision. As long as she was afraid of it, as long as she kept dodging it, it would pursue and torment her. She must meet it, and let it go, for better or worse, one way or the other. This vacillating was no longer bearable.

On Monday, when she reported for work, the familiar office seemed to her oddly unfamiliar. Instead of her isolated desk by the wide windows in Barry's office, she was crowded, with twelve other girls, into the general stenographic room. The desks were ranged alongside one another, and the clatter of a dozen typewriters made

a hideous din in her unaccustomed ears. The head stenographer presided royally, doling out work and sending one girl after another in answer to the ring for stenographic services. She was glad to be busy; it helped keep her mind free of intruding thoughts. The days passed swiftly, and quietly.

AT QUARTER to five one afternoon she saw the head stenographer approaching her desk.

"Mr. Hunt is back and wants to see you, if you're not busy, Miss Marshall."

She knew the color that rushed to her face didn't escape the sharp eyes of the head stenographer. But she rose with a quiet dignity and left the room. Her heart hammered a little, and in spite of herself, she trembled. It had come as soon as this.

Barry stood up quickly as she entered the room, and looked at her gravely. "It's almost too much of a surprise, Joan," he said, a touch of irony in his voice. "Why didn't you let me know?"

She met his eyes directly. "It should be obvious, Barry."

"Then why did you come back?"

"Do you resent it?"

He smiled. "Not at all. I'm merely curious."

"I came back because I wanted work. Naturally I tried my old office first. There happened to be this opening, and—"

"I see." They stared at each other, anger veiled by the thinnest of films. "Won't you sit down?"

She shook her head. "Thank you. I have some work to finish, and then I'm going home."

"Well. I hope you'll be happy here."

"I hope so, Barry. Did you want me for anything?"

He seemed disconcerted by her attitude. "I heard

Party Girl

Here's the conclusion of her story—with a startling climax and an unexpected decision as to where her happiness lies

by MARION BAXTER TAYLOR



Then, at last, he put out his arms to her, and she went into them eagerly.

JOAN STOOD at the window, gazing out at the cold autumn rain that had dripped steadily since morning; not vigorous and pelting rain, but a slow and melancholy drizzle that was intrinsically depressing.

The party the evening before had been gayer than usual. Sonny Belton's orchestra had broadcast the best music in town from Mardi's into the noisy, overcrowded apartment, and couples had danced to it in various stages of abandon. Joan frowned a little as she remembered young Tommy Davis who had haunted her all evening. He'd been fun at first. There had been something about him—a carelessness and nonchalance, a dark vitality that was cool and unconcerned—that had reminded her of someone. But as the evening grew noisier she had found him—and the whole party—wearisome. And now she'd spent the entire morning cleaning up.

In mid-afternoon a diversion came. Dick arrived, throwing off his dripping raincoat in the hall. Joan greeted him eagerly.

"Just in time! I'm brewing some tea, and need a companion. A party always makes me feel low when I have to tidy up after it."

He looked at her closely as she fussed about the tea tray, noting her pallor and the shadowy look about her eyes. Presently as they sat, drinking the tea, Dick said abruptly, "Are we friends, Joan, or aren't we?"

She gave him a puzzled smile. "I'm sure we are, Dick."

"Then why don't you come clean?" He sat down next to her on the window seat, taking her hands in his. "Look. Someone's messed up your life for you, and you've been keeping it all inside you. Telling me would help, Joan."

"Telling wouldn't change things."

"Then I'll tell you." He kept looking at her steadily. "There's a man you've known a long time and loved almost as long. He meets you on a summer afternoon in a Connecticut town, and you come back engaged and happy as a lark. Then you get sick and almost die—and our hero never comes near you. But you still love him. Your eyes show it. You feel pretty bitter, and you take to playing around guys like Tommy Davis last night. And then suddenly you come to. That's all I know—and it doesn't make sense."

"It doesn't, does it? You want me to fill it in?"

"I thought it might help."

She looked down at her hands, held tightly in his. "There isn't much more, Dick. Before I got sick, we quarrelled. He believed something about me that wasn't true. It was hateful of him. I sent him away. I told him never to come back."

"And now you want him back?"

She looked up, meeting his eyes. "I never stopped wanting him, really."

"But you will," Dick said urgently.

She shook her head. "I can't seem to."

There was a moment's silence, then he said gruffly, "And that, I suppose, should be my exit line?"

She looked at him pleadingly. "I'm sorry, Dick. Really I am. But—"

He interrupted her angrily. "It should be, but it isn't. I'm staying in the running. Oh, I know you think now you could never love me. Maybe you never will. But I'm in love with you, Joan. I've been in love with you a long time. If the play goes over, I can offer you a fair enough life. I'd try to make you happy. I'd—Will you let me ask you again?"

"After all this, Dick? Do you mean it?"

"Sure I mean it." He seemed to think of something suddenly. "After all, Anne thought she loved me, and her out was the stage. You—"

"Anne's a youngster. What she thought she felt was all on the surface. It didn't go deep."

"And what you feel for this man does?"

She looked at him helplessly. "I'm sorry, Dick."

He straightened up suddenly. "That's that, then—for the time being. Let's talk about something else. Thursday we leave to open in Atlantic City. I've got to get back to rehearsal."

She watched him while he got into his coat and took his hat from the hall table. Suddenly she crossed the room and put her hand on his arm. "I've been thinking while you talked. It's not fair to you to go on like this; to have you standing by while I'm pulled first one way and then the other. I've got to get it settled, Dick. When you ask me again, I want to be able to say 'yes' or 'no.'"

He gazed down at her. "So it's kill or cure?"

"Kill or cure. I have to face it and get it over with."

"And how will you do that?"

"I don't know how. But I'll do it."

He smiled, and reached for her hand. But suddenly, on an impulse, she raised her face. He bent down and kissed her—a quick, light kiss. "Good girl," he said. "See you later." And he was gone.

SHE DID not see much of Anne before she left with the crowd for the opening in Atlantic City. The girl was lovelier than ever, thought Joan. Her long childish bob had been cut to more sophisticated lines, the blue eyes were a little wiser, and the new poise and assurance made her definitely older.

"I'm thrilled to death about this show," she confided to Joan eagerly. "Think of it! I've got a part in a real show. I'm going to play on Broadway. I'm going to—some day, maybe, I'm going to get to Hollywood."

"But what about the things here?" Joan asked, feeling her way. "What about Dick?"

The girl eyed her sharply. "Dick's grand, I'm crazy



"Resolved: to be more selfish." Should be the 1939 decision of every woman who has been neglecting herself and her looks for her family and her job

by CAROLYN DAMON

This Year — MYSELF

Budget Your Time. Are you one of those fond wives and mothers who keep their home and family in perfect repair without noticing that they're getting a little frayed around the edges, themselves? Or the faithful stenographer who is keeping the affairs of the firm so close to her heart she hasn't time to notice that the boss is modernizing the office and pretty soon she's going to look sort of out of place in it?

Good looks, says one beauty expert after another, are more a matter of *time* than anything else. So why not make it your New Year's resolution to put a little more time on the old familiar face and figure?

You'll start by budgeting. If you're a stay-at-home, check off fifteen minutes in the morning, twenty to twenty-five before you go out, at least half an hour before a party. For business, you can't get that slick look in less than a twenty-minute morning session, a ten-minute refresher at noon-hour, and three quarters of an hour pre-party time. And don't crowd in on yourself at the last minute. Running for the street car, or grabbing the wrong hankie and lipstick when you hear Him waiting downstairs to take you out, can undo the work of hours of preparation. You'll look so flustered.

Make Every Minute Count. A good cold cream will work while you count sheep. But if you have a husband who doesn't see eye to eye with you on the lubrication question, fool him. Wave him off to work in the a.m. and begin your fifteen-minute personal service period. Cleanse your face and massage in the tissue cream. Leave it there while you work, and let the brush salesman take it or leave it. If you're training your hair for an upward line in the back, tie a band around it *after* a thorough stiff brushing. Exercises, especially for chin and throat, are grand now. And if you're changing your nail polish, do it now, rather than just as you're tearing out to a club meeting or a game of bridge. It's one job that must be unhurried. Of course, it's a good night-time pastime when the family is deep in papers. Give

your hands a quick massage—and away to the dishes or what-have you.

Don't forget to remove the cream and comb your hair before any luncheoning males appear.

If you're out to meet the big world at nine, you'll want a well-done twenty-minute make-up along with your hair brushing, and time out for brushing clothes and putting them on straight. At noon a remake-up and thorough brushing will see you through.

Don't Scrimp on Your Party Routine. And the older you are the more important it is. Keep your children spotless if you will—you've got to toe the mark for them, too. If you have your hair dressed downtown, try to have it done the day of the affair. And a wise woman makes her appointment days ahead. When it's a really big do, why not go the limit and have a face treatment and make-up, too? Take your tub early, if there's congestion, but don't hurry through it. Be sure to tie your hair up firmly with a large mesh net and pin the waves in where you can, so no damage will be done by the dampness. If you like to make-up before slipping on your dress, keep large sheets of tissue paper handy, put them on over your face and hair (holding in your teeth) while you pull on your gown. This keeps those powder and lipstick smudges off. If your dress has a difficult neck, it's better to make up and finish your hair after it's on. And by the way, it's grand fun to trail out of the bathroom in a cloud of talcum powder. But save that for bed-going. Otherwise you're likely to get a smudgy grey look to your frock—especially if it's dark. You can buy a scented bath oil, which is just as fragrant and refreshing, and grand for party baths. Or do your powdering very discreetly.

Don't Be a Dope About Your Hair. Now that the air is clearing over this up-swept revolution, you'll find, as always, it's better to suit your type than to fly off on strange tangents. Only the young, we'd say, deserve the tightly-up-from-all-sides coiffure, with its little curl

mop top. There's a bareness of throat, neck and profile that is pretty telltale for everyone. Guillaume of Paris has a new, beautifully natural hairdress which is cut short and unsweeping, but up in feeling. The trick about it is that the hair must be trained to grow up. Antoine is doing an upward front and side coiffure with a modified back, swirled and well cut. And New York debutantes and Paris mannequins have refused to go completely up. So you can take your choice and pick your own winner.

Get the Upper Hand of Your Hat. If you've fallen for one of those petite bonnets this season, cross your fingers the first time you put it on away from the loving supervision of the milliner. It's meant to go right down on your forehead, and to tip over the right eye. That goes for almost everything but the halo, which sits on its haunches about the middle of your head. And this year's hats are made and lost in the wearing. If you've got a heavy or a full face, you'd better stay with a smartly tailored hat—higher and more softly manipulated in crown—but always smart and good.

Don't Shiver to be Svelte. You don't have to choose between being slick but chilly, or cozy but bumpy, in these days of streamlined underwear. There are rayon and lisle mixture panties that come over the knee, finely and smoothly, without so much as a rumple. You can get close-fitting short cotton mercerized undies and wool and cotton mixture combinations for especially cold weather—or winter sports—that are skinlike in fit. And if they're preshrunk and of good fabric they'll stay that way. It's having two or three layers of the wrong stuffs that causes that seal-like roll look.

Get a New Dinner Dress. Soft and dark as you like—but don't make last year's one do again! The new monk fashion is becoming to almost everyone—it falls softly from the shoulders. ■ Continued on page 33

you were back, and wondered if you'd help me get caught up. Do you mind?"

She looked at him coolly. "Of course not. But I don't know why you're doing it."

"Don't you?"

She sat down, opening her notebook. "Do you really want some work done, Barry?" she asked.

"Not particularly. I wanted to talk to you. This seemed the only way."

She tapped her notebook impatiently. "What do you want to talk about?"

He smiled, his quick, flashing smile, and for a moment she felt herself weakening. But only for a moment.

"Us," he answered.

"There's nothing to say about us, Barry. We've exhausted that subject."

He stood up suddenly and came around the desk, stopping in front of her. "You're proud, aren't you?" he asked.

She looked up at him. "Of course I'm proud."

"Well, listen to this. Maybe I'm proud too. But I'm forgetting it now. I want to straighten this out, Joan."

"Straighten what out?"

"This thing that's come between us."

"I'd rather not talk about it, Barry," she said stubbornly.

"If I begin by apologizing?"

"I'd rather not."

Impulsively he put his hands on her shoulders, with a strong hard pressure. For a moment she stood quite still. There was no sound except their quick breathing.

"Don't Barry," she said quietly.

They stood there, looking into each other's eyes with a sense of sinking helplessly and inevitably. Joan felt the hammering of her own heart, and in the silence, could almost hear the slow pounding of Barry's. They stared at each other, all the barriers down, all the desperate defenses swept away. They looked—and knew the struggle had been all in vain. There was, for each of them, only the other in the world.

Barry took her in his arms, kissing her hungrily. "I couldn't hold out forever, Joan."

She moved her head against his shoulder. "I know."

He put his hand under her chin, raising her face until their eyes met. "Could you?" he asked.

She smiled. "I thought I could. But the game's up now."

HE KISSED her again, and they laughed excitedly. Then Joan drew back, and Barry took her hands eagerly. "Let's talk," he said "Sit down."

"Yes, let's talk," she agreed. "There are things to be said, and we might as well say them."

"Not that," he broke in quickly. "I mean the future."

"And I mean the past. We haven't cleared that up, Barry."

He looked at her ruefully. "Must we go into it? Couldn't we lump it all together under one general blanket apology, let me make it, and then strike it out?"

She considered. It might be better that way. Rehearsing the details would only stir up feeling—and what was the use of it? Because it didn't matter now. It didn't matter in the least. All of that had been rubbed out as cleanly as though a sponge had washed the slate. Barry wanted her, and she wanted him. Beyond that fact nothing had either meaning or importance.

"All right," she said gravely. "The apology is accepted and stricken from the records."

He smiled. "You're swell, Joan. And now, when do we go off the deep end?"

She shook her head. "Just a minute. There's something I must know, Barry. What about you and—Grace Van Nuys?"

"Don't worry about it," he answered, frowning. "It wasn't official."

She searched his face. "Are you sure, Barry? You're not letting anyone down?"

"Of course I'm sure. I was only marking time."

She sank back, relieved. "That clears the books, then," she said, smiling. "Now go ahead."

Before they had finished talking, the early October dusk had already closed down. They went out together into the darkness that was sharp with the tang of fall, and Barry held her arm closely.

"We'll have dinner tonight," he said.

"All right." She hesitated, remembering suddenly

there might be a letter from Dick waiting for her. "But let me go home first, Barry. I'll change; if you'll come for me at seven, I'll be ready."

AS SHE opened the door of her apartment, a voice greeted her from the living room. "Darling! I'm home!"

She hurried in. Anne, hatted and coated, surrounded by bags, was slumped in the big easy chair.

"Anne! What's happened?"

Anne smiled ruefully. "Just about everything."

"But the play?"

"Didn't Dick tell you?"

"He sent me vague wires. You didn't even do that. I haven't heard anything."

Anne shrugged. "It died. After Atlantic City, it didn't have a chance. The leading man said he was sick and quit. Then the quarrelling started all over again. Dick and Renney, the producer, couldn't agree. Then Renney threw up his hands and said it was a bad play."

"But his investment! Didn't he—"

"He didn't put in much. He's a smart promoter. The backers, like that Tommy Davis who was here one night, are holding the bag."

"Poor Dick," said Joan pityingly. "Where is he?"

"I suppose he's in his apartment, unless he's hiding out somewhere," said Anne wearily. "I don't suppose he's very anxious to face people now—especially people like Tommy Davis."

"Well I'm going to see if I can cheer him up," said Joan angrily. "And if someone comes for me—a Mr. Hunt—tell him where I am, please."

Anne looked at her quickly. "What—Barry Hunt?"

"Yes."

Anne nodded, a wise little smile playing around her lips. "Do you want me to tell him you're downstairs with Dick, Joan?"

Joan tried to cover her impatience. "Tell him a friend of mine is in some kind of trouble," she said, and went out quickly, closing the door after her.

DICK ANSWERED her ring. His eyes, she noticed, were tired, and his face drawn.

"Joan," he said quietly. "This is swell. Anne told you?" It was more a statement than a question.

Joan laid her hand on his arm. "I'm so sorry, Dick. Is it hopeless?"

He shrugged. "We died on the road. We aren't even coming to New York with it. In the show business nothing's more hopeless than that."

THE ROSE OF LIFE

by Nathaniel A. Benson

☆

This rosebud that you wore upon your breast
When you were lovelier than ever to my eyes
Sinks in the glass before me. Curled to rest
Each petal deepens its burning red and dies.
So must your youth be deepened, so must mine.
So must the fairer rosebuds that you wear
Feel Death's pale lips, when age treads down
their vine

And fallen is the fragrance from your hair.

Let time and fate work out their ancient will,
Poor withered twain who wander beauty's snows—
We have known youth, breathed happiness until
Our spirits outsped the swiftest wind that blows.
Death, we have triumphed! for on love's white hill
Sunrise has touched us as we plucked the rose.

"But it was a good play, Dick!"

"Sure it was a good play, and I've got dozens more of them in my head. But I wanted to make good in a hurry, you see." He looked at her meaningly. "I had special reasons. But now I'm a flop."

A loud knocking at the door stopped Joan's protest. Dick rose impatiently to answer it. A strident voice greeted him at the door.

"It's me, Redding," the voice announced belligerently. "It's me, and I'm coming in. I've got something to say to you."

"All right, Davis," Dick answered, keeping his own voice reasonable. "But don't say it to the whole world. Come in."

Tommy Davis caught sight of Joan. "Hello," he said. "I know you. I was at a party in your place. But when I tried to date you—"

"What's on your mind?" Dick interrupted him sharply. "If you've got something to say, go right ahead and say it."

"That's right, Redding," Tommy answered, turning to him with an unpleasant grin. "Mustn't be distracted. I've got a lot to say to you, and your friend is going to hear it."

Dick's mouth was a grim line. "If it's a matter of business—"

"Yeah," Tommy broke in, his voice sneering. "Crooked business."

"I say if it's a matter of business," Dick repeated evenly, "Renney's your man. I'm just the fellow that wrote the play."

"Oh, yeah? Well, I've seen Renney. Now I'm seeing you. The two of you worked together. You're a pair of—"

"Hold it," Dick said quietly. He turned to Joan. "Won't you go upstairs and wait, Joan? I'll be up as soon as I can."

But Tommy began shaking his head violently. "No; let her stay. I want her to stay. She thinks you're the white-haired boy around here. Well, let her listen to this. Let her hear how you and Renney double-crossed me, took me for a ride—"

Dick grabbed him by the shoulder, put his face close to Tommy's. "Get this, Davis," he said, and his voice, although it was quiet, shook a little with rage. "You're talking too much, but maybe this'll sink in. Whatever happened between you and Renney, I knew nothing about until it was too late. I hadn't anything to do with it."

Tommy shook himself free. "You got your share, Redding, or I miss my guess. Oh, I was soft pickings for you fellows, all right. Twenty thousand cold cash to back a show that didn't need ten! You made a clean job of it, you and your crooked—"

"Shut up!" Dick's voice came with the suddenness of a pistol shot. "Shut up and get out of here."

Tommy stepped back, and Joan, seizing the moment's respite, stood up quickly. "Don't, Dick! You can't tell what he'll do."

"I'll show him what I'm going to do!" Tommy cried thickly.

Joan, standing back, saw his hands clench into fists. She saw the leering grin fade, and his mouth close in a tight line. The blow he aimed missed its mark, but it was close enough. It glanced off Dick's cheek, and Joan, seeing the angry rush of color to his face, caught her breath sharply.

But Dick checked himself, and Joan felt a quick surge of relief. He stepped back, scowling. "Careful, Davis," he said. "You might get hurt."

Tommy was moving forward again. He closed in, his fists swinging wildly. Dick stepped in the clear; but the next moment Tommy followed. What happened then happened so quickly that Joan could hardly follow it. She saw Tommy grab a metal ash tray, solid and heavy, from a small table, and heave it wildly. She heard the crash, as, brushing Dick's ear, it landed splinteringly against the wall behind him. Then she saw Dick's arm move back; heard him say, "Here it is, then." The blow was short and clean. It stopped Tommy; sent him staggering. Joan watched, horrified, as he tripped over the small end-table. She gave a sharp cry as she saw him fall backward, struggling at first to keep his balance, then slipping limply and unprotestingly to the floor. The soft thud, as his head struck the radiator pipe, sounded loud in the stillness.

SHE SPRANG forward and bent quickly over the huddled form. Dick stood beside her, frowning.

"It shouldn't have put him away," he said curtly. "I held it back."

She looked at him, her face white. "Turn him over, Dick."

"Why turn him over? Let him—"

"He struck his head when he fell. Maybe he's hurt."

"But he couldn't—" Dick broke off abruptly, and knelt down beside Joan. The rug under Tommy Davis' head was darkly stained, and the stain was spreading. "I told you you shouldn't" ■ Continued on page 19

Ruddy and ready to be sped to Campbell's Canadian kitchens. Tomatoes, plump and firm and bursting with wholesome goodness. From special seeds these fine tomatoes sprang—seeds developed over the years by Campbell's own experts—and as they grew, they were tended with care. Showers of cool rain and floods of warm sunshine brought them to glorious maturity in Canadian gardens—round and wide and bright and luscious—as fine tomatoes as you could discover in many months of patient marketing!

Dame Nature uses all her Care



Taste Pilots—Masters of the art of fine cookery are Campbell's experts. Their whole lives have been devoted to making good soups better. To retain the full tang of the luscious tomato flavor till the soup reaches your table, to make it more rich and mellow with golden table butter, to discover just the right combination of subtle seasonings to make the flavor complete—these things have been their aim. And when the first ruddy spoonful greets your tongue, you'll say their work has been well done.

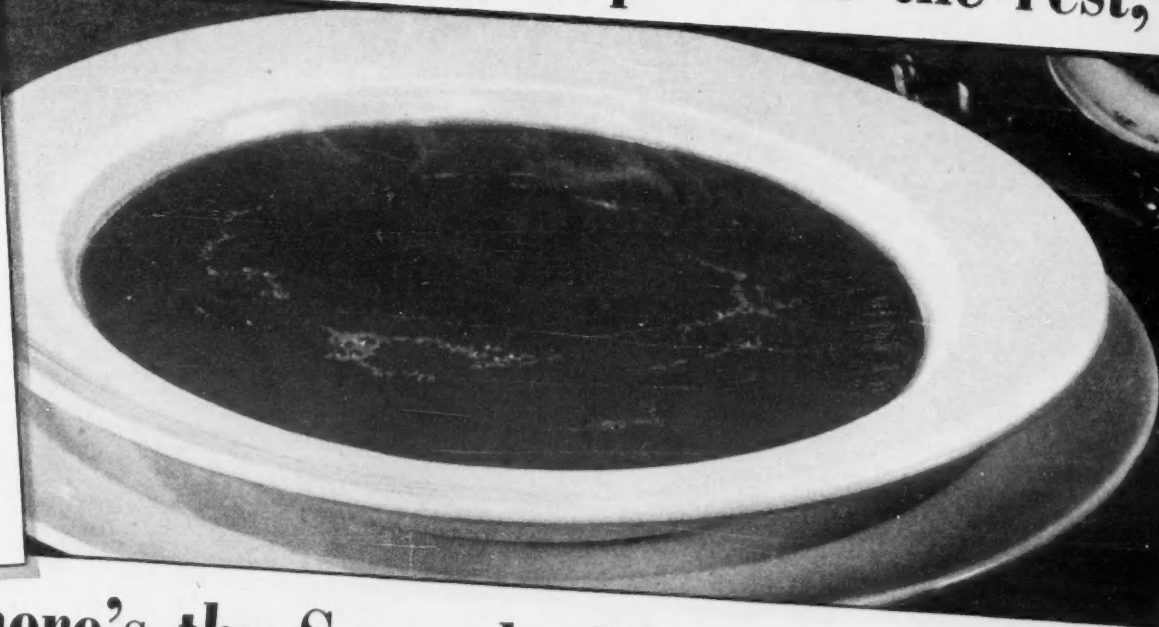
To make tomatoes Luscious, Rare.



Then Campbell's Experts do the rest,

Your eye brightens—your appetite glows—when this brilliant soup appears before you. Eagerly you lift your spoon, expectantly you taste, and definitely you decide that Campbell's Tomato Soup will be one of the dishes most frequently enjoyed at your table.

**Campbell's
Tomato
Soup**



And here's the Soup the World likes best!

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

Training a Future Queen

Continued from page 11

grandmother and—just as Margaret is musical—so Elizabeth is said to have that invaluable gift, for a future Sovereign especially, of knowing her thoughts and putting them on paper with equal clarity.

She has another firm friend—her father. King George is a sensible father and knows a good deal about the difficulties of "being Royal." Daily, for an hour, Buckingham Palace sees King and Princess walking in the garden, chatting whenever it is fine enough to go out.

She is a serious enough child; getting out of the slightly priggish attitude to youngsters that being the elder of two induces. She is getting used to her dignity, and is fairly amenable to discipline without the horrid "goodness" which no one wants to see. She is, I am told, very courteous, and if she is strong-willed, as they say she is, she rarely uses any methods but those of purely feminine charm to get—eventually—what she wants.

The weight—for weight it is—on her childhood of the continued sense of service, must not be too heavily imposed. If reports be true, she gets a good deal of honest fun out of the lighter duties of her position; fortunate in the mother who remains sturdily homely, cheerful and serene.

AND MARGARET?

Much more vivacious; musical; talkative to a high degree and high spirited. In the rare public appearances one sees often a somewhat preoccupied Elizabeth clutching an excited small girl's paw. Margaret, not quite so much under the shadow of a regal future, is out for the afternoon and intends to enjoy herself. Margaret is already "a character" and is developing rapidly from the days when she surprised her maternal grandmother so much that the astonished lady nearly dropped the woolly bundle she was holding.

Lady Strathmore, humming the "Merry Widow" waltz to get her grandchild to sleep as she walked up and down the room, paused for an instant and, to her genuine alarm, there came from the bundle she held in her arms a reasonably good imitation of the tune.

Since then Margaret has been allowed to indulge to the full her love of music; and a musical mother has helped. They all visited the Queen's one-time music professor some time back, and she asked about the family progress. What the then Duchess of York said about her children I have not heard, but about the Duke she said she was "teaching him his notes . . ."

And education? The two Princesses present a problem to their parents. They must learn a great deal more than is ever taught ordinary small girls, even as far as lessons are concerned. They must also learn a great many other things never taught ordinary children, as well as remaining democratic, good mixers, completely at ease in any company.

With the approval of the Cabinet—this was during the Baldwin regime—the assistance of the Queen Mother and the help of carefully selected men and

women, the work planned then is being carried through. Elizabeth and Margaret are not going to any school: and the palace is the background of their schooling at the moment.

They sleep apart, now: Elizabeth in her rather grown-up bed-sitting room. Miss Marion Crawford superintends their work, while special French, German and other teachers come to the palace three times a week. Geography is Elizabeth's first favorite, and she keeps up a correspondence with her European cousins and a record of her family links-up abroad. Her geography is extended now to the Empire, and her history and allied subjects now include the tricky subject of constitutional history and dominion and colonial administration. The King is a film fan and has made and shows his own movies—Britain leads the world in educational films, and the Princesses have the cream of these for their teaching.

Repeatedly one hears that, though the King and Queen have gone away, the little girls have been left at home in order not to interrupt their schooling. Regular reports on progress are sent to the Cabinet and the King, it is said, is wise enough to encourage Elizabeth, laboring through this tremendous amount of necessary education, whenever reports are good.

She is a good average schoolgirl: enthusiastically liking her favorite, and hating the difficult, subjects.

MEANWHILE, this business of being a good mixer?

That is not so easy: for though she does not suffer from the paralyzing shyness of her father and his sister, and—a dim memory—Princess May, she has got to be a lot more than that!

And so formation of a Buckingham Palace Troop of Girl Guides was decided upon. The Kingfisher Patrol has in it several youngsters and includes the Heir to the Throne; while the Brownies attached to the Troop include Princess Margaret, who surely makes things lively for the lot of them.

Meanwhile, are they "bluestockings?" By no means; neither girl has the mental attitude to life that makes her dull. And they are given outside interests that must delight them both. First, the swimming pool at Buckingham Palace and the lessons, before that, at the Bath Club, where the instructress has put Elizabeth through the lifesaving training. Then the Welsh gift to the children, the little "almost child-size" cottage with its complete equipment where they play endlessly at keeping house when they are at Royal Lodge. Evidently this has been a success for, this year, the King bought for them a tumbledown cottage near their Scots home, Balmoral. It is the Old Schoolhouse of Gairnsiel on the hills near Ballater, and it is to be made into a "picnic cottage" for them both. It will have a bedroom for each girl and will be fitted up as a sort of riding centre whither they can come and camp, with a tethering shed at the back for the two ponies and a garden which they can tend themselves. The house is alleged to be a meeting place

for faeries in which—in spite of themselves—so many Celts believe!

Then there is riding, which both girls love as does their father, though the Queen has never been shown in the press on anything like pony, horse or donkey, except in early youth.

But, through all this there runs the essential schooling in "Royal Manners." This is not even as straightforward as it sounds, for Royal manners presuppose a really royal physique and stamina. *Those "don'ts" of Royalty* . . . You may remember the infinite pathos of a little known story about the Duke of Windsor? In his early days he was always being told to "Stand up, David . . ." and "smile, David!" On one historic occasion in the very early days of that cruel round of public duties to which an unthinking officialdom condemned him, he drooped, and a sullen expression spread over the tired boy's face. It was the end of a long ceremonial, but his mother, who had so gallantly fought and mastered her own shyness, bent to him and whispered: "Smile, David, please . . ." And for the mother whom he loved, David smiled, radiantly. Cameras clicked, and the famous smile was born.

Those ceremonies! Elizabeth is happier than her uncle, her father or her grandmother. She takes kindly to these things, apparently, and has now enough "court sense" to direct her sister, which she often and firmly appears to do. The earlier and delightful "puppy days" are gone. Elizabeth no longer thinks all the cheering is for her. The childlike bowing and waving is deferred now, as her mother and father bow, but Elizabeth, as tradition demands on State occasions, does not "steal the show." She learned that Royalty does not settle its hat, its hair or, as on one occasion, its socks, in public. Elizabeth, who once squatted under the nose of a rigid guard-of-honor to pull up her socks, does not now bat an eyelid as she stalks behind mother or grannie: and she takes salutes as a matter of course.

There is the story of the Windsor sentry, that should go down to posterity. Elizabeth was much younger then, and straying one day, found herself face to face with one of the castle sentries. He sprang to the "present arms" and Elizabeth watched, entranced, then walked on. Then she stopped to think, turned on her heel and walked past again. "Crash!"—Private Thomas Atkins presented arms for the Princess. She did it again, and again, perspiring, Atkins presented arms. Again—again—again—it was a grand game, and the soldier, sweating to keep up with the demands of young Royalty, carried on. But something, probably the regular clatter of his regulation boots, called forth an observer, who hurried off to find the nurse in charge and, protesting, the Princess was carried off the scene of her triumph.

Her comment, as she looked back, was "I like that man!"

BUT FATE has its revenges, and today and for a "life sentence" Elizabeth

must learn to stand, apparently unfatigued, through endless ceremonies, listening to endless addresses from innumerable mayors and receiving a succession of bouquets, gold keys and purses. It comes hard, but one must not show it, when maybe one doesn't feel too good, or has a snuffly cold, or a rotten headache.

But this has its purely happy background, and a great deal of the fun is linked with their grandmother, Queen Mary. From the days when, to their parents in the Antipodes the Grannie sent a reassuring telegram, "Elizabeth well but naughty," to today, that has been one of the best things in the girl's lives.

What do they play, when they are left to play unsupervised? Margaret, musical, is also a mimic, it is said, and both of them love acting. Queen Mary, though few people know it, is a fine mimic, and has been known to regale her more intimate friends with lifelike imitations.

We all liked the story of the two girls, a little younger then, having just been taught their curtsies and playing at Presentations. Queen Mary "kindly obliged" in her own role. Making a deep obeisance, Elizabeth and Margaret appeared before her, draped in hastily improvised court dresses. Solemnly the Queen asked: "Whom have I the honor of receiving?" and without hesitation there came from Elizabeth the surprising information, "Lady Bath-tub and Lady Plug." Not wilting at all, the Queen Mother finished the ceremony and then asked if they did not think those names a little unusual? Not at all, replied Elizabeth politely but grinning: "Uncle David was upstairs and he saw us dressing up and he asked about the game and we told him and asked him for names and he said: 'Lady Bath-tub and Lady Plug!'"

They must miss their Uncle David! Meanwhile, they play with their contemporaries. There is the "girl next door"—their friend from the Piccadilly days, Lady Allendale's thirteen-year-old daughter. There is the Master of Carnegie and Lord Glen-tanar's daughter, and Jean Coats, and boys like John Julius Duff Cooper and others, growing up around their future Queen and her sister.

Fortunately the "sweetly pretty" nonsense about both girls has nearly stopped. It was inevitable and in a sense their bad luck; but the King and Queen, grimly keeping their press book of "things we did not say or do" or some such title, may feel happier about the situation now. Their daughters are subjects of legitimate interest. Our Queens have had a great deal more power than ever our kings exercised: Elizabeth, Anne, Victoria, and now, in the distant future, maybe Elizabeth II.

It is all to the good that reports show this girl to be normally uninterested in some subjects, normally "keen" on others and unusually well drilled in Royal manners. Best of all, she is a healthy and a cheerfully hard-working little person with her laughing, lively, musical little sister still content to go with her, hand in hand. ■

Party Girl

Continued from page 14

have stayed," Dick said, frowning.

She met his eyes squarely. "I'm glad I did."

"Glad?"

"If he's hurt badly, there'll be some explaining to do."

She saw Dick start as she said it. He bent over quickly, and his hand fumbled under Tommy Davis' coat, feeling over the heart. "It can't be that bad," he said weakly.

In back of them, in the hall, the apartment bell was ringing insistently. Joan raised her head. "Shall I answer it, Dick?"

He nodded briefly. "We may need some help."

She went swiftly to the door and opened it. Barry stood there. "I've been waiting upstairs, Joan. Your sister told me—Is anything wrong?"

Joan hesitated. "There's been an accident, Barry," she answered.

He stepped into the room, his frown deepening suddenly. Joan followed him. "This is Mr. Hunt, Dick," she said. "He came down looking for me."

Barry looked at the quiet form on the floor. Then he peered closer. "Tommy Davis!" he exclaimed.

Dick stood up. "It's Tommy, all right," he said grimly.

Barry looked at him. "Did you have to knock him out?"

"I didn't intend to. I—"

"He hit his head when he fell," Joan broke in. "We—we don't know how bad it is."

Dick turned away. "I'm going to phone," he said.

"Just a minute," Barry said sharply.

"What are you going to do?"

"Get him to a hospital."

"If you do that the whole thing will be on the front pages in the morning. Tommy Davis is good copy."

Dick shrugged. "He needs attention. I'm not taking any chances."

"Of course he needs attention. Let me call a doctor I know. You can trust him to be discreet."

Joan listened in surprise. "But Dick has nothing to cover up, Barry," she explained. "Tommy Davis came in here and got objectionable. He—"

"Get your doctor, Hunt," Dick interrupted gruffly. "Tell him to make it quick."

"He lives right down on the Square. He won't be a minute."

Joan stood by helplessly while Dick lifted the prostrate figure from the floor and placed it on the divan. "Get water," he ordered her curtly, "and all the towels you can find."

WHEN SHE came back a few minutes later, her arms laden, the two men were bending over the divan. They were talking in low tones as she walked up behind them. "If it's concussion—" she heard Barry say. He stopped abruptly as he heard her, and turned to her quickly.

"I want you to wait in your apartment, Joan," he told her.

She started to protest, but Dick straightened up and turned to her. "He's right, Joan," he said. "You stay clear of this. We'll let you know as soon as we're sure of anything."

Slowly she walked upstairs, not waiting for the elevator. There was no

answer to her ring; she found her key and let herself in. Anne, it seemed, had gone out.

Ten minutes passed. An ambulance drew up to the curb, with the name of a strange hospital printed on its side. It was that bad, then.

The bell of the apartment rang, and she opened the door on Barry. He came in quickly. "It'll be all right," he explained. "Dr. White is taking him to a private hospital."

"All right? You mean Davis isn't badly hurt?"

"I mean there'll be no publicity. Of course, if he dies—"

"Oh, Barry! He won't!"

"The doctor wouldn't say." He looked at her sharply. "I'm glad you're out of this, anyway."

"But I'm not out of it!" she cried. "If Dick needs me—"

"Dick's a friend of yours, isn't he?"

She stared at him in surprise. "Of course."

"Then he wouldn't want you involved. If Davis dies, it may be manslaughter. At any rate, it won't be pleasant for a girl in your position to be mixed up in it."

"In my position?" Joan repeated. "What do you mean, Barry?"

He looked at her patiently. "I had hoped," he said slowly, "that we would announce our engagement soon."

She felt the swift color rushing to her cheeks. But she fought down her anger deliberately. After all, she must try to see his point of view. As long as publicity could be avoided, it was natural that he should prefer it that way. "I see, Barry," she said, nodding her head slowly.

The phone rang jarringly.

Joan, being nearer to it, sprang to her feet. With trembling fingers she lifted the receiver from its hook. Barry, standing a few feet away, watched her intently. He saw her face drain slowly of color. He heard her say, her voice low, "Yes, Dick. Yes." Then a silence. "Oh, no Dick! They don't—think he'll live? . . . Oh, but it's too dreadful! It—You're staying, then . . ." Another long silence, then at last, "Yes, Dick. Yes, of course." She dropped the receiver gently back on its hook.

Barry stood before her, his face set grimly, his eyes narrowed.

"Dick said—" she began, but he broke in on her.

"I heard what he said. Davis is finished."

"The doctors think—"

Suddenly he reached forward and took hold of her shoulders. "This is going to be bad for your friend, Joan," he said.

She shook her head quickly. "If you'd listen, Barry. Dick said—"

"I heard it. Davis is going to die."

He dropped his hands impatiently. "You don't seem to realize what this means, Joan. Davis' family is important. They're wealthy. Tommy's the traditional playboy; he's a crazy kid, and he's been in scrapes before. That sort of publicity snowballs. If he dies like this—"

"But the whole thing was an accident, Barry!"

I could hear those cats meowing even in my dreams



The last time my bridge club gave a tea the nastiest thing happened. The chairman had borrowed my linens. But most of the girls didn't know it. Right to my face, they razzed my napkins and made mean cracks about tattle-tale gray.



Tattle-tale gray in my clothes! It haunted me all night long. I could hear those cats meowing in my dreams. I sat up. I cried. I told my husband everything. Then he got so furious, he called his mother on the phone.



And even though we scared her silly, his mother was a peach. "You must be using a lazy soap that leaves dirt stuck in the clothes," she said. "Switch to the soap that takes out all the dirt—let Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of gentle naptha get at your wash—and stop having nightmares about tattle-tale gray."



Well, revenge is sweet! My bridge crowd was over the other night and they couldn't stop raving about how beautifully white and new my curtains and linens all look! I'm so tickled I wish I could tell the whole world—"If tattle-tale gray is worrying you, ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha Soap!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap!

COPR. 1939, FELLS & CO.



"DECORATION" . . . A flower study by ARCHIBALD BARNES, A.R.C.A.
Presented in the Chatelaine for January, 1939

a while. There's no reason to stay—Davis is coming through all right, and there won't be any trouble.

"I talked with Hunt last night when he was here in my apartment, and I gathered the way things are with you. I'm glad, Joan. He's an all-right guy, I guess, and he must be the right man for you. When a thing's as deep as that, there's no use fighting it. So I'm taking the exit cue this time.

"But don't worry. I'm not laying down on the job. I'm off to get one of those dozen plays I mentioned out of my head. My friend, Ed Duffy, has a shack down at Montauk that was made for ambitious playwrights like me. So wish me luck—the way I'm wishing it to you.

"Be happy. Dick."

For a moment she stood there, holding the note in her hand. Then she ran down the stairs quickly, and rang Dick's bell. There was no answer. He had already gone.

Slowly she walked upstairs again thinking. She went in and sat down, careful not to wake Anne. For a long time she sat there, absorbed in her own urgent thoughts. At last, her mind made up, she rose and went into the bedroom. She changed quickly into her green tweed suit, with its matching green hat. She took a warm topcoat from the closet, gave a final look at the sleeping Anne, and hurried out of the apartment.

IT WAS a simple matter, when the train arrived in Montauk, to find the

■ Continued on next page

Honors Won With "Eye on the Clock"

by
R. S. Kennedy



Laura Goodman Salverson

WHEN I saw the announcement of the winners of the Governor-General's Awards for the best Canadian books published during 1937 my mind jumped to a letter which I had recently received from one of the winners—Mrs. Laura Goodman Salverson, whose fine novel, "The Dark Weaver" was adjudged the best novel of the year. For while I was reading that letter I wondered how on earth a lady with her responsibilities and handicaps could find time or energy to write even a letter, much less a whole string of good novels. In one place she writes, "I don't know if I make myself plain (I have an eye on the clock, because I am baking bread) . . . Later, 'What I am trying to say, without forgetting my bread.' Farther on in the letter this harried housewife-author gets a brief

freedom and remarks, with a sigh of relief, if letters can sigh—"Well, I've been down and rescued the bread, so on with the tale." But the rest is temporary and the letter ends, "Well, I see by the clock that I had better be heading for the kitchen, so good-by."

To a greater or lesser degree that condition—that "eye on the clock," has been the lot of nearly all our best Canadian writers, men and women. Even our most famous writer, Stephen Leacock, whose book "My Discovery of the West" has been awarded the medal for the best volume of "general literature" has been a teacher and professor all his life. His first humorous book, "Literary Lapses," was not even accepted by a regular publisher, but was printed in 1910 by the Gazette's job printing department in Montreal. It was not until John Lane, the famous London publisher, saw it by accident and was impressed by its brilliance, that Stephen Leacock got a fair chance with the reading public.

As for E. J. Pratt, the poet member of the Governor-General's 1937 trilogy, whose book, "The Fable of the Goats" won the poetry award, he also has been a professor from the day he graduated from Victoria College. In his case, of course, he has only himself to blame. No poet in any country can live on what his poetry earns him—even such red-blooded, thrilling poetry of adventure and heroism as Pratt writes—and he loves the job of teaching, as much as he dislikes the tag "professor." ■



E. J. Pratt



Stephen Leacock



FROM HEATED ROOM TO ICY STREET



**WATCH YOUR THROAT
... look out for a COLD!**

—gargle with Listerine

THE prompt use of Listerine Antiseptic after exposure to sudden temperature changes, drafts, wet or cold feet, may often head off a cold or simple sore throat. At such times, this wonderful antiseptic seems to give Nature the helping hand it needs in fighting germs.

Amazing Germ Reduction

First Listerine Antiseptic cleanses the entire oral cavity, then reaches far down into the throat and kills millions of germs associated with colds and simple sore throat . . . the "secondary invaders" as doctors call them. They are the bacteria that accelerate congestion and inflammation.

Fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, tests showed an average germ reduction of 96.7%. Even one hour after gargling, an 80% germ reduction was noted on the average.

Such germ reduction helps you to understand the remarkable success Listerine Antiseptic has had in controlling colds.

Controlling Colds

Seven years of medically supervised research proved that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, and got rid of their colds faster than non-garglers.

Surely, in view of these facts, the helpful, delightful, and fastidious habit of using Listerine Antiseptic morning and night is worth cultivating.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.



LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

MADE IN CANADA



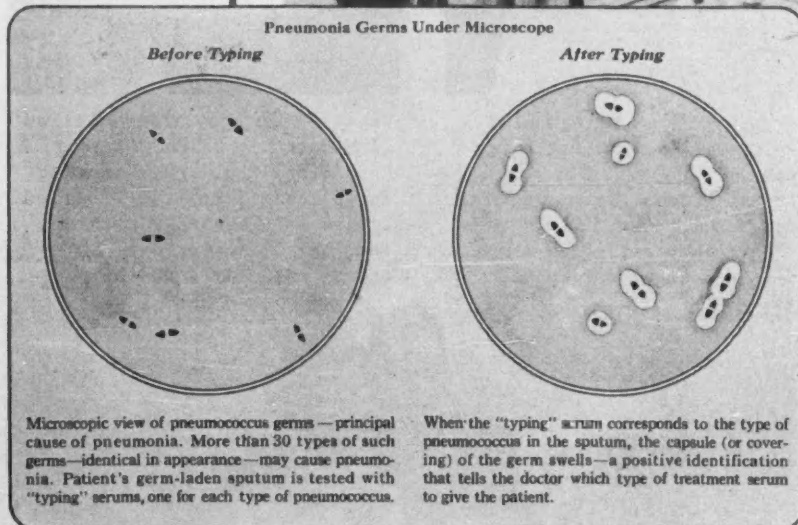
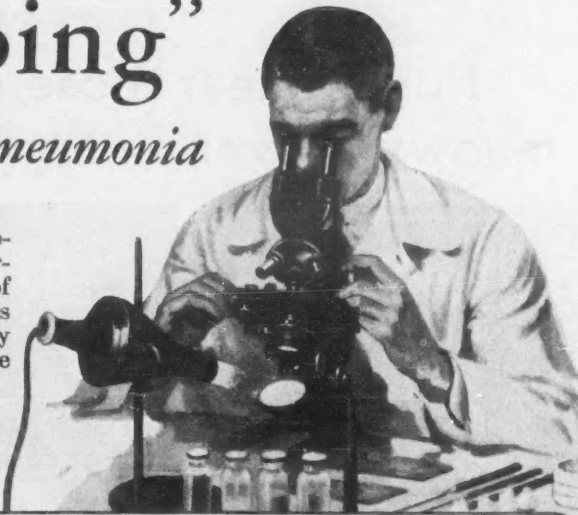
Grand Radio Entertainment... the top-ranking Mystery Thriller, "DRUMS"

Starring WILLIAM FARNUM

Calgary	CFRN	Tuesday	8-8:30 P.M.	Ottawa	CBO	Wednesday	7-7:30 P.M.
Edmonton	CFRN	Tuesday	8-8:30 P.M.	Sudbury	CKSO	Wednesday	8:30-9 P.M.
London	CFPL	Sunday	1-1:30 P.M.	Toronto	CFRB	Sunday	6:30-7 P.M.
Montreal	CFCF	Sunday	6-6:30 P.M.	Vancouver	CFR	Sunday	4-4:30 P.M.
				Winnipeg	CKY	Friday	7-7:30 P.M.

"Typing" to fight Pneumonia

A laboratory equipped to identify particular "types" of pneumonia germs is the physician's ally in helping to save lives.



DRAMATIC progress has been made in "typing" pneumonia germs. Medical research has developed individual treatment serums for many of the "types" of pneumonia which these germs cause.

It is exceedingly important to discover pneumonia early so that sputum may be "typed" and proper serum administered promptly. If given properly and in time, these serums are highly effective in combatting the disease.

In some communities the health authorities have made arrangements for furnishing to physicians, without cost, laboratory facilities for pneumonia "typing".

Not all cases of pneumonia should or can have serum treatment. But all cases need prompt medical care and competent nursing. After an examination of the patient's sputum and blood, the doctor will determine the particular treatment needed.

Pneumonia may strike an apparently healthy person without warning, but usually it follows a cold or grippy

infection or some unusual exposure or exhaustion.

The first symptoms of pneumonia are frequently a chill, followed by a fever, with pain in the side or the chest and coughing. Any one or any combination of these symptoms indicates illness and may be pneumonia. A doctor should be called at once. Pneumonia often works fast, and the physician must work faster to check the disease.

Winter and early spring are the months when colds and pneumonia are most frequent. If you have a severe cold, influenza, or grippy, take the precaution of resting and stay away from other people as much as possible.

Keep your vitality high with adequate nourishment and sleep. The Metropolitan booklet "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia" gives further essential information about these diseases and their prevention and treatment. It also gives many suggestions for safeguarding winter health. Send a post card today for your free copy. Address Booklet Department 1-L-39, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER
Chairman of the Board



LEROY A. LINCOLN
President

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

He turned on her angrily. "If you can't see what a mess it's going to be, I can, Joan. You can't be mixed up in it."

"But—"

"Look, Joan." His voice took on a persuasive note. "There's only one way to do it. You weren't there at all. Do you understand? You were here, in your own apartment, with me, when it happened." He looked at her hopefully. "You see it's better that way, don't you?"

For a moment she didn't answer, then she nodded her head slowly. "I think I'm beginning to see," she answered softly.

He brightened at once. "Good. Your friend Redding will understand. I'm sure he's fond enough of you to spare you all that. Of course I'll take care of him," he added quickly, "if he has to stand trial."

"He won't have to stand trial," she put in quietly.

He waved this aside easily. "I'm a lawyer, Joan. I know how these things go. If a man dies as the result of a blow, an indictment for manslaughter is likely. But I'll see Redding gets a good criminal lawyer. He'll come through all right."

"But without my help," Joan said quietly. "Is that it, Barry?"

He flushed, but he met her glance defiantly. "Do you think I want my future wife testifying in a case like this, when it isn't necessary?" he demanded.

"Even if it was necessary, you wouldn't want me to testify, would you?"

The quiet scorn in her voice made him wince a little. "In a case like that—"

"In a case like that," she broke in, her voice trembling, "you'd still think of yourself first. The girl you expect to marry mustn't get the wrong kind of publicity. Nothing sordid or unpleasant—even to prevent a great wrong. Oh, Barry, I'm afraid I'm beginning to see."

"Nonsense," he said, blustering a little. "You're assuming a lot of things to force a ridiculous showdown. I tell you—"

"There won't be any showdown, Barry. Whether Tommy Davis dies or not, Dick will be cleared. The cause of death, if it happens, won't be the fall, or the blow. That was superficial. It'll be his heart. His own doctor expected this. Dick just told me on the phone."

Barry looked at her angrily. "You might have told me," he said gruffly, "and saved me the worry."

She laughed a little. "And saved myself from knowing what I know now! I tried to tell you, Barry. But you wouldn't listen. You wouldn't let me finish. I'm glad now you didn't. You gave me the chance to see what I never would have seen otherwise."

"What are you talking about?" he demanded. "Gave you the chance to see what?"

Her eyes met his gravely. "This, Barry. That under your charm and pleasantness there's an uncompromising pride that would spoil everything for us. I never realized before how strong it was. But I do now. I can see it in everything you've done. First you wanted me as your mistress because I wasn't important

enough to be your wife. Then you wanted me enough so that I became important. You were willing to marry me, not in spite of the scandal your aunt threatened me with, but because you found a way to prevent the scandal and still get what you wanted. And now—this!"

He had got to his feet as she spoke, and now he stood before her. Reaching for her hands, he held them in a firm grip. "We're angry, Joan," he said. "Both of us. We're saying things we don't mean."

"I know what I'm saying, Barry."

He smiled, denying it. "We can't get along without each other, and you know it. We've tried, and we can't."

He was close to her now, trying to draw her toward him. But she held back. "It's over, Barry," she said evenly.

"It's not over. It's too deep. You've tried before to stop loving me, and—"

"And I couldn't. I know. But you've done it yourself this time, Barry. You've ended it."

"It isn't the end," he said doggedly.

She looked at him coolly. "I'm afraid it is." Deliberately she held out her hand to him. "Let's say good-by, Barry."

He shook his head stubbornly. "It isn't good-by. You'll find it out soon enough."

"Good-by," she repeated, smiling.

The door closed behind him, and she laughed softly to herself. She felt suddenly free.

IT WAS late when she awoke next morning, but she got up quickly and dressed as rapidly as she could. Then she went over to the bed and shook Anne gently. The girl opened sleepy eyes. "Good morning, darling," she yawned. Then, seeing Joan fully dressed, she sat up.

"Don't go, Joan," she said quickly. "Wait till I wake up. I've so much news to tell you."

Joan smiled. "I have a little news myself this morning."

"Oh, but it can't be as wonderful as mine!" Anne laughed. "Darling, everything's settled. This afternoon I take a screen test. Mr. Lesser said he was certain it would turn out right; I'm exactly the type."

Anne's unconscious vanity brought a smile to Joan's face. "I'm sure it will, Anne. And then you'll be leaving me?"

Anne looked at her quickly. "Unless you'll come with me. We could get a little bungalow in Hollywood and—Oh, Joan, will you come? It'll be like starting life all over again."

"Starting all over!" Joan laughed suddenly. "I like that idea. I think that's what I'm going to do."

"Then you mean you'll come?" Anne asked eagerly.

Joan shook her head. "No; I didn't mean quite that." She patted Anne's hand gently. "Go back to sleep, darling. You're not half awake. I'm going out for a while."

The square white envelope on the floor caught her eye as she opened the hall door. She bent down and picked it up. It was addressed to her, but bore neither stamp nor postmark. She tore it open quickly.

"Dear Joan:

"I'm leaving early—I didn't want to wake you. This is 'So long' for

BEAUTY CULTURE

a department of style and beauty



At the left, a velours felt disc for formal affairs, is designed by G. Howard Hodge, who is also responsible for the beautiful high turban below. It's grand with a galyak or caracul coat.

Arleen Whelan, 20th Century-Fox player, wears the cyclamen felt, above right, with violet and cyclamen bird's wings, for smart affairs, and below, right, is a Bonwit Teller tailored sport hat which has the traditional zest and swagger, but new lines for new coiffures.

Don't Carry Your Hat!

by CAROLYN DAMON

IF YOUR new hair-do and your hat fight with each other . . . then you've got the wrong hat. The idea of carrying your bonnet in your hand, as you walked along the street with piled-up curls glistening in the sun, was all very gay and amusing before the weather got really cold. But after all, a hat on the head is twice as attractive as two in the hand—and on the head is the place you should keep it. And the season's really smart hats are created for just those upsweeping tresses, or the low rolled curls you want so much to wear.

Here, for instance, is a group of smart new bonnets which have been designed with curls definitely in mind. And they'll take you right through from morning sports wear to dinnertime glamour. And please notice that every one of them has its own very definite angle. It's just as important this year to get the angle as it is the hat. See how the milliner adjusts it and practise a couple of times before you leave the shop. The dislike dinner hat, in the large photograph above, is perfectly adapted to flatter but not disturb a hairdress piled high in the back. The high loops and streamers of veiling and the hand-embroidered jet beading on the top all

draw attention to the up-sweeping lines of the coiffure.

For formal afternoon wear, what could be smarter than a gay little hat of this year's favorite color, cyclamen, with violet and cyclamen bird's wings and a touch of velvet. You'll notice that it lifts lilyingly in the back, to allow for a roll or cluster of soft curls.

And below are a very chic and sophisticated version of the new mode, and a very sporting type. The high cuff turban is for those women whose faces are oval shaped only, by the way. It's especially attractive with a fur coat. The shallow crown sits high on the head so as to allow plenty of room for upward lines underneath. And while you probably won't be wearing your hair high for morning shopping, you can still keep your curls nicely intact under the new tailored type which, in this case, is smoky blue felt with upstanding wings. It's up in back and down in front.



As to hats and clothes—you'll find the lower waist lines just beginning to come in look smarter with hats that are less pert, more gracious. So watch for wider brims and effects that are less daring and softer. Such things as upward brims and novelty beret effects. Crowns promise to be from two to five and six inches high, leaving plenty of room for curls, in the new spring things. Lovely, drapy scarves, so in keeping with the soft hairdresses, in pastel chiffons are going to be worn a great deal, too. And there'll be such gay colors as sunny yellows, turquoise blue, warm pink, mauve, wine and purple, often worn with the darker browns and navies and blacks of early spring clothes. ■■

MUM'S THE WORD FOR CHARM

IT'S *Quick,
Safe, Sure!*



More Screen Stars, Housewives, Nurses, Business Girls, School Girls use Mum than any other underarm deodorant

EVEN a fastidious girl risks offending if she trusts a bath alone to keep her sweet. A bath takes care only of *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor to come. Mum can! Underarms always need Mum's sure care, to give you the *all-day* freshness that makes a girl click.

Buy a jar of Mum from your druggist today—it has everything you want to help you keep your charm! . . . **QUICK**—only half a minute to use . . . **HARMLESS** to every kind of fabric. You can put Mum on even *after* you're dressed! . . . **SURE**—Mum's protection lasts for a full day or evening, yet it does not stop natural perspiration. You can always count on Mum to keep you fresh. Smart girls use Mum after every bath and before every date. Then they know they never risk offending those they want for friends!

**IT TAKES MORE THAN A
BATH — IT TAKES MUM**

For Sanitary Napkins, too!

Thousands of women always use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know Mum is gentle, sure. Don't risk embarrassment. Always use Mum!



MUM

MADE IN CANADA

**TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

lone village taxi and drive to Ed Duffy's cabin. She climbed the three low steps that led to the house, rang the bell, and waited. Then she knocked loudly. Puzzled, she hurried around to the rear of the house. The door was closed, but not locked, and she entered the tiny kitchen. It gave no sign of being in use. The cottage was empty, but two bags were thrown on the floor by the fireplace, and she examined them. He had put them down without opening them.

He wouldn't be long, and as it was growing dark, it occurred to her that a fire would be cheerful. Soon the old coal stove poured forth a pleasant, purring roar and flames danced brightly. In front of it, Joan sat comfortably waiting.

Quite suddenly the sound of a laboring engine broke the stillness. She sat there, listening. A moment later footsteps echoed on the porch and the door was thrown wide.

"Joan!" Dick cried, staring at her. "What on earth—"

She rocked peacefully before the blazing fire. "No place is safe any more, is it?" she asked lightly.

Closing the door carefully, he crossed the room to her. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Nothing. Literally nothing at all. I started the fires, as you see. And I rooted around the kitchen, but there's nothing to eat—"

"That's what I went for," he interrupted her brusquely. "I got provisions. But why did you come?" he demanded again.

"I didn't like the way you said good-by," she answered coolly.

He grinned. "Neither did I. But under the circumstances, it was the best I could do."

She looked at him sharply. "You mean Barry, of course."

He sank into a chair opposite her, and stared at the fire. "He said a few things last night; dropped a few hints where they'd do the most good. I put the pieces together." He paused a moment. "You went back to the office to prove to yourself that you had stopped loving him. And the only thing you proved was that you hadn't stopped at all."

Joan nodded gravely. "Something like that—yes."

He shrugged. "The best laid plans—" Suddenly he straightened up, looking at her. "When does it happen, Joan?"

"When does what happen?"

"Your marriage."

For a moment she didn't answer him. Then, "I hope," she said slowly, "today."

Anger brought him to his feet. "And you tore down here to bring me the good news?" he demanded. He stared at her a moment, then laughed

shortly. "Maybe you thought I'd like to be best man."

"Oh, no," she answered quickly, her face quite grave. "Not best man, Dick. Certainly not that."

But he was still annoyed, and his voice showed it. "I was going to do a farce," he said bitterly. "Something sparkling and scintillating. Maybe I'd better swing over to the heavy side."

Joan's laugh came delightedly. "Something tragic and O'Neillish, Dick. Oh, I'm sure you couldn't do it!" Then, seeing his face, she sobered quickly. "But of course it's up to you. As long as you do something—You mustn't let anything interfere, will you?"

"I won't," he answered curtly. "Don't worry."

"Good!" she cried. "Not even a wife."

He looked at her suspiciously. "What wife?"

"Your wife, Dick. Me. Oh, darling—why don't you ask me again? You said you would!"

"Don't kid about it, Joan," he said sharply.

She stood up quickly, and went over to him. "Look at me, Dick," she said quietly. "Am I kidding about it?"

A long moment he stared down at her, unbelieving. The logs in the fireplace fell apart with a hissing sound, and the urgent wind rattled the windowpanes.

Then, at last, he put out his arms to her, and she went into them eagerly. His lips pressed hers. She felt it go through her—swift and coursing ecstasy; and she knew, with a knowledge that was final and certain, this was the answer.

When she drew back, he looked at her wonderingly. The firelight struck gold glints in her hair, made her eyes luminous. "I don't believe it," he said slowly. "It's a miracle. Last night—"

"Last night was heaven-sent, darling. Last night woke me up." She went into his arms again, holding herself close to him. "Oh, it's good to be sure, Dick! It's good to know you love someone—and he's all yours to love!"

He kissed her again, hungrily. Then she felt his lips moving against her hair. "Darling—"

She drew back, looking up at him. "Yes, Dick?"

"Tell me something. How do you like your weddings—in town or in the country?"

She laughed excitedly. "Will that rattletrap I heard climbing the hill stand a trip to town?"

He grinned down at her. "It better!" he answered.

She put her cheek against his shoulder. "Then let's start for home now. I'd like to have Anne with us." ■

Starting Next Month

THE OTHER BROTHER

By Clarissa Fairchild Cushman

Promising to be one of the best sellers of 1939, this distinctive novel will appear first as a Chatelaine serial. You'll find the emotional conflict between the two Marbury boys—sons of a university president—an enthralling one.

IN THE FEBRUARY CHATELAINE

ACHING COLDS

Relieve Their DISTRESS
This Easy, Quick Way!

Don't take chances. Rub on soothing, warming Musterole. Relief quickly follows.

Musterole gets such fine results because it's NOT just a salve. It's a "counter-irritant"—easing, warming, stimulating and penetrating—helpful in quickly relieving local congestion and pain.

Used by millions for 30 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Made in Canada, in three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. All druggists, 40¢ each.



Why

Blonde Hair Requires A Special Shampoo

Unless blonde hair is given special care, it is sure to darken and lose beauty with age. But Blondex, the new shampoo for blonde hair only, prevents light hair from darkening and keeps it beautifully attractive—always! Also brings back the true golden beauty to even the most faded or darkened blonde hair. Leaves hair wonderfully soft, silky, fluffy. Highly beneficial to hair and scalp. Recommended for children's hair. Not a dye! Sold at all good stores.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the
Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 23c.

TAKE THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR LEGS

Get Oxygen in Your Blood and You'll Get the
Pep that Sends You Bounding Up the Stairs.

People who smother to death die because oxygen has been completely cut off from them. Just as surely you are slowly smothering if your blood lacks red corpuscles. Red corpuscles are your oxygen-carriers. They carry the oxygen you breathe in to every part of your system. Without enough oxygen-carrying corpuscles, your kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels slow down. Your skin gets pale, flabby, often pimply. Your nerves may become jittery—you tire quickly—feel depressed.

What you need is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These world-famous pills help make more and better red corpuscles and thus increase the oxygen-carrying power of your blood. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills today at your druggist. See for yourself how quickly this time-proven blood-builder will help give you back your pep. Copr. 1938, G. T. Fulford Co., Ltd.



Coiffure by
Elizabeth Arden.
Photograph
courtesy Robert
Simpson Co.

LOVELY AS A PORTRAIT

IF YOU DON'T look as enchanting as a lady in an old painting, you might as well turn round at the door of the party and go home. Because everyone else will, and you'll be hopelessly lost in the crowd.

Which is just another way of saying that if you don't shine and sparkle as you never did before, these holiday nights, you just can't get by! Women have gone completely glamorous in the evening. They are dressed with a new meticulousness from those quaint top curls to the very tip of satiny sandals. Yet so cleverly that you don't notice a single detail. A hastily bought posy to tuck in the neckline of a last year's dress, or a few haphazard accessories tacked on just any little evening number, is your shortest cut to wallflower row this season.

All right. You know what not to do when the gay whirl of entertaining gets under way, and your very favorite man bobs up beside the Christmas tree. So how to be as lovely as fashion demands—and still have pennies left with which to lunch regularly on into the spring? In the first place, you can do the most marvellous things with hoops. For they're among the loveliest and least offensive of the new season's fancies. And smart girls, in this modern age, have a way with them. With a quaint old-fashioned dress you wear a full long slip into which the hoops fit neatly. Going to the party, and coming home, you carry the little bone contrivance in a bag, and there you are, a nice quiet streamlined modern! Before the band strikes up, you adjust the hoops, and where are you? Right back in the eighteenth century, as Fayre a Ladye as gallant ever bowed to.

If you're going to wear a picture

frock, your fabric should be stiff and rich. And have lots of it. Moirés, silk velvets, failles, taffetas and lamés in glowing, jewel-like colors. The sweet young thing in her pale filmy chiffons won't even be noticed. If you insist on pastels, they must be much deeper and stronger in color this winter. Favorite colors of the girls who are going picturesque are fuchsia, stained-glass blue, cerise, lime green, Florentine pink, wine tones, and a glamorous new grey which is almost platinum. And white, of course—especially with a stiff look, and a gleaming gold or silver thread.

If you're taking up with those lovely strapless models, you'll need a new kind of old-fashioned boned corset-cover. And there's a new little waist girdle for the wasp waist effect. Nothing is more fetching than the gay ruffle of a bright petticoat under a dark, full-skirted gown.

NOW YOUR costume is half complete for your hairdress and accessories play an important role. Upswept hair, of course, with tiny velvet bows, or bewitching stiff velvet flowers, or jewelled combs. Here's your chance to tie your little-girl locket on velvet ribbon around your throat. To emphasize your uncovered ear tips with old-fashioned earrings. To tie velvet, or wear grandmother's gold bracelets, at your wrist. And finally, to ornament your sandals with tiny bouquets matching your larger corsage or hair flower.

Actually, the first important steps in creating this lovely picture lady you will become, are taken before you start to dress. Never was a good make-up foundation more important. Every

Continued on next page



"A MAN LOVES hands like velvet," says Shirley Ross, in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory". So—furnish softening moisture for your hand skin with Jergens!

Shirley Ross^{*}
(Paramount Star)
tells girls:
"HANDS"
can have
power to charm



*Shirley Ross has lovely hands. With Bob Hope in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory".

Overcome "Winter Dryness"—help protect Softness, Smoothness of your HANDS

EVERY girl wants "Hollywood Hands"—so soft and smooth, so enchanting to a man! Winter is their special enemy. Then the skin's moisture glands provide less natural moisture. And outdoor exposure and necessary use of water are very drying to hand skin. Usual result for careless girls—is coarser, harsher

hands. Wiser girls often supplement this deficiency of natural moisture with Jergens Lotion. Does such beautifying work! Furnishes moisture for the skin. Contains 2 ingredients many doctors use to help soften rough, hard skin. Helps you have "darling hands". Never sticky! Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00 at beauty counters.

JERGENS
LOTION



NEW! Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream! Contains Biamin—helps against dry skin. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE
and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 862, Perth, Ont.
I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous free sample of Jergens!

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

(MADE IN CANADA)

A Dream walking...



FOOLISH words of a popular song. But there's truth in them. In his heart, every man idealizes the women he loves. He likes to think of her as sweetly wholesome, fragrant, clean the way flowers are clean.

Much of the glamour that surrounds the loved woman in her man's eyes, springs from the complete freshness and utter exquisiteness of her person. Keep yourself wholesomely, sweetly clean!

Your hair, and skin, your teeth—of course you care for them faithfully. But are you attending to that more intimate phase of cleanliness, that of "Feminine Hygiene"? Truly nice women practice Feminine Hygiene regularly, as a habit of personal grooming. Do you? It will help to give you that poise, that *sureness of yourself*, that is a part of charm.

The practice of intimate Feminine Hygiene is so simple and so easy. As an effective cleansing douche we recommend "Lysol" in the proper dilution with water. "Lysol" cleanses and deodorizes gently but thoroughly.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

- 1—**Non-Caustic** . . . "Lysol," in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
- 2—**Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
- 3—**Penetration** . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
- 4—**Economy** . . . "Lysol," because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.
- 5—**Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
- 6—**Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Also try Lysol Hygienic Soap for hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.



What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LYSOL (CANADA) LIMITED,
Dept. 1C, Toronto, Ont.

Send me your free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name

Street

City Prov.

FASHION SHORTS

by
KAY MURPHY

☆

DAYS LIKE these make us all long for a little bit of warm color, reminiscent of the summer's sun. Hope some of you can take time out for a trip down south, but if you're working gals and women, even as I, we'll just have to depend on our own resources for that "lift" we all need about now. Nothing helps winter's tedium like a colorful dress, a bright scarf, or maybe a pair of warm yet colorful mittens (like all the smart ones are wearing with their winter coats, be they mink, or rabbit, or far out relatives to the lambs).

Dresses of the moment are stressing gaily colored prints in silks or such, and gloriously plaided wools that bring the rainbow right into the room with you. While there is nothing as practical as a "good dark dress," I always say it should be bought, or made, when the sun is shining brightly. And leave the colors for those days when daylight stops long before suppertime. When I was a little girl in Saskatchewan (didn't you know I hailed from that warm-hearted province?) I remember my mother decking my three sisters and me out in bright red dresses, smack in the middle of each winter. "Now's the time you need a little color," she would say; and I always carried with me the philosophy back of those cheery dresses. So when winter winds blow and snow swirls along Fifth Avenue, I hie myself into the nearest store and come forth with some item of dress



If you want a high hair-do for a special occasion, a tiara of flowers and feathers provides a becoming effect.

Seen Here and There

—Golden jewellery, as heavy as possible, loading down arms, necks and ears.

—Tiny hats, of fur or feather, or both dramatically combined, on high-swept curls.

—Tweed (really honest-to-goodness tweed) evening wraps and jackets. Ofttimes lavishly embroidered in gold and rhinestones, but quite often (especially when worn with long-sleeved dinner dresses) very plain, almost like a man's sports jacket. This fad comes from France, where even some evening dresses are made of tweed.

—Elbow-length gloves, in contrasting color, worn with short-sleeved afternoon dresses, as well as evening frocks.

—Simple black dresses, with lace touches in bright shades (a nice change from white and cream lace, although these are always crisp and lovely). Saw one black dress with tiny collar and cuffs of purple lace—another pink wool dress had brown lace vestee.

—Plenty of velvet bows in our curls of an evening. This is a direct steal from Victorian days when no well-turned-out gal, no matter her age, would think of going out with not a bow in her hair. Try it out on your own locks at some of those evening parties, and see the comelike look 'twill give.

—Hoops in skirts, abbreviated bustles, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, panniers, chignons—at the smartest parties one would think the clock had turned back and we were schottisching around at the dawn of the twentieth century.

—But I think we will revert to more modern plumage this spring. For already the edict in the fashion world has gone out that spring, 1939, will be very tailored and stylishly discreet. But oh, it has been grand having a whirl at the flowery, fussy fashions for a few short months.

—Rugged little boots, furlined, with furred cuff showing around the ankles. An English idea that the younger gals have adopted wholeheartedly for this side of the ocean. So cosy for winter walking and sports. ■



Wallpaper covered drawers brighten up dark corners, and save wear and tear on your hats, shoes and such.

that is as glowing as lights on a Christmas tree.

So I hope you lassies whip up a bit of goods into a colorful dress or skirt, or knit yourself a bright sweater or a scarf, and if your wool mittens are a dull color, embroider them up with snips of gay wool or embroidery thread.

"You're letting your imaginations run away with you," Johnny grinned. There was nothing that anybody could do. Tomorrow Pat would be gone.

Upstairs, Johnny stood at his bedroom window staring blindly at the broad sweep of drive. Pat would meet somebody else out there. Someone who wouldn't let trivialities get in the way of—paradise. Johnny closed his eyes; opened them aching as a car swung up the drive and stopped.

Johnny saw a little round woman in an electric blue afternoon dress bounce out. She was followed by a heavy-set, ruddy-faced man with a bristling white mustache. The man wore a dark business suit and bright blue tie. Johnny swallowed. No wonder his dad and mother had said the Fargers were impossible.

Johnny's eyes jerked to his watch. Ten minutes to dress. He ducked under the shower; dashed back to his bedroom; grabbed up his dress shirt. Why in heaven's name, did dumpy women like Mrs. Farger select bright colors? Bright colors! Johnny stood clutching the dress shirt. Pat had said, "I'm like the hat, Johnny. I adore bright colors. I couldn't ever worry about what people think." Johnny's lips twitched; his fingers painfully relaxed. His dad and mother would be shocked; Baxters dressed even when they dined alone. Johnny grinned as he jerked a pale blue shirt from the dresser; flung into his grey tweeds.

In the living room, four pairs of bored eyes lifted at Johnny's breezy entrance. Johnny saw his mother's mouth tighten; his father's eyes bulge. And then Johnny was smiling down at Mrs. Farger; shaking hands with Farger.

Mrs. Farger's eyes lost their glassy look. "You remind me of our boy, Bill. Doesn't he, Jim?" She beamed at her husband.

Farger's keen eyes peered up at Johnny. His grim mouth relaxed. "Real boys, both of 'em. Bill's been out in the Turner Valley for a year. Got his head set and nothing's holding him."

Mrs. Farger said, "Bill will be home next month. He hasn't been back since we moved. He doesn't know anybody here."

"Have him give me a ring when he pulls in," Johnny said quickly. A funny happiness welled in Johnny's throat. He turned his head and met Baxter, Sr.'s, eyes. The eyes wore a funny shining look that was totally unfamiliar.

At dinner Mrs. Farger admired the centrepiece of gladioli. She said, "Florists' glads always look taller than the ones I raise."

"We raise these gladioli in our hot-house," Mrs. Baxter said.

Johnny grinned. He said, "She means they're raised for her by a paid expert. How mother and dad get any kick out of a greenhouse they're afraid to work in is beyond me."

Mr. Farger turned to Johnny. "My wife can make anything grow. You must drop around and see her garden."

"I'll do that," Johnny promised, and picked up his dessert fork for the alligator pear because Farger had done so.

Johnny's father was saying, "When your boy gets back, Farger, we might get up a father-son golf match. I'm something of a dub."

"So'm I," Farger chuckled. "Sure you're not bluffing, Baxter?"

Baxter, Sr., laughed. "My course record is ninety-seven."

Mrs. Baxter said, "Mrs. Farger and I will sit on the club terrace while you play. The losers can entertain us too."

And then everyone was talking and laughing at once. Dinner was over and it was time to go to the auditorium.

Johnny said, "If you don't mind, governor, I'll drive you over and come back and pick you up. There's somebody—important—I've got to see."

Baxter looked at Johnny. His eyes shone. He said gruffly, "Luck to you, John. And your dad's blessing."

When Johnny parked the car before the brightly lighted auditorium, people were milling toward the foyer from all directions. "Looks like quite a turnout, gover—" Johnny broke off. His breath left him. But the girl—the one in the suit with the sailor hat in the centre of the lobby.

Johnny flung out of the car, bounded across the pavement, jostling dozens of people. "Pat!" If she got inside he'd never find her. A policeman caught his arm. Johnny broke loose. "Pat!"

Johnny shoved past two more people. He caught Pat's arm. "What are you doing here, anyway?" Johnny grinned up at the approaching officer. "I was afraid I'd lose my girl—for keeps," Johnny told him unsteadily.

The officer said, "Okay, buddy." Johnny firmly clutched Pat's elbow. He led her toward the street. "What are you doing here?" he repeated gruffly.

Pat's eyes were wide, her face white. "Oh, Johnny, I had to come. I thought if I sat in the balcony I might see you once more before—"

Johnny said jerkily, "You'll see nobody else but me from here in." He hugged her arm against his side, led her to the car and introduced her to his folks.

Baxter, Sr., said, "So this is the girl, John. Well, I must say, I don't blame you, son."

Mrs. Baxter said softly, "Johnny, you've practically knocked off the child's hat."

"The second time," Pat chuckled brokenly.

Farger shook Pat's hand forcefully. "Young lady, you've got good taste. This boy is a kid after my own heart. No fripperies or nonsense about him. I'd bet my last dollar on him."

Pat's eyes studied him soberly, his face, clothes, tie. Then she turned. "Johnny! Johnny, my dear!"

That Girl

Continued from page 9

was a splendid fire and the little radio behaved remarkably well. Amy had always loved the evenings most of all, the long talks with Greg more intimate than at home. There had been so

many times when he was growing up and things troubled him; he had talked more freely to her than to his father.

But tonight there was no talk whatever. Geraldine was there. Geraldine

MIKKY and PETE — Samoyeds owned by Miss L. Liledda Dodds, Westmount, Que.



Thoroughbreds

• MIKKY and PETE—pure bred Siberian Samoyeds (reputed to be one of the earliest breeds of dogs)—are unusually friendly, especially with children.

Seven year old Krafta of Kobe (MIKKY) is the father of Stutton Petrov (PETE) and delights in showing his son how to fetch the harness when commanded. Both are lovers of the outdoors and require a great deal of exercise to keep fit. While they never seek a quarrel, they are truly fearless when they do go into action.

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."



IT MEANS SO MUCH TO A WOMAN....

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH RUTH? SHE'S NOT WHAT YOU WOULD CALL LIVELY COMPANY—SO DEPRESSING!

YES, HER BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP.

ANNE, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? NOBODY SEEMS TO WANT MY COMPANY ANY MORE.

WELL, NOW THAT YOU'VE ASKED DEAR I THINK YOU'RE FAGGED OUT AND I'M GOING TO RECOMMEND A TONIC—FELLOWS' SYRUP!

YOU KNOW ANNE SINCE I'VE BEEN TAKING FELLOWS' SYRUP I'VE BEGUN TO ENJOY LIFE AGAIN.

I KNOW DEAR AND YOU SHOW IT—YOU HAVE ALL YOUR OLD CHARM.

CHARM—"It's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; if you don't have it, it doesn't seem to matter what else you have."—Sir J. M. Barrie in "What Every Woman Knows".

Enthusiasm—Personality—Charm—all are outward expressions of good health. Perhaps you, too, will find it in Fellows' Syrup—a combination of essential mineral foods and tonics readily absorbed by the system. Fellows' Syrup stimulates and invigorates nervous, anaemic men and women, and promotes growth in nervous, undernourished children. A tonic originated and manufactured in Canada, and prescribed the world over for more than 60 years—pleasant to take, prompt in action, and lasting in effect. All Drug Stores have it.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

Tonic
MUCH
PRESCRIBED

Chatelaine Beauty Culture Bulletins

Concise — Authentic — Essentially Helpful



How to Care
for Your Hair

A beautiful skin can be the heritage of every woman — for it is the reward of proper care and knowledge. Advice on retaining or acquiring a clear fine-textured complexion, and treatments of abnormal conditions are thoroughly handled in this bulletin. Price 10 cents.

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

Service Bulletin No. 16

Whether long, short, oily or dry, blonde, brown, black or red—the beauty of a woman's hair depends solely on its vitality and grooming. Learn the secrets of a lovely "Crown of glory"—and how to care for special problems and conditions. Price 10 cents.

A LOVELY SKIN

Service Bulletin No. 18



A Lovely Skin

DRESSING YOUR FACE

Service Bulletin No. 17

Which treats with the subtleties of make-up. Not twenty women out of a hundred know how to make-up effectively. Some overdo it; others use the wrong materials. Yet the right make-up can give a plain face charm — a lovely face character.

Learn the secrets of make-up, of high-lighting, of facial structure, of color and texture selection. Learn how to stress your best features and make the least of your worst. Learn about the make-up which is individually yours. Price 10 cents.



Dressing Your Face

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Service Bulletin No. 15

Every woman carries her character in her hands — so why not have yours beautifully cared for? A little skilled care will keep them lovely through the years. Daily care and unusual conditions are discussed in this bulletin. Price 5 cents.



Beautiful Hands

Ask for Them by Number

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS

481 University Ave., Toronto

FACE CLEARS UP FAST



Worried
then...

Even very annoying cases of pimples, rashes, blackheads and other externally caused skin blemishes yield to the splendid emollient action of Cuticura.



Radiant
NOW!

Buy Cuticura Soap and Ointment at your druggist's today. Each 25c. For FREE sample, write to Cuticura, Dept. 86D, 286 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, P.Q.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

YOUR CHILDREN WILL LIKE

FEEN-A-MINT

...THE DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE

bit of gleaming back and shoulders must be given painstaking attention. I'd suggest a liquid powder. Be careful to mold the line of chin and throat, for the new décolleté gives it added importance. Tiny combs will gather up those stray back hairs with a tendency to wander. And the effect there must be smooth to contrast with the soft cascade of curls above. You can rouge your ear tips ever so faintly, and please get the proper shade of lipstick and rouge for your gown color. An orange-toned lipstick with a grape-toned evening frock can make you look as ridiculous as sensible walking brogues would. Clear red tones are best with black, orchid with the purples, blue tones with blues and wines. If you're wearing grey or black, you'll need deeper make-up than with the brighter shades. And finally, nine times out of

ten you'll find the pink-and-white, peaches-and-cream, rather than the exotic or unusual type of make-up, fits the mood of you, the Picture Girl of 1939.

P.S.—IF YOU'RE just not the ruffy type, there's a very new silhouette that will be seen more next season than this. It's the graceful flowing gown known as the "monk's robe," or the "angel's robe." Yards and yards of soft fabric are fashioned in a sort of Grecian effect from the shoulders, and you create your own line by tying a girdle loosely around your waist. The more tailored jerseys with tuckings and fullness, as Alix designed them a year or two ago, still hold their place in the sun. Particularly as dinner dresses. And watch out for lower waistlines. They're on the way. ■

The Hat

Continued from page 7

thing like—like a hat . . . He caught Pat's hand in his but she pulled it free.

"Can't you see, Johnny, the hat was—a symbol. Things like that are important to you."

Johnny said huskily, "Nothing's important to me but you." He ran one finger under his collar. It felt like a noose. "Give me another chance, honey. I'll prove—"

Pat shook her head wearily. "It—it wouldn't work, darling. You'd feel critical. It was my fault for marrying you, darling. Forget me, Johnny. Get a divorce. Anything! But please go—quick!"

Johnny didn't remember much after that. A long time later he found himself headed toward the Baxter hunting lodge. Recalled hearing himself say, "But you can't do this, Pat." The words were like an off-key phonograph record hammering against his consciousness. He'd drunk cups of coffee at a dingy restaurant somewhere, some time. He wasn't certain when his hurt had become anger. Furious white-hot anger unlike anything he'd ever felt. He hadn't deserved such treatment. Pat had made a fool of him. The announcement of the wedding had been in the *Bulletin*. Everybody at the office knew he'd gone on his wedding trip. That was why he was headed toward the lodge.

ONE WEEK later a thinner Johnny, his mouth without its habitual merry curve, his dark eyes oddly sober, met his family at the station. In the Baxter limousine Johnny's mother said, "Your father and I were considerably upset by the news of your marriage, John. Who are the girl's people?"

Johnny said bluntly, "Pedigree's unimportant. The marriage didn't take. Quite modern."

His father said after a long moment, "Will—the girl expect a settlement?"

"Nothing like that," Johnny said. "She threw me over. Thought I was too much a stickler for form." He sighed with relief. Golly, he'd dreaded telling them. He tried a laugh. It wasn't too successful.

J. L. Baxter, Sr., said, "We had a great time in Florida. I caught a tarpon. I tried angling for a real bite but it wouldn't swallow the bait.

Remember, John, how we've been trying for the Farger account? Farger and his wife stayed at our hotel. He's a queer duck. One of those crusty manufacturers. You'll meet him. He and his wife are coming out to the house for dinner next week."

His dad was one great chap! Johnny said crisply, "Make any headway?"

"Not an inch," Baxter, Sr., laughed. "His wife is impossible. Your mother will tell you."

Mrs. Baxter lifted laughing dark eyes to Johnny's face. "You really have to see her, John, to realize! The night that we entertained the Fargers she wore a white voile afternoon frock."

Johnny's father said, "You'll have a chance to decide for yourself. We're entertaining them the night I give my talk at the Women's Club. If I don't hammer the value of conservatism down Farger's throat I'm no speaker."

The following day Johnny saw Hal at the office. Hal looked pink and flustered. He said bluntly, "Hear the news? Pat got a swell new job. She's head of advertising in Thober Company's Toronto branch."

Johnny's mouth opened and closed. He couldn't trust his voice. But Hal's strangely critical eyes were staring at him, waiting. "That's—that's great. Wonderful break. I—I suppose she goes soon." Not that he'd ever see her again. It was all over. Pat had made that clear! She was through!

"She leaves in a week," Hal turned on his heel and strode back to his office.

The evening of the eleventh the Baxters entertained the Fargers. Johnny and his father, delayed by a meeting, reached home at six o'clock. The house was fragrant with hothouse blooms. The dining room shimmered with crystal and silver. Johnny's mother, regal in black lace, came down the stairs.

Johnny said awkwardly, "Gosh, mother, couldn't you tone it down? I mean—well, they might feel more at home without all the family silver."

His mother lifted puzzled eyes. "It's the same as it always is when we entertain, John. Something has happened to you, son. Your father and I are worried. You look thin and high-strung. Is there anything that we can do?"

"You are wrong," she said coldly. "I would not choose you for my son—This proves that I am right. It seems to me that only the most unbridled nature could admit hatred for a stranger. Could imagine it!"

But as she spoke so evenly, so smoothly, sure of herself and of her impregnable position, she was aware of certain discomfort. She was so much larger than Geraldine Morton. This difference made the controversy unfair in a way, yet fairness reminded that it was Geraldine herself who had begun it. "I will not quarrel, my dear," she said, trying to be gentle.

"No?" The young girl's tone was impersonal. "You wouldn't admit anything. No, I can see that. Not even to yourself. You'd jump hurdles, but you wouldn't see them. You'd shut your eyes."

"You are unbearably rude," Amy Carlyle said, breathless.

"I don't mean to be." Geraldine marshalled her words as she had the checkers, studying them carefully and without emotion. Finally she selected what she would use. "It's because you're his mother. You've never given up being his mother, not for a moment. You won't let him be free. That is why—you don't love him as much as I do."

The unbearableness of that! It couldn't be discussed any further. Amy turned away and was disgusted to find that she had made a dramatic movement with her hands. She locked them firmly together at once. But Geraldine would not let it be ended. She followed.

"You love him, of course," she said earnestly. She even put a timid finger on the older woman's arm. "I don't think you understand—it's because in our family we face things—we have to because we're always so hard up. We can't shut anything out even if we wanted to and it gets to be a habit—calling things by their right names. I only meant that he isn't your baby any more. He is a man. He has his separate life and of course that shuts you out a little and you hate that. But I—I—! He needs me just as he used to need you—that's why I love him the most."

Through the open door they both saw Greg coming back. He had not gone to the ranch after all. When he got to the door his eyes went from one face to the other, swiftly, anxiously.

But there was nothing for him to see. Their faces were smooth and uninformative. Instantly they became allied against his knowing.

"I thought you might like to go along," he said to Geraldine. "It's just a plain road, no climbing."

She shook her head. "I think not," she smiled. "I want to help Mrs. Carlyle if she will let me."

THEY STARTED back soon after breakfast next morning. The mountain was emptied of its week-enders and the road curved vacantly around the elbows. It was like a road hanging in the air as it spiralled down to the valley.

The day was clear and blue and sweeps of brilliant color burned into the slitted canyons.

They would be at home in three hours. Amy, cramped in her corner, was glad of that. Three people should not try to ride in a two seater; what a

silly she had been not to bring the big car. Geraldine's body, pressed against hers, felt stiff and resistant. It was hard for the child to be there between them, Greg sulky and silent and herself—But no, she was not antagonistic. She had done everything possible to soften the tension, and she was sure that Greg suspected nothing. His behavior was the result of his own conclusions. He could not dream his mother and his sweetheart had "had words." How vulgar that sounded even in thought! But it was no misstatement of the facts. A real quarrel had been narrowly averted.

What would happen now? Greg knew. His young sullen profile said that he knew Geraldine was not for him. Their ways were far apart as the poles. Amy felt very tender toward them both, even Geraldine's impertinence did not matter. But they were both so young, they would soon forget. Greg drove too recklessly. The rain had made slides, and in places the road was sprinkled with little rocks and soft damp silt that had slipped down the hillside. Amy held her breath once or twice when the wheels veered. It wasn't much of a car and Greg was a cruel driver. The brakes rattled in protest as the grade got steeper.

A road gang working at a detour scattered and shouted in anger as they hurtled past, saved by a miracle from a spectacular skid. Amy choked back the protest she would have made because she knew how he would hate it, but when she saw Geraldine's face that awful sick greenish white again, she said indignantly; "You are being very silly as well as cruel, Greg. Don't you see that Geraldine is nervous?"

HE BRAKED too suddenly. The shoulder was soft, and when the rear wheels cut into it dirt gave way and the little car, heavily loaded, began to slide and sink toward the edge of the road.

Greg had to lift Geraldine out in his arms. She was like a stiff doll, and her knees refused to straighten when he set her on her feet. But Amy had got herself out without excitement and surveyed the situation with the coolness of the accustomed mountain driver. It was not much of an accident; it could hardly be called that. Cars are always sliding off shoulders, and it is merely a mechanical trick to get them back on the road again. There was a very small tree, mountain ash, that helped. The rear wheel had met it and the car was held for the time from sliding further.

It was too bad that the front tires were worn rather smooth so that they did not get traction, or perhaps they couldn't in the soft dirt. Greg pushed a rough blanket under the wheels and prepared to drive the car out. He was certain that the tree would hold.

"Greg, Greg," Amy cried. "Don't try to drive it out. You can't pull out!"

He looked at her. "Where's your nerve, mother? We can't wait on a chance that somebody'll come along and help us. We've got to get to town."

He was in the car by that time, and the engine roared and trembled and the smooth front tires tried to bite into something solid and couldn't find it in the earth that crumbled

Continued on page 31

WHY DOES THE BRIDE

Wear a Veil?



● In olden days the bridal veil was supposed to protect the bride from the "evil eye" of some invisible "evil spirit."

Today, women know that they don't need protection from unseen "evil spirits"—but they *do* need protection for their skin.

Campana's Italian Balm was originated in Canada years ago for protection against severe cold, chapping, windburn and roughness. Today it is used by more women all over the entire continent than any other preparation of its kind.

This famous skin protector—for warding off chapping, dryness, and work-or-weather skin coarseness—contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest-selling brands. Yet it costs far less than a small fraction of a cent to use liberally each day. It "goes so far." By actual test four out of every five women who tried Italian Balm said they liked it; the fifth *used too much*. You don't need much Italian Balm to make your skin soft and lovely—one drop for each application is plenty. Test it on *your* skin. Try it *before* you buy—at Campana's expense. Use FREE coupon below.

Campana's Italian Balm

"Canada's Most Economical Skin Protector"

Campana Dreskin



Have you ever tried Dreskin, Campana's amazing liquid Skin Cleanser. Combats blackheads, coarse pores, oily and "faded" skin. Bottles, 50c at drug and department stores.

FREE

CAMPANA CORPORATION LTD.,
3 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.
Dept. B-2.

Gentlemen: I have never tried ITALIAN BALM. Please send me VANITY bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

Heartburn Kept Him Awake

Afraid to Eat Square Meal

What a worry he must have been to his wife! No food agreed with him. Acid indigestion made him positively wretched. In this letter, his wife tells how he got welcome relief:—

"My husband developed a wretched form of gastric acidity," she writes. "Meals were a misery to him. He often could not sleep for heartburn. Business kept him from home a great deal, but when he did get a spell at home, I gave him Kruschen Salts. I was amazed at the results. That weary look left his face, and his indigestion gradually disappeared. It is a treat to hear him say, 'I'm hungry.' It seems too good to be true."—(Mrs.) K. M. E.

The numerous salts in Kruschen help to promote a natural flow of the digestive and other vital juices of the body. Soon after you start on Kruschen, you will find that you are able to enjoy your food without distressing after-effects. And as you persevere with the "little daily dose," you will see that Kruschen brings glorious relief.



**"It's Fun
to
Earn
Money
This Easy
Way!"**

"I FELT a little worried, I'll admit, when I wrote to the Fidelity Circulation Company about subscription work, because I had never done sales work of any kind. But it's really been fun—now that people know that I can take orders for all leading Canadian, United States and British publications, and the extra income that I make has helped me to get so many things that I couldn't afford before!"

Ambitious Canadians, of all ages, are finding this spare-time work an agreeable and profitable source of extra income. You will not be placed under the slightest obligation if you let us explain our plan for building up a dependable business for you.

Write Today for Full Details!

**FIDELITY CIRCULATION
COMPANY OF CANADA**
210 Dundas Street W., Toronto



At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only sold at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

MAKE MONEY—WRITING SHORT STORIES

Let Famous Author Test Your Ability Free Under the expert guidance of Archie McKishnie hundreds of pupils are making money. Why not you? We train you by individual Home Study Course to produce stories that sell, and help you find a market. Decide now. Write for Free Ability Test. Shaw Schools Limited, Dept. S-72 1130 Bay St., Toronto.

wanted to hear somebody's swing band, and so of course, she and Greg went out on the verandah to dance under the thick stars. Then it was too cold and he came in for a blanket to wrap Geraldine in. They never even noticed when the music was turned off.

Amy knew that her arms and legs ached. Most of the work had fallen on her because Greg kept stopping to explain things to Geraldine and Amy went ahead as if she had been driven. Now she was surprised at the intensity of her resentment over her stiff legs and back; it was one of the most important of their unwritten laws that every task should be shared, but tonight she had even peeled the potatoes. She wanted terribly to go to bed, but she couldn't even do that until a decent hour; it was only a quarter past nine and they were coming in to listen to the police calls—it would be so funny to hear somebody complaining about a man making a disturbance in an alley when they were safe and snug in the mountains.

She tried to analyze the situation, thrusting her own inclinations harshly into the background, trying to be completely fair.

She couldn't expect anything else; all mothers had to give way sooner or later. She wanted her son to have a normal life, sane and conventional—anything else was unspeakable. She was willing to give way when the right girl came along. The right girl! That was all of it. For Geraldine Morton wasn't the right girl; not even Greg, could he be forced to speak the truth, could claim that she was the right girl for him. Surely he could see how different she was. Not a good sport, to use his own words. Geraldine hadn't helped with the supper. Her efforts at bed making were laughable, and Greg had had to leave his work to show her how it was done. Later Amy herself had gone around tucking blankets and smoothing wrinkles, though Greg had made perfect beds since he was six. He must see how different she was—even this silly fear of high places.

THAT CAME out next day. The occasion seemed actually made to show Greg how little suited Geraldine was to his ways.

It rained, and for once it wasn't fun in the cabin when it rained. For one thing the main room didn't seem large enough for three people. Greg spread out his fishing tackle and started in to sort hooks and lines, and Geraldine found a shelf of old magazines, discovering that she had read them all, but only after she had dropped them here and there all over the room. Then somebody said checkers, after an old board had been discovered far back on a shelf, and Greg and Geraldine played as a matter of course. Amy felt out of it seeing them absorbed in each other and the game and with litter everywhere.

She tried kibitzing in a polite desire to help Geraldine out but found Geraldine in no need of assistance whatever. She played a splendid game and was more than a match for Greg who hated to lose. The game was over when she captured three kings in a single play.

Greg swept the pieces into their box. "Come on, Gerry," he said without looking at his mother. "Let's hike up

the trail for a mile or two. There's a dandy spot under a rock shelf. We could take a coupla sandwiches—"

"Oh," Geraldine said flatly. Her face got white at once. "But it's raining. We—couldn't climb those slippery rocks when it's raining."

Greg laughed in a way not entirely convincing. "Why not?" he challenged. He stood up, and there was something sharp and rough in his voice. "Mother and I do. Mother has often climbed up there when it was slippery."

Amy was very much annoyed. She didn't want to be brought into this. It was horrid of Greg to do it. If they argued—

But there was no argument. Geraldine had nothing to say; she merely sat there, small and cold looking in her skimpy clothes and looked at her toes in scuffed sneakers.

Greg turned on Amy as if she were to blame for it all. "Can't you find something warm for her to wear?" he demanded furiously. "There's always been extra clothes—sweaters and things. And you could lend her your boots, couldn't you?"

Amy unlaced the boots in silence and Geraldine put them on, her slim ankles lost in them. Then a leather coat sizes too large was unearthed and Geraldine looked so ridiculous in these misfits that she and Greg began to laugh uproariously. They took their sandwiches and went off in the drifting rain, the bad moment completely forgotten.

Amy put on her bedroom slippers, not without a secret gratitude because she was still a little tired from the previous day's activities. But it was only human nature to feel a sense of wrong. She couldn't even step outside without her boots and there was nothing to do but play solitaire. She thought of Warren's business trip. She could so easily have gone with him, except that she thought Greg needed her. She liked nice hotels and good shops, but she had never gone with Warren on trips as she might have done—occasionally, of course, but only when Greg was provided for at a boys' school or camp. She and Warren had always thought that it would be time enough for them to play when the boy was settled in life.

Greg carried Geraldine back to the cabin in his arms. No, she hadn't sprained an ankle; she was just plain sick from looking at the view. It was all right going up, Greg had put her before him and held her by the elbows, guiding her along, but when they got to the shelter he made her look down a thousand feet and after that she was limp as a rag. He'd carried her all the way back.

Amy put Geraldine to bed with a hot drink and warmed blankets, all the time scolding Greg for making her go out. She hadn't wanted to, that had been plain enough. Now the poor little thing kept shivering and shutting her eyes, holding onto the bunk as if she were falling. She whimpered.

"I—I—just can't help it. I hate high places."

Of course she did! People were born with such complexes. Greg was scolded again.

"It's a disease," Amy declared. "There's no way to cure it. They even jump off bridges sometimes."

Greg scowled. "Pshaw. If she'd had the right outfit she'd have felt different. Your boots were a mile too big."

But by evening it was better and Amy even enjoyed herself a little. Geraldine stayed in bed, and the other two played pinochle in a rousing fashion. Geraldine had been invited to play any game she chose but said that she would rather just lie still and watch. But she didn't watch all of the time; mostly she sheltered her eyes from the light, looking out to cheer impartially now and then.

All in all the long week-end was not a success. Toward the end of it Greg and Geraldine seemed to get on each other's nerves. Greg was much too polite. He prefaced every move with a question, "Do you feel like doing this or that?" "Are you sure you can make it?" and she got so she didn't even answer, just looked at him dumbly and followed along. There was no quarrel, of course, but Amy's nerves were strained, too, holding a balance between them. She did everything she could to promote the old carefree fellowship that was a part of cabin life, but it was no use. They just didn't weld. She herself urged Geraldine to go along when Greg started for the Sykes ranch after eggs, but the girl shook her head and Greg said nothing, stalking off without a look back at the two on the verandah.

THEY WERE to start back the next morning, and Amy began to pack with a feeling of thankfulness. Everything edible into tin boxes, extra blankets folded away, duffel bags for the car—she hummed under her breath, happy for no reason at all. Her heart felt remarkably light; it must be because she would see Warren in a day or two.

Geraldine came into the room and Amy looked up to smile at her, but there was no smile in return. Instead, the young little face was grave, and wore an oddly mature expression that spoiled one half of its prettiness and added extravagantly to the other half. She spoke very slowly as if she had weighed every word in her mind.

"You hate me, don't you, Mrs. Carlyle?"

Amy gasped. She had nothing ready for the situation, too unpredictable to be met by common words. And then after the first bewildering moment she felt anger rising and cold annoyance that she should be so placed. The girl was utterly rude as well as a number of other undesirable things. She lifted her head high and then lowered it a little when it made her so much taller than Geraldine.

She managed to say something at last. "Hate you?" The two words were more cutting than an entire speech. "How could I hate you, Geraldine? I hardly know you."

"You do not need to know people well to hate them," Geraldine said, and her voice was almost a sigh. She stood quietly, looking at the older woman, waiting for it to go on. It could not stop there, of course.

Amy struggled against an unfamiliar emotion. Hate! The word was horrible. She had never known hatred. Dislike, disapproval, but never anything so dark and primitive as hatred. It did not belong to her nor in her environment and upon Geraldine's lips set them even farther apart.

That Girl

Continued from page 29

beneath them. And then the little tree snapped and its roots came up, and the car went sliding down and down and there were strange distant noises and a far-off crash as though a door had slammed.

Amy moved. Her limbs felt heavy and clogged, but somehow she got to the edge and looked over. She could see the little car upside down, lodged on an outcropping. It was like an overturned bug with its crushed wheels in the air. Her mind, befogged, labored with the thought of Greg beneath that jumble of broken glass and tin. There was fog before her eyes, too, and she could not see beyond the wreck. But it was such a little car, it couldn't crush him!

Geraldine spoke beside her. "He's down there—underneath?"

"Yes, yes," Amy was angrily impatient. "We've got to get help. Don't scream. I can't bear it. Those men up the road, they'll help."

She should have been running but her legs wouldn't move, they were too heavy. "Stop," she cried. "What are you doing?"

Geraldine sat down on the mangled shoulder and put herself over the edge, feeling with her feet for the remains of the little tree.

"I'm going down to him."

"But you can't—can't—there's nothing—" Amy's voice was a shrill thread of sound. Still in that petrified state she saw the girl disappear, her small white face, her eyes enormous with inscrutable expression. It was such a useless thing to do. She could never reach the place where the car was, there was nothing to hold to, yet she had gone.

Something snapped in Amy's head, and she found that she was running back along that steep road to find the workmen. Her mind was running, too, and it was strange that she did not think of Greg at all but of Warren. He was there beside her, running with her. What would she tell him when they were together again—that Greg was lost?

Two men held her arms and helped her on the way back. They were very dirty and their hands were brown claws, but their eyes were kind.

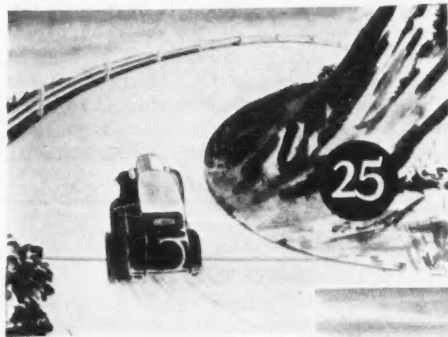
She never stopped talking: "She went down . . . I couldn't keep her back . . . and now both of them . . . so foolish. She was so afraid of high places . . ." Nothing about Greg, though. She kept him out of her mind though his name might be upon her lips.

When the men looked into the can-

Continued on next page

Watch Your "Turnability"

This is the third of a series of pictorial features in Chatelaine's campaign to arouse Canadian women's interest in their own responsibilities for the high toll of traffic accidents. Make sure that the young people in your house see this dramatic presentation. Shown through the courtesy of the publishers of "Death Begins at Forty."



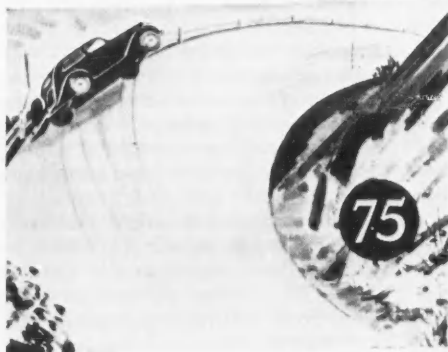
A LESSON IN PHYSICS FOR DRIVERS

The first law of motion is that a moving body tends to continue in uniform motion in a straight line. The energy of a moving body is in proportion to the square of the speed.

At 25 miles an hour, however, you can make a fairly sharp turn.



At 50, you can make only one-fourth the turn you could make at 25 miles per hour. This explains many accidents in turning and passing at higher speeds.



And at 75, your "turnability" has been cut to one-ninth that when you were going at 25. Try to turn more sharply than this law of physics allows, and over you go!

One Gown in Three Acts

Pattern backs will be found on page 50



Simplicity
2932

HERE IS a talented evening gown that plays three entirely different roles.

Make a glamorous entrance at formal parties in the sheathlike foundation dress of violet satin.

When you receive your friends for bridge, slip on the abbreviated lumberjacket of fuchsia velvet, buttoned snugly with a row of jeweled buttons. Or just add a dirndl-like redingote of soft mauve lace to the original foundation of violet satin. ■

TEA TIME VARIETIES ..



SKILFUL DRAPERY distinguishes these lovely frocks for afternoon.

Decidedly new is the high scalloped waistline of No. 2925, which may also be worn without the belt. Uprising shoulders and released tucks achieve that smart, bloused look, and green velveteen lends glamour.

A fickle frock, No. 2930 has both high and

low waistlines and an artful way of concealing heavy bustlines with clustered drapery. Lelong's Rembrandt Brown is a lovely shade.

Brighten your winter bridge game in a gay, little print with lifted sleeves like No. 2931. Very Victorian and chic. Or be elegant in the fluid folds of bronzed green velvet that soften the neckline of No. 2912.

Pattern backs will be found on page 50

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

This Year—Myself

Continued from page 15

girdles how and where you like, and has fullness wherever you want to put it. And have an attractive jacket made to go with it. Something with a faint glimmer of embroidery, or a discreet shimmer of jewels. If you're a thirty-eight or under, you'll like the new long evening skirts for which you can buy—or make—two or three smart lacy or sequined or velvet jackets. And you can have a shorter skirt, too, and wear them for teas as well as parties.

Look Your Size in the Eye. All right. What if you are a forty or a forty-two? Face the fact instead of trying to get poured into the wrong styles and sizes, with disastrous results. Use all your cunning to get the most concealing and slimming things you can—in decently fitting and properly styled clothes. And that goes for age, too. A Los Angeles stylist remarked recently, "The best-dressed women in the world are on the other side of forty. Definitely, fashion has grown up, and it is no longer chic to look anything but your age. The new elegance of this year of grace is meant for women."

Lightly embroidered sleeves and bodices, high necklines and pocket accents are clever touches for the more matronly woman. A small floral print in stripe effect, with tucked bosom front and white piqué collar with jabot detail, makes a smart frock for home wear. And for the club—why not a dull teal blue crepe frock cut on neat, easy lines, with a V neck and front closing strapped with something gay like little bits of silver leather and tiny silver buckles. And with it a high-crowned wine felt hat, wine gloves, shoes and bag would be stunning. Or a straight-lined dark coat might be worn with a black frock and black hat, with some such touch as shiny black wings set at a smart angle.

Be Yourself. Study other smart women, yes. But don't just do what

they do. Do for yourself what they do for themselves. Which may be something quite different. You, Mrs. Robert Jones, want to look like the very best possible looking Mrs. Robert Jones. Not like a poor imitation of Mrs. Waddington-Smith, or Greta Garbo, or anyone else. As a New York fashion expert puts it, "The dress should be silent that the woman in it may speak. Gewgaws and furbelows on a garment detract from the personality of the woman who dons it. So, whether it be a hat, coat, dress or blouse, it should be so designed that shrewd lines, fine material and exquisite workmanship all conspire to enhance the charm of the woman who wears it."

Get Clothes That Fit. And that brings up the matter of harmony. Don't wear a swing dress if you're the waltz type. Your clothes should have a certain rhythm—both in line and color—with your personality. It's the woman who achieves this—whatever her build or age—who achieves perfect dressing. If you want to look calm, gracious, dignified, don't allow such clashing elements as a bad color mixture, a lack of harmony in your own coloring (artificial or natural) and that of your clothes, or dress lines that fight with the ones nature gave you. Accessories count here. Tricky bags, debutante slippers and college style gloves won't give you dignity if you're thoroughly grown up. Soft colors, subtle fabrics, restrained jewellery and quiet-looking things generally are your best bet. But these take more time and thought than either the too bright or the too dowdy kind.

Thank heaven, the greatest mark of the new and smart woman—the woman of 1939—is that she has stopped dressing and acting like everybody else of every age and type.

She makes the best of herself.

And so can you. ❧

Wedding at Dusk

Continued from page 5

still too young to hear such talk. "Darling, that's sweet," she said gently. "Mother knows just how you feel about it. John's a darling boy, and you know I like him; we both do. And if you and he really are fond of each other—at the right time, daddy will help you."

"We don't want any help," Katie said. "We just want to start our lives. Our own lives."

"You don't know what you're talking about, Precious."

"I'm talking about living, and loving each other and taking care of each other," Katie said, "and having a little baby some time. John needs me, mother. His father killed himself trying to make enough money for his mother. John's never had anybody really . . ."

"Darling, we were all sympathetic when that happened. We've never let it make any difference in our attitude toward John. You know that."

"Oh mother . . ." Katie said hopelessly. She put her hands over her

face with the weight of trying to make the old—the disillusioned old who knew the petty bookkeeping of forty years of adding and subtracting—understand how she felt. How they both felt.

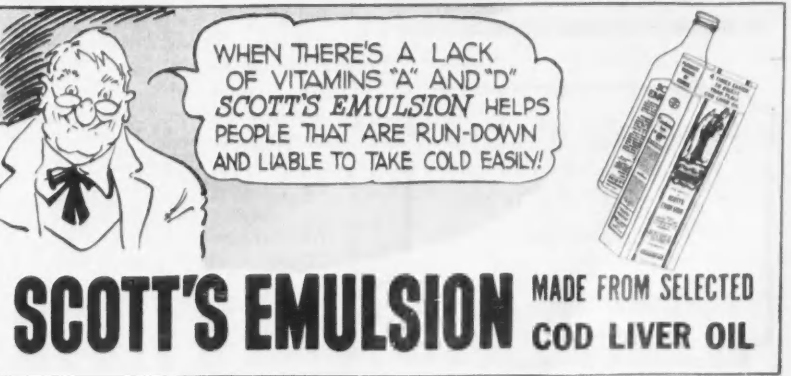
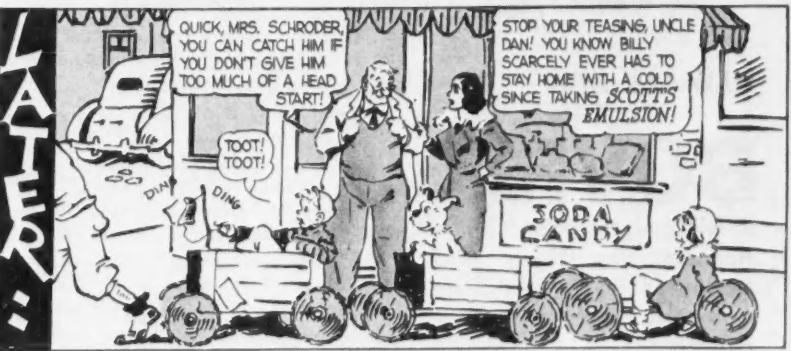
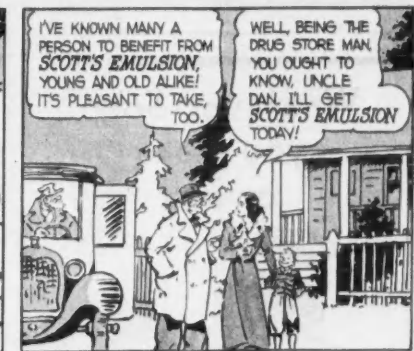
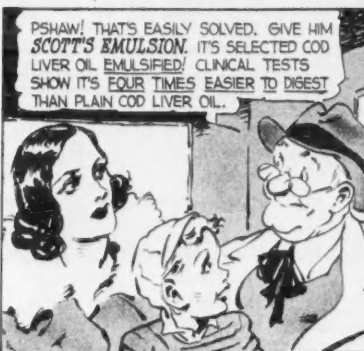
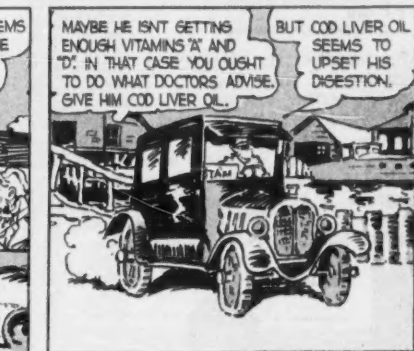
She tried again. "Mother, you told us once that my great-grandmother Chandler was only eighteen when she wore that beastly dress; I'll even wear that, mother, if you let us just have each other."

"Darling, those were the pioneer days," Mrs. Chandler laughed with indulgent amusement. "Even nice people married absurdly young in those days. They just didn't have anything else to do, I suppose."

Then she was impatient again. She had often been able to deal with things by not taking them seriously; that was really the best way.

"You're being rather stubborn, darling," she said lightly. "We'll not discuss it now. You promised your father and that's all there is to it."

But Tink knew that couldn't be all



Safeguards LOVELY SKIN



a toilet soap free from all irritants

BECAUSE the soft, petal-like beauty of baby's skin is safeguarded by Baby's Own Soap, so gentle and soothing, don't you think that your skin could benefit greatly from its use, too? Countless women do and glory in a lovely complexion.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

ALBERT SOAPS LIMITED
The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd., Successors

STOP BABY'S COLD BEFORE IT GETS WORSE

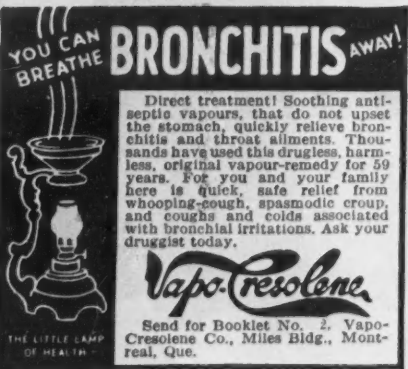
DON'T LET your baby's little cold develop into something worse. Let Mrs. Geo. McBride of Scarborough tell you what to do. "My baby of 26 months caught a nasty cold, so I tried Baby's Own Tablets and she threw this cold off quicker than ever before. I certainly am for Baby's Own Tablets from now on."

Baby's Own Tablets are safe and sure in their action. They correct the cause of baby's trouble. Effective in clearing up teething troubles, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, upset stomach, colic and summer complaint, irritability, simple croup and other of "baby's" ailments. Yet they are utterly free from opiates or stupefying drugs. An analyst's report is given in each package.

Get a package today. Sickness so often strikes in the night. Your money back if you are not satisfied. 25 cents.



Sticks everything. Invaluable mends furniture, china, ivory, glass, toys, leatherwork, etc. Sold everywhere in tubes with "diamond" pin-stopper at 5, 10, 15 & 25c. Beck Bros. & Turner Ltd., Montreal, Can. Dist.



YOU CAN BREATHE BRONCHITIS AWAY!
Direct treatment! Soothing antiseptic vapours, that do not upset the stomach, quickly relieve bronchitis and throat ailments. Thousands have used this drugless, harmless, original vapour-remedy for 59 years. For you and your family here is quick, safe relief from whooping-cough, spasmodic croup, and coughs and colds associated with bronchial irritations. Ask your druggist today.
Vapo-Cresolene
Send for Booklet No. 2, Vapo-Cresolene Co., Miles Bldg., Montreal, Que.

THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by Dr. J. W. S. McCullough

YOUR QUESTION BOX

Question—A few days after birth, my baby's breasts swelled up. What would be the cause, and what can be done for it?—Mrs. G. B., Halifax, N.S.

Answer—The swelling you mention is due to milk in the infant's breast. It



will probably have disappeared by the time you read this. It is of no consequence and on no account must the swelling be squeezed or bruised, otherwise an abscess will form.

Question—What are the signs of whooping cough, and how should a case be managed?—Mrs. B. B. L., Vancouver, B.C.

Answer—The signs are: a persistent cough—especially if there is whooping cough in the neighborhood—often accompanied, at the end of a spell of coughing, by a cooing sound, due to indrawing of the breath. No treatment, other than plenty of fresh air and the use of whooping cough vaccine, is specific. There is strong testimony in favor of the use of vaccine. It is

usually supplied free by health departments. Consult your doctor.

Question—When does rickets appear in a baby? What is the cause, and how should it be treated?—Mrs. J. S. P., Canmore, Man.

Answer—Rickets is a nutritional disorder, most commonly found between the ages of two months and eighteen months. Frequently it is due to improper feeding of the mother during her pregnancy. Other causes are improper feeding of the baby, insufficient sunshine and a continuation of nursing after the ninth month. The early signs are crying when handled, restlessness at night and rolling of the head from side to side, excessive sweating of the head and delay in cutting the teeth. The remedies are the use of cod-liver oil, very gradual exposure to the summer sun, improved diet and outdoor life. Prevention resides in the use by the mother of cod-liver oil in the last six months of pregnancy.

Question—Are kidney affections common in children? What are the signs, and how should the condition be treated?—Mrs. J. B. G., Hamilton, Ont.

Answer—Yes, they are rather common. Pus in the urine, unexplained

fever, or other added and obscure symptoms, should arouse suspicion. There may be irritability of the bladder and tenderness over the kidney. Examination of the urine should be a routine in most cases of disease, certainly in all obscure cases of illness. Treatment calls for a doctor, but it is useful to give the child an abundance of fluids, with rest in bed. It would be impossible properly to treat the condition yourself.

Question—My little girl, seven years old, now and then at night has dreadful fits of screaming. She wakes up with her eyes staring and it takes some time to get her quiet. She is otherwise a normal child, gets on rapidly at school and always does her lessons. What can be the matter with her?—Mrs. J. B. C., Rodney, Ont.

Answer—Your child is suffering from *pavor nocturnus*, that is "night terrors." Many of these children are of the rheumatic diathesis, that is, they have a tendency to rheumatism. You should look to her tonsils and see if they are enlarged. She may have adenoids.

Perhaps one of the most important causes of the condition is pushing at school. Notice if she is free of attacks in the holidays. She will get over the tendency to the terrors as she gets older, sooner if the cause is removed.

That Girl

Continued from page 31

yon they shouted. The car was no longer against the rock jutting. It had slipped to farther depths and a gravel slide with it. The patter of falling rock was like distant hail on roofs. But they kept on shouting and Amy understood presently that they had found something. They pointed down, laughing back to her, their white teeth looking happy and friendly.

"Your kids are okay," said the boss. "At least the girl is. They're hanging onto the butte and she's waving a thing that looks like her shirt." While the ropes and pulley were being readied he complained, "It'd take a fool kid to do a thing like that. What good could she do climbing down there and risking her own neck . . . nothin' to hold to but a bush or two. I dunno how she kept from goin' to the bottom. It was you that done the sensible thing, ma'am, comin' for help."

Greg was badly hurt but not too

badly. He had fallen clear of the car and a thick patch of dwarf evergreen had helped somewhat. But he had a broken shoulder and one leg was out. He said, holding his jerking jaw as still as he could; "Geraldine did it. She climbed down and hauled me out of the way before the car began to slip again."

Geraldine looked awful. Her face was greener than ever, and she didn't pretend to open her eyes. Her thin hands clutched at anything or anybody in that nightmare of falling.

"Of course I went down when I knew he was there. He was alive and I knew, just as I would have known if he was dead. The little trees helped me, and I just let go and slid when there wasn't any. I just had to get to Greg. The worst part was coming up in that rope chair they made. That was awful. I feel sick when I think of it."

Greg listened with the sentimental grin that had so offended his father.

"I'm glad you didn't try it, mom," he said faintly.

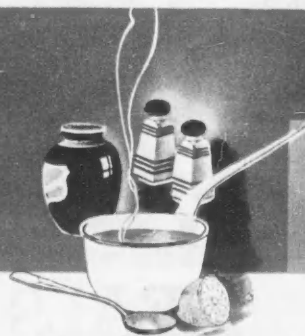
THE ROAD gang boss took them down in his car. Greg and Geraldine sat in the back and Amy was with the driver.

The little mirror above the windshield gave a bird's-eye view of the two in the rear seat. Geraldine was holding the boy against her slight shoulder and doing it so competently that he was saved every jar. She had her natural color back now and paid no attention to the scenery, breath-taking in places. Amy remembered a night long ago when Warren had been ill and she had held him like that . . .

She closed her eyes tight. Suddenly she wanted to see Warren more than she had ever wanted anything in her life. She had not known how much she loved him or how lonely it was without him, until now. ■

hoteleine's HOUSEKEEPING

A DEPARTMENT OF HOME
MANAGEMENT—Conducted
By HELEN G. CAMPBELL.



China courtesy of the
T. Eaton Company, Ltd.

IN SPITE of all that's been drummed into us regarding the value of first impressions, some women never apply this principle to their menus. But not even on being introduced to your future mother-in-law is it more important to make a good beginning than when you seat your guests at the table; let the soup be well selected, piping hot and of a beguiling flavor, ten to one the whole meal will go off beautifully; let it be below par and it takes a bit of doing to overcome that initial setback.

Now you can do either of two things. If you have the flair, and are willing to spend a long time exercising it, you can make a soup which will probably be a credit to you. Or you can use canned soups made by skilled chefs with a mastery of flavors and the best of ingredients to develop them.

Most of us will choose this easier, modern way; not that we couldn't start from scratch and make a good soup if we wanted to, but because we can't for the life of us see the sense of it. When we want to give a bit of originality to our soup service, we simply gild the lily by combining two harmonizing varieties and making such additions as seem to augment the deliciousness of our creation.

This mixing shouldn't be taken lightly, however. It isn't a matter of dumping into a saucepan any two soups you happen to have on hand, but of blending flavors with an anticipative relish.

Another point in making a favorable impression at the start is to show some judgment in the selection of type. In a hearty or elaborate dinner a soup's sole duty

is to provide a light, savory appetizer. Consommé or some other clear, light variety does this to perfection, and is the smart thing. Even here you can adapt it to your own fancy—combine bouillon with an equal measure of tomato juice, add a dash of tangy condiment sauce, seasonings, and a little chopped parsley for garnish. If you are entertaining at a simpler dinner, Sunday night supper, high tea or lunch, you might prefer one of the richer cream soups, or some substantial variety, and let it contribute nourishment as well as fine flavor. In that case you can go lighter on the courses to follow.

Many meat soups, fish chowders, and some of the vegetable combinations are almost a whole meal in themselves. Grand—and easy—for informal buffet suppers and midnight snacks, with maybe a bit of crispness and a bite of something for dessert.

With all the soups available and all the mergers you can bring about, there is no lack of means to start your meal successfully. And you can give your introductory offering even more variety by attractive garnish and appropriate accompaniments.

Even the way you serve your soup makes a difference; it can be brought in from the kitchen or ladled from a tureen at the table. Bouillon cups are for clear soups and the two-handled bowls for cream soups. Large, shallow plates are smart for soups of a creamy nature and any of the vegetable purées or thicker kinds. Covered crockery bowls are tricky for chowder or onion soup with a grated cheese crust. But the main thing is that the soup be perfect to ■ Continued on page 37

Party Soups

*Delicious blends that make
a novel flavor for your
first course*

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Recipe for a good time

When you plan something good for a party try Lyle's Golden Syrup as an ingredient for Taffy Tarts, and the proverbial "good time will be had by all."

Lyle's Syrup is a high-grade pure sugar product imported from England. Its sweetness is a refined sweetness. Your grocer has it or can get it for you. Ask him today, and try these tarts.

Lyle's GOLDEN SYRUP

Packed by
TATE AND LYLE LIMITED
21 Mincing Lane, London, England

TAFFY TARTS

1/3 cup butter
1/4 cup Lyle's Golden Syrup
3/4 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons cream
1 egg
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Mix together the slightly beaten egg, brown sugar, Lyle's Golden Syrup, butter, cream and vanilla extract. Line patty pans with rich pastry. Put a spoonful of the syrup mixture in each tart and bake in a fairly hot oven (400 degrees F.) for the first ten minutes; then 350 degrees F. to finish baking. Note — currants, raisins or nuts may be added.

BY APPOINTMENT TO



BY LATE KING GEORGE V.

Whatever Soup you make or buy



ALWAYS ADD
a little

BOVRIL

It will greatly improve the richness, the flavor and goodness and make them as nearly perfect as they can be.

39-17

Beautiful silver is a lasting joy; and there is little to pay in upkeep if it is polished with "Goddard's" Plate Powder.

"Goddard's"
Plate Powder or Liquid Polish
In Boxes In Tins

there was to it. Though the next weeks looked as though the parents might be right, after all. Mr. Chandler had a good firm talk with John; everybody knew that much because Mrs. Chandler told all and sundry.

Even Wuggy heard something about it. "What's all this pistachio-flavored confection about Katie and John?" he asked Tink.

"They like each other."

"Big news," Wuggy said derisively. "Great mistake to let the elders get hold of your business. Fact is, the old are pretty mercenary about things."

"Yes," Tink said. "They call it being practical."

WINTER CAME on, and things looked uneventful for everyone. John and Katie stopped looking strained and tragic, and the parents nudged each other complacently.

"They're really nice youngsters," Tink's mother said to her father. "I think Julie handled it very well, considering."

She made roundabout, transparent enquiries of Tink. "How about that conflagration between your little friends?" she said companionably. "Still raging?"

"No. It's settled down," Tink said. "I think it's lovely for them to be fond," Mrs. Garland said heavily.

Tink said yes, oh yes, the way one does to poking parents.

A peace had come upon them now; no more of the tragic speeches, no more weeping. John was saving his money; Katie was going to business college.

"Some preposterous plan about a nest egg, probably," Mr. Chandler said approvingly. "John'll be a substantial citizen one of these days. Then Katie'll forget all about him. Nothing less attractive to women than substantial citizens."

"Katie's forgotten a lot already," her mother said smugly. "It's wonderful to be young."

But they didn't seem so young as they once had. They'd done a lot of growing up that winter. Katie still threw snowballs at strangers and dodged behind the arbor vitae, consumed with mirth. But there was something calmed and still about her. About them both. They were never afraid to look in each other's eyes as they had been. They held hands without frenzy or necessity.

"They don't seem so crazy about each other, you think?" Wuggy asked with a little embarrassment.

"They're just—different," Tink said.

Just after Christmas, the four of them went skating up the river. They took hamburgers to roast, and it might have been just any of a dozen such winter days they'd all known together. Katie had a plaid wool handkerchief tied over her bright hair, and she was full of some secret excitement. John, tall and quiet and witty, never took his eyes from her, it seemed. Even Wuggy felt a little bumptiously young, capering beside them. Just when it was beginning to be dark, with giant paint brushes of crimson splashed across the ice, John said:

"Listen, you two. You're our best friends; you know that."

"He wants to borrow two dollars," Wuggy said. "Watch yourself, Tink."

But John didn't even glance at him.

"We don't want you to be tangled in

this. Unless you want to be. But Katie and I are being married tonight. We'd like you in on it. But if you'd rather not be, for any reason at all, why, just forget it."

Tink said, "Katie, I'm so glad." And Wuggy, with sudden maturity, just shook John by the hand and said nothing at all.

"We've got the license," Katie said, "and the minister over in Plainville is shining up his service. John's got a new job in Montreal, starting next Monday. So—we thought we'd start." She was trying to speak in a matter-of-fact way, but her voice was bubbling with emotion.

"The fact is, Katie's father and mother don't want her to marry me," John said soberly, "but this seems like Katie's business."

"It is my business," Katie said. "my principal business. From now until I die."

They stood silent at the intensity of those unexpected words. Then Wuggy shifted his feet. "Well, let's get at it," he said. "I'm for it myself, kids. You'll get along; I know that. You're both young . . . and everything."

"Yep. That's the general idea," John grinned. "We're both young . . . and everything."

THEY GOT in Wuggy's father's old car, all of them on the front seat, so they could talk this tremendous thing over. Tink could see that it was a relief for Katie to be talking about it; it seemed more real now that it was being said back and forth. Suddenly she thought of Great-grandmother Chandler's wedding dress, and she thought, "All my life I've loved Katie. Better than if she'd been my sister." She said, "Katie, remember that day when we were little, and you said I could be your bridesmaid."

"Of course I remember. What do you think?"

"The poor little wedding dress," Tink said, "with no fourth bride to wear it."

"The poor little wedding dress that nearly ruined my life," Katie said. "Well, anyway . . ." And she thrust into Tink's hot mitten the cobweb of handkerchief that all the Chandler brides had carried.

"I'm glad," Tink said. "It'll seem more legal to me."

Sure enough the minister was expecting them, and everything was ready to begin. Katie ripped down the zipper on her snow suit, and there was her wilted wedding corsage she'd been wearing against her heart all day.

"Dearly beloved," the minister said, and the words of the ceremony built eternal cathedral around them.

"We're married now," John said, and took Katie's face between his hands and kissed it. "We're married now, forever."

Tink, in an anguish of love for them all, looked at Wuggy, dark-faced and earnest with his head slightly bent.

"He'll go on being a boy for years yet," Tink said to herself. "But at this minute, even Wuggy is a man. This is the size we'll all of us eventually grow to."

But the minister was quite casual about it all; he'd seen a lot of weddings and his dinner was in the oven. He kept smacking down the rubber stamp of his geniality, wishing them happy-

ness, saying how cold it had been, rubbing his hands jovially, until at last he'd shut the door upon them. They stood on the doorstep a moment, almost as if it were some symbolic standing.

"And now the train," John said. "We've eighteen minutes to catch it, Mrs. Balm."

"And the bags checked at the station," Katie said.

They hurried along the snowy street with all the houses lighted for home coming and dinner.

"No matter if I live to be a million," Tink said to herself, "there'll never be anything so beautiful as this street, and Katie and John walking ahead of us."

"Three minutes," John said when they were on the deserted station platform. They all seemed shy now, and a little let down, and Tink was thinking that probably in another minute she'd cry and disgrace herself, because suddenly she realized that it might be years and years before she saw Katie again.

Then from around the corner the blaze of the train's headlight was upon them, and they were four earnest small silhouettes in its glare.

Katie kissed her then, and there were tears on Katie's cold face. "Wuggy . . . good-by," she said. "Tink, darling. . . ."

They got on the train in a timeless blur of noise and motion, and the train was gone and the two of them were there alone, with Wuggy's arm hard around her shoulders. There was a torrent of tears in her throat, and fear and loneliness.

"Come inside where it's warm," he said kindly. They went in and sat in the dimly lighted, dusty station with the blind eye of the closed ticket window staring at them.

"You see, it's like this," he said. "things have sort of changed and some people can't realize it. The old, you know. They keep wanting the young to make themselves secure, to get ahead and all that filthy stuff. But you've got to have a new kind of capital today. You've got to have something inside yourself that nobody can take away from you. It's sort of like the old pioneer days, when people started young to make their life—the important part of their life—love and a family and being together against whatever happens."

Tink sat there nodding, not trying to answer.

"You see it's all pretty grand," Wuggy said, "as it is. But when I think what a complicated picnic the old try to make it . . ."

He rambled through his pockets and got out that pipe of his, the better to think, so men said. "The thing is, we've got to make our own way in the world. The way the world is now, Tink . . ." Then he shrugged his shoulders and looked embarrassed, caught in the act of making a speech.

"Gleeks, woman! Get some lipstick on!" he said. "You look like you've been crying."

"Do I? Well, I haven't been," Tink said staunchly. They met each other's eyes then, restored to their normal status, and Wuggy grinned. He took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Wanna pet?"

"Nope."

"Okay. I thought not." ■

Party Soups

Continued from page 35

begin with and as hot as sin when it's served.

Garnishes for soups include thin slices of lemon, cucumber, or hard-cooked eggs, chopped parsley, paprika, diced peppers, pimiento, sliced olives, salted whipped cream, shaved almonds, grated dry cheese, a sprinkling of prepared cereal or hot, buttered popcorn—anything you like, so long as you suit the garnish to the soup.

Crisp biscuits in all their variations, bread sticks, toasted fingers and Melba toast are good companions to any soup. Fancier tidbits are better saved for those with a bland, delicate flavor; their nipiness will then be a pleasant contrast.

So, as I said before: when you want a novel flavor for your first course, be a good mixer—of the soups in the first place and of the soup and its accompaniment. I can't give you a set of rules to follow but here's the proof—delicious blends which are guaranteed to create a good impression in a party menu

GRAND FOR A BUFFET PARTY

Hunter's Soup

- 1 Can of condensed Scotch broth
- 1 Can of condensed tomato soup
- 1 Can of condensed pea soup
- 2 Cans of water

Combine the tomato and pea soups, stirring to blend evenly. Then add the Scotch broth and finally stir in the water, using the can as a measure. Eight to ten servings.

Suggested Menu—Hunter's soup, biscuits, rye bread, celery, olives, dill pickles, Malaga grapes, doughnuts, coffee.

Vegetable Potage

- 1 Can of condensed pea soup
- 1 Can of condensed tomato soup
- 1 Can of condensed vegetable soup
- 2 Cans of milk

Combine the three soups carefully, then stir in the milk. Heat, but do not boil. Eight to ten servings.

Suggested Menu—Vegetable potage, savory pinwheels, salad sandwich loaf, relishes, butterscotch tarts, coffee.

Indian Chowder

- 1 Can of ready-to-serve corn chowder
- 1 Can of ready-to-serve cream of onion soup

Turn the soups into a saucepan, heat and serve at once. Six servings, $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful each.

Suggested Menu—Indian chowder, Melba toast, ham and pickle sandwiches, celery, fudge marshmallow cake, coffee.

MORE FORMAL TYPES

Lobster Supreme

- 1 Can of condensed asparagus soup
- 1 Can of condensed cream of mushroom soup
- 1 Can of liquid (half milk and half cream)
- 1 Small can (3 oz.) of lobster meat ($\frac{1}{2}$ cupful)

Add the asparagus gradually to the mushroom soup. Then pour in the liquid, a little at a time, stirring until perfectly smooth and creamy. Break the lobster into pieces, removing all the bones, and add to the soup. Heat carefully but do not boil, and serve piping hot. Eight servings.

Suggested Menu—Lobster Supreme, salad bowl salad, bran muffins or corn sticks, fruit sherbet, sponge cake, tea or coffee. Nice for a bridge lunch. Eight to ten servings.

Continued on next page

String Along with Mammy



Mammy looks so cute on the kitchen wall that all your friends will ask where she came from. She is useful, too, with a good ball of string tucked away behind her kerchief, all ready to pull out of her round little mouth when you need it.

To make Mammy, you saw a coconut in two pieces, making the "face-end" a little larger than the other. Next you clean out the nut meat and poke or drill an opening for the mouth. Paint a wide scarlet circle around for lips and then make the eyes white with black centres.

Mammy is ready now for the ball of string which must be one of the kind that unwinds from the centre. Place it inside her, with the end coming out of her mouth, twist a piece of gingham around her head to hold the string inside, knot the cloth in a gay bow and she is ready to tack up on your wall.

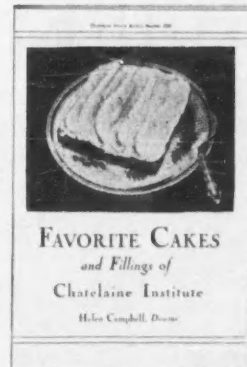
Good Food Can "Make" a Party

But it's one thing to know good food — and quite another to know how to prepare it.

Do you want to make sure that the refreshments at your parties are always a hit? Then send for these Chatelaine Service Bulletins. They're filled with the practical help you'll need.

FAVORITE CAKES AND FILLINGS

Here are exciting new recipes for unusually delicious cakes, with many tempting fillings and icings, prepared as a special Service Bulletin by the Institute. New cakes are here, with some of the old favorites you may have forgotten about. Besides recipes there are many useful baking hints. Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 2205. Price 15 Cents.



SUCCESSFUL BRIDGE PARTIES

What to do about the equipment, prizes, refreshment, everything which goes to make a bridge party a success is set forth in this handy little booklet. The Director of the Chatelaine Institute has assembled some really intriguing menus and recipes for Bridge Teas, High Tea Bridge, Dinner Bridge, Evening Bridge, and you will want to try out these new ideas. Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 101. Price 15 Cents.



HOW TO GIVE SUCCESSFUL PARTIES

Good talk and good food are the two things you need to make everybody glad they came to your house, says the Director of the Chatelaine Institute in this very useful Bulletin. Here you will find all sorts of suggestions for Mexican, German, Southern, Chinese and Russian style menus and can learn how to add the foreign touch to your cooking, giving your party guests a pleasant surprise. Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 102. Price 15 Cents.



CORRECTING YOUR FAULTY PROPORTIONS

Are you too SHORT? Too TALL? Too FAT? Too THIN? This valuable bulletin will give you helpful suggestions as to the right type of clothes you should wear to correct each of these problems. What are the best fabrics for you? The most becoming colors? The best lines? Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 20. Price 10 Cents.



CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS,
481 University Avenue, Toronto

Please send me your Service Bulletins Nos.

for which I enclose \$.....

Name and Address

(PLEASE PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY)



MEALS OF THE MONTH

THIRTY-ONE MENUS FOR JANUARY

BREAKFAST			LUNCHEON or SUPPER			DINNER			
1	(New Year's Sunday) Tomato Juice with Lemon Cereal Bacon Marmalade Coffee Toast Tea		Mushroom Soup Molded Vegetable Salad Hot Biscuits Fruit Cup Sponge Cake Tea Cocoa	Cranberry and Orange Cocktail Fried Chicken Cream Gravy Mashed Potatoes Corn in Spinach Rings Pumpkin Pie with Shaved Nuts Coffee Tea	17	Half Grapefruit Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea		Noodles with Creamed Chipped Beef Head Lettuce French Dressing Canned Blueberries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Roast of Pork Sweet Potato Casserole Boiled Shredded Cabbage Cranberry Roly-poly Coffee Tea
2	Half Grapefruit Scrambled Eggs on Waffles Coffee Tea		Scalloped Oysters Hard Brown Rolls Pineapple Sherbet Fruit Cake Tea Cocoa	(New Year's Dinner) Clear Soup Ham Baked with Cider Sweet Potato Casserole Cauliflower Green Salad Bowl Ginger Cream Mold Coffee Tea	18	Orange Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Jam Tea		Tomato Juice Baked Onions filled with Creamed Fish Hot Biscuits Honey Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Pork Pickles French-fried Potatoes Peas Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
3	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea		Creamed Eggs on Toast Canned Peas Cake Cocoa	Cold Sliced Ham Baked Potatoes Buttered Onions Baked Apples Cream Coffee Tea	19	Stewed Apricots Bread and Milk Toasted Biscuits Coffee Conserve Tea		Asparagus with Cheese Sauce on Toast Celery Tea Butter Tarts Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Fruits in Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
4	Apples Fried Ham Toast Coffee Jelly Tea		Broiled Ciscos with Lemon Lyonnais Potatoes Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cookies Cocoa	Bean Soup Vegetable Plate (Baked Squash with Grated Cheese, Buttered Beets, Shredded Cabbage) Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea	20	Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea		Baked Eggs in Potatoes Sliced Oranges with Cocoanut Tea Cake Cocoa	Steamed Halibut Savory Rice Spinach Apricot Soufflé Coffee Tea
5	Stewed Prunes Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Tea		Baked Stuffed Onions Brown Bread Cocoanut Rennet Custard Wafers Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlet Creamed Potatoes Green Beans Tapioca with Bananas Coffee Tea	21	Tomato Juice Creamed Halibut (from Friday) Coffee Toast Tea		Sliced Bologna Mustard Pickles Potato Salad Canned Cherries Cake Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Creamed Onions Apple Tapioca Coffee Tea
6	Pineapple Juice French Toast Coffee Syrup Tea		Cream of Tomato Soup Biscuits Cheese Stuffed Prune and Pear Salad Nut Bread Cocoa	Grilled Cod Steaks Tartare Sauce French-fried Potatoes Peas Lemon Pie Tea	22	Orange Sections Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea		Chicken Patties Assorted Relishes Fruit Cup Chocolate Marshmallow Roll Tea Cocoa	Roast of Pork Browned Potatoes Parsnips Cranberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
7	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Nut Bread Coffee Jam Tea		Frankfurters Pan-fried Potatoes Mustard Pickles Apple Sauce Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Beefsteak and Kidney Pie Potato Balls Grated Raw Vegetable Slaw Blanching with Red Jelly Coffee Tea	23	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea		Salmon Salad Brown Bread Apple Compote Chocolate Roll (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Celery Soup Cold Roast Beef Pan-fried Potatoes Corn Coffee Trifle Tea
8	Sliced Bananas in Orange Juice Plain Omelet Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea		Sardine and Tomato Salad Potato Chips Hot Mince Tarts Tea Cocoa	Roast Lamb Mint Sauce Browned Potatoes Creamed Celery Chilled Rice Mold Caramel Sauce Tea Coffee	24	Prune Juice with Lemon Grilled Kipper Coffee Toast Tea		Shepherd's Pie Chili Sauce Pear, Cheese and Grape Salad Tea Cocoa	Sausages Baked Sweet Potatoes Cauliflower Pineapple Ice Cream Small Cakes Coffee Tea
9	Cereal with Raisins Toasted Rolls Jelly Tea		Macaroni and Cheese Celery Hearts Canned Plums Cookies Cocoa	Broth Cold Roast Lamb Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Asparagus Spice Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Tea Coffee	25	Cereal with Dates Hot Biscuits Coffee Apple Sauce Tea		Pepper-pot Soup Sweet Potato and Bacon Croquettes Celery Sauce Jellied Prunes Cream Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Dumplings Green Salad Bowl Boiled Rice with Syrup Coffee Tea
10	Stewed Apples Cereal Whole Wheat Muffins Coffee Syrup Tea		Creamed Peas and Left-over Lamb in Toasted Bread Cases Jellied Cranberry Salad Sweet Rolls Cocoa	Dressed Spareribs Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding Tea Coffee	26	Pineapple Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Coffee Toast Tea		Liver Loaf Parsley Sauce Fried Potatoes Fruit Jelly Whip Tea Wafers Cocoa	Grilled Pork Tenderloin Creamed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Cottage Pudding Orange Sauce Coffee Tea
11	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Tea		Canned Corned Beef Pickles Hashed Brown Potatoes Stewed Apples Chocolate Cookies Tea Cocoa	Steamed Salmon Loaf Parsley Sauce Potato Balls Broccoli Johnny Cake Syrup Tea Coffee	27	Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea		Savory Spaghetti Crispy Rolls Canned Raspberries Iced Cake (use left-over cottage pudding) Tea Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Fish Cakes Buttered Beets Spinach Butterscotch Nut Pudding Coffee Tea
12	Tomato Juice Cereal Scones Coffee Jam Tea		Spinach and Poached Eggs Brown Toast Tapioca with Apricots Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew with Vegetables Boiled Potatoes Apple Betty Hard Sauce Tea Coffee	28	Apple Sauce Griddle Cakes Coffee Syrup Tea		Cheese Toast and Bacon Dill Pickles Stewed Figs Tea Cookies Cocoa	Oven-cooked Round Steak Mashed Potatoes Carrots Banana Cream Pie Coffee Tea
13	Orange Halves Pancakes Coffee Syrup Tea		Finnan Haddie with Creole Sauce Cole Slaw Gingerbread Marshmallow Sauce Tea Cocoa	Clam Chowder Baked Stuffed Potatoes Harvard Beets String Beans Raisin Pie Coffee	29	Grape Juice with Orange Bran Muffins Honey Tea		Scalloped Sea Food Brown Rolls Jellied Fruit Salad Tea Sponge Drops Cocoa	Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Peas Steamed Fruit Pudding Spiced Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
14	Grapes Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea		Onion Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Pickles Canned Peaches Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Corn Baked Cocoanut Custard Tea Coffee	30	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea		Casserole of Lima Beans with Pimiento Canned Peas Tea Ginger Cookies Cocoa	Mushroom Soup Cold Roast Chicken Duchess Potatoes Green Beans Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
15	Cranberry Juice Grilled Ham Toast Coffee Jelly Tea		Oyster Stew Biscuits Fruit Salad Cream Dressing Pecan Roll Cocoa	Grilled T-Bone Steaks Parsley Potatoes Mashed Squash Steamed Date Pudding Sauce Tea	31	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Poached Eggs Coffee Toast Tea		Kidney Stew Celery Vanilla Rennet Custard Tea with Grated Chocolate Cocoa	Grilled Smoked Ham Scalloped Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Indian Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
16	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toasted Roll Marmalade Coffee		Canned Baked Beans Catsup Brown Bread Baked Apple Cream Tea Cocoa	Hamburger and Onions Baked Potatoes Carrots Bread Pudding Coffee Tea	The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks				

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks
are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month



A PLACE for EVERYTHING

by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

THE LACK of proper cupboard space is one of the most common faults to be found in the average home today—a fault which can easily be remedied with a little thoughtful planning. Very often, in addition to helping maintain a smooth-running household, getting the utmost out of a lean wall space, or an empty-looking corner, results in the final touch that pulls a room together and gives it character.

In the early colonial house, cupboards were often a part of the fireplace and the surrounding panelling. A very charming effect can be obtained with book recesses on either side of the fireplace with cupboards beneath, for a concealed built-in radio and bridge accessories.

Perhaps the most efficient built-in cupboards are those with open shelves, no deeper than the thickness of a wall stud. For finishing, all that is necessary is a light frame molding, or cover strip, to conceal jagged breaks in the plaster.

Where there is no definite space for a wall closet, one end of the room can be used, the cupboards having small doors, drawers, and open shelves above. When not too pretentious, it can be built at little cost, and adds much in comfort and decorative value to the room, especially if space is limited.

Ordinary closets may often be made to compensate for those rooms which so often cannot, or are not, included in the average home. The workroom, for the grown-up members of the family, or a playroom for the younger ones, can actually be realized, not in the basement, nor up in the attic, but in a properly located part of the house, and at comparatively little expense.

Take the study closet, for instance: provision for typewriter is important, fixed to a movable shelf, so that it may be slid out from the closet for use. At either side of the knee space, below, may be desk drawers and files of such size as the closet dimensions will allow. Directly above the typewriter, within easy reach, open compartments, holding stationery, may be framed in, in addition to which separate pigeonholes for dictionary, atlas, etc. The inside of the door, opening as it does into the room, will prove unusually handy for notes and daily records.

Children's stock in trade may be similarly handled. Getting the young to put their toys away can actually be made interesting to them. Shelves for large and small books are necessary, as also boxlike drawers to take care of blocks, and that odd assortment of non-descript building material which always finds its way into a child's daydreams.

Much is being said today about labor-saving devices in the kitchen which, presumably, would also include knee bending. A cupboard, close by the range, for pots and pans, with adjustable rods and movable hooks to

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE PLANNING DECORATING AND FURNISHING

A striking example of the use to which built-in cupboard space can be put is shown at the right. Photograph courtesy the T. Eaton Company Ltd.

Has your kitchen a cupboard where all the cleaning needs may be kept together?



Built-in cupboards will add to the decorative qualities of a room. Photograph courtesy the Robert Simpson Company, Ltd.

Sliding shelves, shown in the sketch are a great cupboard convenience.



Note how the inset shelves built into a unit with the window add to the dignity of the room below. Photograph courtesy the Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.



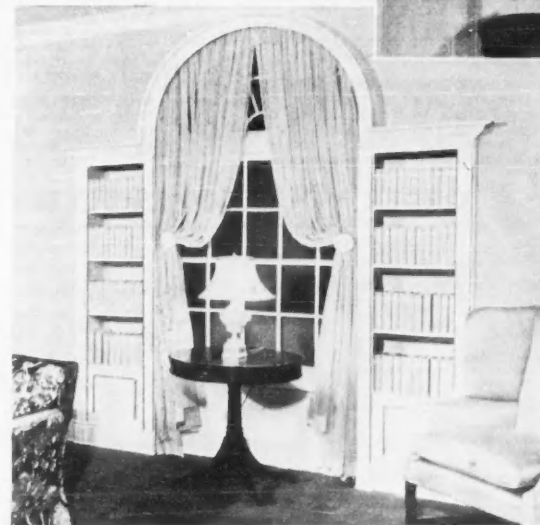
hang them in convenient rows, and in full view, is perhaps one of the most valuable contrivances any housewife could have in the kitchen. There is no stacking, covers are filed in a sectional compartment below the utensils. This cupboard, with half folding doors, takes up very little space in the kitchen, and in consequence does not interfere in any way with easy movement in working.

Most women will agree that the average home would be much more acceptable if more well-planned storage space was provided. Ample clothes closets, of course, with pull-out rods, shoe racks, and even built-in drawers, are comparatively commonplace in the modern home. Nevertheless it is surprising how much the capacity of even a small closet can be increased if it is well planned and equipped.

How many realize the saving in labor which is involved in having a cleaning cupboard, or closet, at the rear entrance. Many of the new kitchen cabinet units now include a cupboard for cleaning supplies and equipment. But space in the kitchen with modern planning is comparatively limited. Therefore, if the central cleaning cupboard was located near the rear entrance greater convenience, without crowding the kitchen, would be afforded.

Have you ever thought of the convenience it would be if the linen closet had pull-out shelves, especially if the space of the closet was deep and narrow? Why not try it?

A space which is often overlooked, but most essential for the smooth running of any house, is that for garden tools, storm sash and screens. Although in the modern house with double



Continued on next page

"A THING OF BEAUTY"

MOSSFIELD

PURE WOOL

BLANKETS

in a complete range of pastel colors to harmonize with any furnishings

There's Lifetime wear in every pair



PORRITTS & SPENCER
(CANADA) LIMITED
HAMILTON ONTARIO


The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Oriex Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Oriex imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Dominion Giant Zinnias
4 Pkts for 12¢

Four Best Colors
SCARLET, YELLOW, LAVENDER, ROSE. Dominion Superb Seeds. 4 Giant Zinnias in 4 regular full size packets of each color (value 40¢) sent postpaid for only 12¢. Don't miss this remarkable offer. **FREE...** Big 1939 Seed and Nursery Book. The best yet. Send today.
DOMINION SEED HOUSE, Georgetown, Ont.

MARKED IN A MINUTE
WITH
CASH'S
WOVEN NAMES
AND NO-SO CEMENT



Personal and household linen identified beyond dispute. Neat, economical, permanent. May be sewn or No-So cemented on. From your dealer or direct. Trial offer—One dozen your own first name and sample tube of No-So Cement, 15¢.

CASH'S 19 Grier Street
Belleville Canada
Also Woven Label Manufacturers
"BUY LABELED MERCHANDISE"

CASH'S: 3 doz. \$1.50, 6 doz. \$2.00 NO-SO Cement
NAMES: 9 doz. \$2.50, 12 doz. \$3.00 per tube 25¢

GLOVES FOR THE OUTDOOR GIRL

THERE'S NOTHING the skiing, sleighing, skating girl of today appreciates more than a pair of bright, soft, hand-knit gloves. Make them for her Christmas present.

For Size 6½

Tension of Stitch—9 sts. = 1 inch.
12 rows = 1 inch.

Two balls Jumbo wool in two colors chosen, 2 balls four-ply wool in basic glove color. One pair No. 6 needles.
1 Set (4) No. 13 needles.

CUFF—With No. 6 needles and first Jumbo wool, cast on 52 sts. Knit 1 row in back of sts.

START PATTERN:

Join second Jumbo wool.

1st Row—With second Jumbo * put the right-hand needle through the stitch immediately below the next stitch on left-hand needle and knit it in the usual way "double stitch," P 1, repeat from *, ending K 1.

2nd Row—Knit.

3rd Row—With first Jumbo, K 1, *P 1, double stitch one, repeat from *, ending K 1.

4th Row—Knit.

Repeat last 4 rows until cuff measures 4½ inches, ending 2nd row.

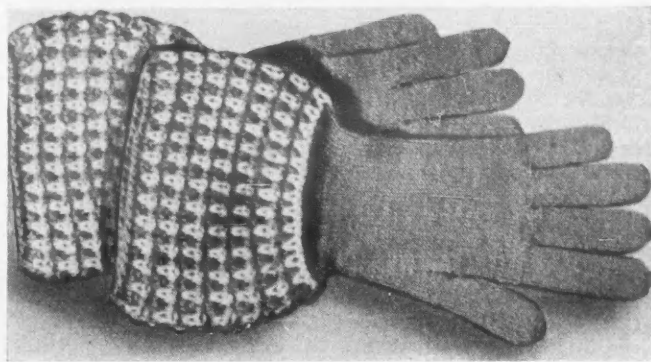
With first Jumbo wool, knit 1 row, increasing 1 stitch at each end of needle.

Break Jumbo wool, join 4-ply wool and work thus:

With No. 13 Needles knit 18 sts. on to each of 3 needles (mark the beginning of rounds with colored wool). Knit 10 rounds.

START SHAPING THUMB thus:

1st Round—*K 1, increase 1 st. by knitting in front and back of next st.



In the original pair of gloves Monarch Jumbo in Seacrest and Banana, and Monarch Dove in Seacrest were used.

repeat from * once, knit to end of round.

Knit 3 rounds even.

5th Round—K 1, increase in next st, K 3, increase in next st., knit to end of round.

Knit 3 rounds even.

Continue thus, having 2 sts. more between increasings until there are 13 sts. between increasings.

Knit 3 rounds even.

29th Round—K 2 (slip the next 16 sts. (thumb sts.) onto a piece of wool until needed). Cast on 6 sts., knit to end of round. (58 sts.)

Knit 18 rounds even.

1st Finger, thus—Knit first 8 sts. (slip all but the last 8 sts. of round onto a piece of wool), cast on 2 sts., knit the last 8 sts. Divide these 18 sts. onto 3 needles and knit 34 rounds.

Next Round—K 2 tog, 9 times.

Next Round—K 2 tog, 4 times, 1 K Draw wool through remaining 5 sts.

and fasten securely on the wrong side.

All fingers are finished same.

2nd Finger—Knit the next 7 sts. from wool, cast on 2 sts., knit the last 7 sts. from wool, pick up and knit 2 sts. at base of first finger. Place on 3 needles and work 38 rounds.

3rd Finger—Knit next 7 sts. from wool, cast on 2 sts., knit last 7 sts. from wool, pick up and knit 2 sts. from base of 2nd finger. Knit 34 rounds.

4th Finger—Knit remaining 14 sts. from wool, cast on 2 sts. at base of 3rd finger. Knit 26 rounds.

Next Round—K 2 tog, 8 times.

Next Round—K 2 tog, 4 times. Finish same as other fingers.

Thumb—Knit the 16 sts. from wool onto 2 needles and with 3rd needle pick up 6 sts. at hand opening.

Next Round—K 16 sts. 3rd needle—K 1, K 2 tog, K 2 tog, K 1. Knit 31 rounds.

Finish same as fingers. ■

Party Soups

Continued from page 37

Tomato and Celery Bisque

- 1 Can of condensed tomato soup
- 1 Can of condensed celery soup
- 1 Can of milk

Blend the ingredients, adding the milk last. Heat without boiling and serve. Eight servings.

Suggested Menu — Tomato and celery bisque, toasted square, chicken molds, potato chips, cole slaw, cheese biscuits, lemon tarts, coffee or tea. A good Sunday night supper.

A GOOD DINNER SOUP

Dutch Consomme

- 1 Can of ready-to-serve consomme
- 1 Can of ready-to-serve chicken noodle soup

Combine the two varieties and serve piping hot. Eight servings.

Suggested Menu — Dutch consomme, stuffed tenderloin, browned potatoes, cauliflower, green beans, apple pie with whipped cream, coffee.

SOME ACCOMPANIMENTS

Savory Pinwheels

- ¼ Cup of butter
- ½ Cup of sharp cheese, grated
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of minced parsley
- ½ Teaspoonful of mustard
- 1 Tablespoonful of tomato ketchup
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce

Cream the butter and cheese together and add the seasonings. Cut day-old bread in very thin slices and spread with the cheese mixture, then roll up like a jelly roll and fasten with toothpicks. Wrap in waxed paper and place in the refrigerator to chill for at least one-half hour. Slice quarter inch thick and toast under the boiler until delicately browned. Serve immediately. Yields three dozen pinwheels.

Toasted Squares

- ¼ Cupful of butter
- ½ Cupful of sharp cheese, grated
- ½ Cupful of dry bread crumbs

Cream the butter and cheese together, then add the bread crumbs and mix well. Cut bread in quarter-inch slices, spread with the cheese mixture, and cut in half-inch squares. Toast under the broiler and serve at once.

Croutons

Cut stale bread in one-third-inch slices and remove the crust. Spread with softened butter, then cut into small cubes, diamonds or rounds. Cook in a low oven—300-325 deg. Fahr.—stirring occasionally to brown evenly. Or the croutons may be fried in deep fat about 390 deg. Fahr. until brown. Or again you can pan-fry them in a small amount of butter, stirring frequently. Sprinkle over the soup just before serving.

Melba Toast

Cut stale bread in very thin slices (about quarter of an inch thick). Arrange on a baking sheet and put into a slow oven—300 to 325 deg. Fahr.—until crisp and golden brown. Turn occasionally to brown the slices evenly.

Cheese Straws

Roll rich pastry about quarter-inch thick, spread with a little softened butter and sprinkle with grated cheese. Fold and roll again. Chill, roll out and cut into narrow strips, three or four inches long. Bake in an oven until delicately brown.

Plain pastry straws, without cheese, may be served. ■

THE HOUSE CLINIC

Conducted by **EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.**



An interesting and practical use of color, pattern and furniture grouping is illustrated in this charming room.

Question—Would you please give me some suggestions on furnishing and decorating an infant nursery?

Answer—Decorate the walls with one of the fanciful nursery wallpapers. The room would be more interesting if you fixed a plain dado rail on the wall at a height of two feet six inches from the floor; the dado painted an old ivory color. This gives an excellent base for the nursery paper above. The whole of the woodwork, including the door, window and trim, to be painted old ivory, and the floor black and covered with a very colorful oval hooked rug. The drapes for the window, natural monk's cloth, the color being obtained from the fanciful subjects on the wallpaper.

The nursery chair can be a dwarf dull waxed walnut rocker of Queen Anne design with cane seat. The crib finished in color the same as the background of the wallpaper, with a stencil design of Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck, etc. The table, for dressing accessories, covered to the floor with a small patterned bright chintz, and the top covered with a sheet of plate glass mirror with rounded edges. It would be useful to have a small bookcase painted the same color as the trim, and fitted with one or two small

cupboards. This piece of equipment could be used for books and other oddments incidental to a nursery.

Question—I heard a new carpet discussed the other day, called "tone-on-tone" I think. I was told that it



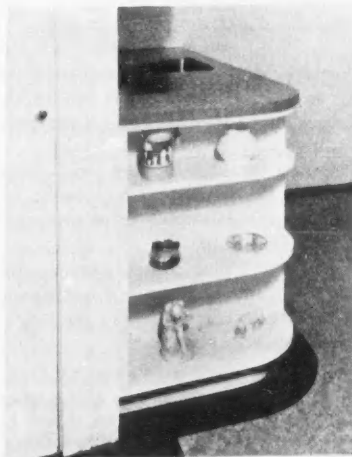
The new tone-on-tone broadloom carpets have charming designs.

didn't show foot marks. Can you give me some information about it?

Answer—The carpet you refer to is one of the latest designs in broadloom carpets, and is proving very popular with careful housekeepers, as it won't show dirt or footmarks. It can be obtained in many colors in a variety of leaf and other formal designs, and so will blend with almost any color scheme for the room.

Question—I have started to build a house. The framework is all up, the roof shingled, and the outside is being cobbledstoned. Would it be possible to get a loan, under the National Housing Act, of a small amount of money to finish the house?

Answer—Loans under the provisions of the National Housing Act cannot be obtained for the purpose of buying an existing dwelling. Loans are only granted to assist in the construction of new houses, and cannot be considered eligible if the construction of the house has advanced to the plastering stage. **Cont'd on next page**



Here's a clever way to tuck in some useful shelves. (T. Eaton Co. Ltd.)

Take a corner in your home and picture it furnished with these Imperial Loyalist pieces. They will give that corner a snug comfort—and a practical usefulness—that you will always treasure.

Write for a copy of FREE Booklet "Inspirations for the Homelover."

IMPERIAL LOYALIST

Made in Stratford, Canada, by Imperial Rattan Co. Limited

EVERYDAY PHOTOGRAPHY MAGAZINE

Now ONLY **15¢** (Formerly 25c)

AT ALL GOOD NEWS STANDS

Get Your Copy Today!



COOKING SCHOOL



... FINALLY, WRAP THE CAKE IN PARA-SANI TO KEEP IT MOIST

Baked goods retain their mellow-moist texture longer when wrapped in Para-Sani Heavy Waxed Paper. Made by Appleford Paper Products Limited.



PARA-SANI

Heavy WAXED PAPER

The Leisure League

invites you to be happy . . . with a hobby



35¢

PER
COPY
POSTPAID

HAVE you always wanted to do something, but never had the chance? Have you wanted to get away from your regular responsibilities and worries—to try your hand at the things that you would like to do just for the fun of it? Perhaps this announcement will help make the opportunity available to you as it has to thousands of others.

The bookkeeper wants to be a musician—the secretary to write short stories—the banker enjoys working with tools. Each craves a relief from the regular daily task. *What do YOU want?* All you have to do is answer that urge. Take up your hobby! It costs so little—and means so much!

All the books in the Leisure League Hobby Series are of a uniform size, 5½ x 8 inches, and beautifully designed to form an attractive library set. The books are profusely illustrated with photographs and drawings wherever possible, and are printed with clear readable type on the best grade of paper, averaging about 100 pages each.

CHOOSE FROM THESE TITLES—ONLY 35¢ A COPY, POSTPAID

- 1 **CARE AND FEEDING OF HOBBY HORSES.** By Ernest Elmo Calkins. A helpful and intelligent guide in choosing a hobby for your leisure time. 700 hobbies to select from!
- 2 **YOU CAN WRITE.** By F. Fraser Bond (School of Journalism, Columbia University). This book covers short stories, novels, plays and articles.
- 5 **WHAT TO DO ABOUT YOUR INVENTION.** By Edward Thomas. A real manual for the inventor. The author has had years of experience.
- 6 **TROPICAL FISH.** By Lucile Quarry Mann. A complete handbook on the home aquarium. Here is an absorbing treatise on breeding and keeping fish.
- 7 **PHOTOGRAPHY FOR FUN.** By William M. Strong. A most complete and readable handbook prepared for the amateur photographer. Has fourteen full-page photographs. Helps you to get the most out of your camera.
- 8 **QUILTING.** By Elizabeth King. A practical handbook on the art of quilting. Fourteen full page illustrations as a guide to patterns and designs.
- 9 **MUSIC FOR EVERYBODY.** By Sigmund Spaeth. A practical course in musical appreciation by the author of "The Art of Enjoying Music."
- 10 **A GARDEN IN THE HOUSE.** By Helen Van Pelt Wilson. The indoor garden is fully treated here from the culture of bulbs to the care of potted plants and the construction of terrariums.
- 11 **THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.** By Fred Menaker and Franklin Folsom. Fifty cures for a dull evening. Half a hundred sure fire parlor games and a spelling bee besides.
- 12 **HOW TO SELL WHAT YOU WRITE.** By Myron M. Stearns. A seasoned and successful author and editor tells the things which are necessary in addition to good writing to become successful.
- 13 **HOW TO DESIGN YOUR OWN CLOTHES.** By Hannah Shelton. One of New York's leading designers tells a simple, fascinating and practical method by which you may learn to sketch and execute your own ideas.
- 14 **STAMP COLLECTING.** By Henry Renouf. The world's greatest hobby presented to the beginner, with material that even the seasoned philatelist can use. Profusely illustrated.
- 16 **INTERIOR DECORATING.** By Helen M. Daggett. How to be one's own decorator, how to choose colors, pick designs, know furniture, and solve the many problems of making an attractive and livable home. Many illustrations.
- 17 **DISCOVER THE STARS.** By Gaylord Johnson. Popular astronomy presented with numerous drawings and charts to bring the universe around us within our grasp.
- 20 **FRIENDLY ANIMALS; A BOOK OF UNUSUAL PETS.** By Lucile Quarry Mann. More than a hundred different animals that have been kept as pets—their habits and their care.
- 21 **HOW SMART ARE YOU?** By F. E. Menaker. Seventy-five ways to test your wits. Fun at any party yet equally fascinating when you're alone.
- 23 **HUNTING WITH A MICROSCOPE.** By Gaylord Johnson. Discovers a fascinating new miniature world for you.
- 24 **THE KNITTING BOOK.** By Elizabeth King. What and how to knit. Contains complete instructions on how to make every kind of knitted garment.
- 25 **WORKING WITH TOOLS.** By Harry J. Hobbs. Outlines the complete home workshop. Use and care of tools, identification of different woods, practical suggestions for things to build.
- 26 **HOW TO SAIL.** By Samuel Carter III. A complete manual of sailing, illustrated by drawings and charts. Contains chapters on theory of sailing, types of small boats, learning to sail, elements of racing.
- 27 **A DOG'S LIFE: FROM PUPPYHOOD TO OLD AGE.** By Josephine Z. Rine. A complete manual for the care and training of dogs, all breeds and ages.
- 28 **THE COOKERY BOOK.** By L. P. De Gouy. Deals with the fundamentals of food preparation. Not a recipe book, but a book on "how to cook". The author is a son of the former chef of the Emperor Franz Josef.
- 29 **SKIING FOR ALL.** By Otto Schniebs. Written by the former Olympic ski coach; really tells you how to ski and is invaluable for both beginner and experienced skier. 125 illustrations by the author.
- 30 **CREATIVE HANDICRAFTS.** By Mable Reagh Hutchins. Practical information on seven fascinating handicrafts—Pottery, Weaving, Basketry, Metalcraft, Leathercraft, Bookbinding, Block Printing and the Art of Dyeing.
- 31 **CHESS IN AN HOUR.** By Frank J. Marshall. The U. S. Chess Champion from 1909 to 1936 shows how easily this fascinating game can be learned.
- 32 **READING CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING.** By Dorothy Sara. Provides a detailed guide to the different variations in handwriting, as a guide to character. Illustrated with many examples.
- 34 **DRAWING FOR FUN.** Walter Willoughby. A fascinating handbook for the beginner, which gives the fundamentals of drawing with pencil, illustrated by many examples.

ORDER YOUR COPIES TO-DAY

To the TRANS-CANADA NEWS CO.,
210 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Please send me, postpaid, the following Leisure League Books (Mark by number):

<input type="checkbox"/> 1	<input type="checkbox"/> 2	<input type="checkbox"/> 3	<input type="checkbox"/> 4	<input type="checkbox"/> 5	<input type="checkbox"/> 6	<input type="checkbox"/> 7	<input type="checkbox"/> 8	<input type="checkbox"/> 9	<input type="checkbox"/> 10	<input type="checkbox"/> 11	<input type="checkbox"/> 12
<input type="checkbox"/> 13	<input type="checkbox"/> 14	<input type="checkbox"/> 15	<input type="checkbox"/> 16	<input type="checkbox"/> 17	<input type="checkbox"/> 18	<input type="checkbox"/> 19	<input type="checkbox"/> 20	<input type="checkbox"/> 21	<input type="checkbox"/> 22	<input type="checkbox"/> 23	<input type="checkbox"/> 24
				<input type="checkbox"/> 25	<input type="checkbox"/> 26	<input type="checkbox"/> 27	<input type="checkbox"/> 28	<input type="checkbox"/> 29	<input type="checkbox"/> 30	<input type="checkbox"/> 31	<input type="checkbox"/> 32
											<input type="checkbox"/> 34

Enclosed find () for the books at 35¢ each.

Name

Address

City CH-39

glazed windows, storm sash have been dispensed with, yet there are many thousands of houses which still use such means for conserving heat in the winter. Consequently it behooves home owners who still have recourse to use such equipment, to partition off space in the garage where they can be stored and in that way, be easy of access.

It is a comparatively simple matter to build shelves on the wall by the cellar stairs for holding the many articles which come into the house via the back door. This equipment consists of three compartments of shelves about four inches wide and thirty-two inches long. They are enclosed, fence-like, with slatted pieces of wood, so that one can see the contents at a glance. The top one is five inches deep, and is designed to hold mittens, marble bags, baseballs and other cherished small possessions of youth. The middle one is fourteen inches deep, and will hold a tennis racket, a baseball bat, and even golf sticks, at an angle. The third one is seven inches in depth, and provides a place for rubbers, goloshes, skates, baseball mitts and other things in their season.

The laundry could be made much more presentable if a cupboard was built for storing laundry supplies and utensils.

In the corner of the basement used by dad for his workshop, a cupboard for tools, nails, paint and brushes, would help to keep this portion of the house as tidy as the living room.

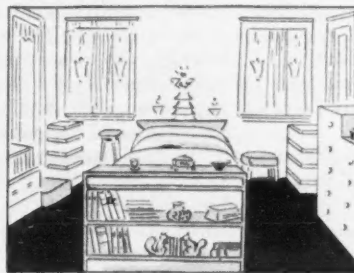
In the recreation room, which is very often used by the children, a built-in seat about six feet long, fitted with small doors, would conceal the trains, carts, blocks, footballs or doll trunks and furniture, which are shoved there when the older members of the family wish to use the room.

A very ingenious resting place for dusting cloths, small brushes and shoe polishing equipment, can be provided by hinging one or two steps of the lower part of the attic stairway.

In the bathroom, where possible, it is always a good thing to have ventilated cupboards for the cleaning brushes, powder, soap and toilet paper.

If Son, Dad or Mum would get busy on building cupboards such as I have suggested, a smooth-running household, worthy of the name, would be the result. ■

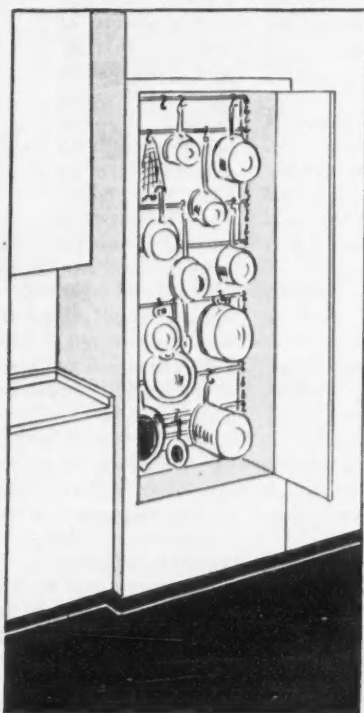
Cupboard Ideas for your Home



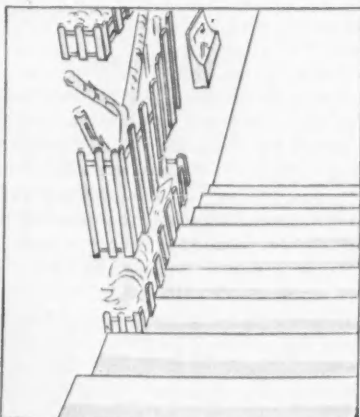
Simply designed shelves placed at the foot of this modern bed give valuable and decorative space for books, or, in a child's room, toys.



Many modern houses are utilizing space below the windows, as well as attractively built-in cupboards with good effect.



Every shining pot has its own hook in such a convenient kitchen cupboard as this.



Why not build these narrow shelves by the cellar stairs to hold boys' outdoor equipment? Evan Parry describes how to do it in his article on cupboards.



The story of a woman whose husband wavered between affection for his sister and love for his wife

THEY came into the house after the dreary ride from the cemetery, and the flowers had vanished, the undertaker's chairs, all the appurtenances of funerals. The house looked serene and beautiful, as it was in the habit of looking. Over the mantel hung the picture of sand and sea that had been Levington's present to Susan on her thirtieth birthday, and the lovely, slender-legged sofa with its gold cover had been pulled to its usual place before the hearth. The familiar yellow-covered "Hungarian Dances" stood on the piano rack, though it had certainly not been there during the ceremonies, and the white lamp that belonged on the small round table near the bookshelves was on the round table again. Mrs. Barney had said someone would break the lamp and she'd just set it in the study for the time being.

Susan took off her black coat and hat and hung them away. The twins, tall and a little gawky, went silently up the stairs and Amaryllis, without taking off her coat, which she had steadfastly refused to have black, walked off across the yard toward the badminton court. Susan's friend, Jess Walcott, threw her hat to the gold sofa, sat down.

"Well, thank goodness, Sister Eleanor went back to town," Jess said in a normal voice.

"It is certainly a relief," Susan said. She stood by the hearth, very slender and blond in her black dress. Her eyes had a still look, communicating nothing, even to Jess, her most intimate friend. Jess gave a look about her and said: "A little awful, having everything exactly the same, isn't it?"

"Yes," Susan said.

Then Jess leaned abruptly forward, clasping her strong arms about her knees in a somewhat awkward fashion and said, with difficulty: "I suppose there is not much to be said after a funeral. Not much that's any comfort. But, even in spite of this, Susan, you have had a good life. I don't know of anyone who's had a better, or even one anywhere nearly as good. It all seems horrible to you now, but just to have had what you've had is something. You and Levington were so close—you liked the same things and you built up something pretty swell, if you ask me. You've had fun with your children—and not so many do nowadays, Susan. And you've had the fun of living in this house and furnishing it and all. All the rides you had together—that must have been good, too. I suppose you know all this well enough, but it came to me that I wanted to say it. You see, Susan, we don't all have lives like yours. Not by a long shot. Just once in a blue moon two people make

a real go of it, and it's pretty wonderful to know that it can be done. Oh, I know you've had your problems—Sister Eleanor would have floored me, I imagine—but you and Levington worked them out together. Well, no need to go on in this fashion. Let's go out and pick a few flowers for the house—flowers that aren't funeral flowers—shall we?"

Susan went to the closet and brought a green leather jacket, slipped it on.

"All right," she said.

They began to walk out toward the flower borders, still untouched by the frost and bright with zinnia and larkspur. Amaryllis, who had just landed the day her father had died, was standing under the old apple tree by the badminton court. She wasn't touching the tree; she was just standing there, staring at the oblong of grey clay. There was a wind and it blew her hair about. Her hair was cut with bangs and was long in the neck and hardly curled under at all; it was black, like her father's. She held her hat in one hand, the ridiculous hat she had come home in from Paris. It had a long red feather that shot up in the back and down over one eye; now the feather made a red line against her coat. She was not pretty; she was only restless, different, exciting looking.

"It seems so silly, Amaryllis being married," Jess said, quite normally.

"Yes, doesn't it? But, after all—"

"Yes, I know. She is grown-up. She's always been more grown-up than my girls, or any of the girls in her crowd. Perhaps it is all right."

"She had some sort of a complex about letting her husband come up for the funeral. I expect he'll be up in a day or two."

"That seems odd," Jess said.

"But my Amaryllis has always been odd," Susan answered.

She paused by the flowers, seemed about to go on, then turned the collar of the leather jacket up as if she were cold, and was silent. Jess took the shears from her hand and began to cut zinnias. Presently she looked up and said: "Want me to run the boys back to school? I could."

"Thanks. I'll take them back," Susan said, still huddled in the green jacket in a curiously bleak fashion.

"Oh, of course I know they'd rather have you than anyone, but there's a limit to your strength."

"I'm strong enough," Susan said. Then she began to walk away from Jess as if they had not been talking at all, as if she, Susan, had forgotten Jess were present. Jess straightened at her task and looked after her anxiously, but Susan walked along the border in that detached, frightening fashion, turned,

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE - by NELIA GARDNER WHITE

Index of Advertisers

ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trademarked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

CHATELAINE, JANUARY, 1939

Appleford Paper Products	41
Baby's Own Soap	32
Baby's Own Tablets	32
Blondex	22
Bovril	34
Brownatone	28
Campana's Italian Balm	29
Campbell's Soup	17
Carter's Little Liver Pills	22
Cash, J. & J.	38
Cuticura Remedies	26
Dr. Williams Pink Pills	22
Dominion Seed House	38
Feenamint	26
Fellows Syrup	27
Fels-Naptha Soap	19

General Motors of Can. Ltd.	2nd Cover
Goddard's Plate Powder	34

H. J. Heinz Company	2
---------------------	---

Imperial Rattan	41
Imperial Tobacco Co.	27
Jergens Lotion	25
Kruschen Salts	28
Listerine Antiseptic	21
Lyle's Golden Syrup	34
Lysol	24

Metropolitan Life Ins. Co.	20
Mossfield Blankets	38
Mum	22
Musterole	22

Orlex	38
-------	----

Para-Sani Waxed Paper	41
Pontiac Motor Cars	2nd Cover
Porritts & Spencer	38

Scott's Emulsion	33
Sweet Caporal Cigarettes	27

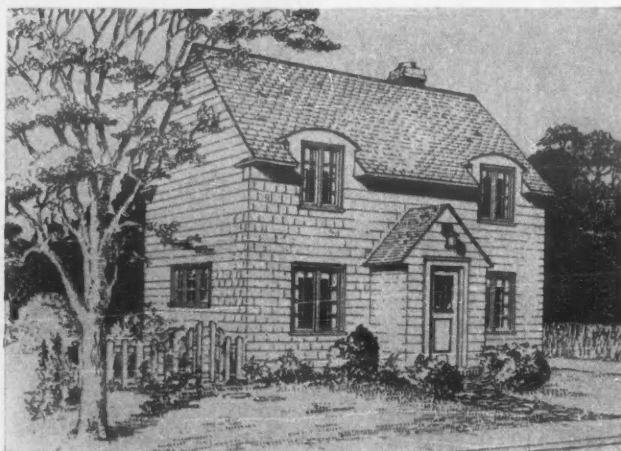
Tate & Lyle Ltd.	34
Tenasitine	32

Vapo-Cresolene	32
----------------	----

☆

Compiled as a convenience to the readers of Chatelaine, this index is not guaranteed against occasional error or omission, but the greatest care is taken to ensure accuracy.

CHATELAINE'S HOUSE OF THE MONTH



THIS \$3,000 house, exclusive of lot, is within the reach of those wishing to build a small modest home. Accommodation is sufficient for a small family, young or otherwise, with minimum upkeep and maintenance.

The use of modern materials such as insulated siding and insul board for outer walls is in keeping with modern construction.

Asphalt shingles blue green, insulated siding shingles, trims to doors and windows white, and mulberry wine door make this a home to be desired.

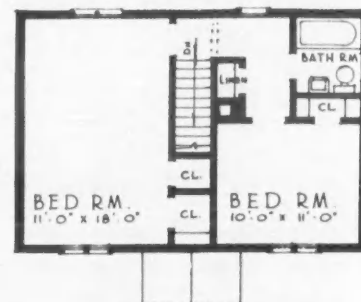
Seldom is found a living room eighteen feet long lighted on three sides

such as this. Labor is down to the minimum from kitchen to dining room, and approach to cellar from service door is a great convenience. The sink in kitchen is well lighted and conveniently equipped with plywood cabinets.

Two bedrooms on first floor with ample clothes closets, linen cupboard of generous size and planned for easy access to bath.

The basement includes large playroom, laundry, and ample space for storage and heating plant.

One complete set of working plans. Specifications and bill of materials can be obtained for \$2 from Building Products Ltd., Toronto, Ontario. ■



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

The House Clinic

Continued from page 41

Question—Would you kindly send me advice on decorating our new home? I had planned to have the living room papered, but the decorator strongly advises paint. The walls are plastered, putty coat finish, but some small checks and pitting have appeared. Would this continue if painted? Paper seems to me more homelike than paint. What is your advice?

Answer—It is always advisable to cover new plaster-finished walls with cotton, if you wish to paint them immediately. This cotton, which is

used extensively under such conditions, in good quality work, overcomes the unsightliness of skin cracks and pitting.

The wallpapers on the market today are such that almost any room could be so finished as to make it a success, and at the same time cover up the skin cracks and pitting, if they are not too bad. If economy must be studied, use wallpaper.

* * *

Question—I am planning to have my living room and dining room redecorated. The rooms adjoin each other and are both small. The living

room faces south and the dining room north. Would it be better to have both rooms papered alike? I am going to have slip covers made for my chesterfield suite, and new drapes for both rooms. Please advise me the most suitable material and colors to get for them. The colors of the rug are rose, blue and fawn, in the living room, and rose and fawn in the dining room.

Answer—Have both rooms papered alike, especially so as you say they are on the small side.

The drapes for dining room could be mulberry rep, and those for the living room a blue rep. The slip cover for chesterfield in one of the printed linens or chintzes with black background and tulip floral pattern, large in scale, or bright bird plumage. One of the chesterfield chairs would look well in the same material that you use for the drapes, and the other chair a contrast.

* * *

Question—Kindly let me know where the adjustable-leg table, as illustrated in your November issue, can be purchased.

Answer—This table can be obtained from Dominion Electrohome Industries, Limited, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto. ■

THE MOOD IS MODERN

This desk in warm-toned maple is essentially modern, and has a drop leaf at the left, with which the large top can be further extended. The modernistic table, and the chairs are in keeping with the lines of the attractive looking desk.

(Courtesy Imperial Rattan Co.)



Building, remodeling and redecorating queries for the House Clinic should be addressed to Evan Parry, House Clinic, CHATELAINE, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for detailed reply.

CHATELAINE'S Complete Novel

"Heavens, no! But that's nothing to do with it. We've grown up in it and we're sentimental about it. We like continuity."

"Well, a curtain or two won't matter, I guess," Levington said. "Only don't change my study—nor take the whatnot out of Eleanor's room."

But Susan did not buy anything. She walked past windows, looking wistfully at mirrors and bright pillows and intimate-looking bookcases, but she bought nothing at all. She said once more to Levington: "Let's have low shelves between these windows, shall we? Don't you think it would be jollier?"

"Do you want shelves jolly?" he asked.

And then there came a moment, one of those moments that seem so unimportant, so trivial, and that set the course for a life. Susan sat having lunch with Jess Walcott, and Jess said, half jibingly, yet friendly, too: "I thought you were going to get some new furniture?" and Susan said to herself: "I won't have it this way. I won't. I won't tell her! The dream is dying but no one must know. No one!" though Jess had always told her everything, or would have had she desired. And aloud she said deliberately: "I'm not so sure I want to. Lev seems to have a feeling for the old things."

"Not really?" Jess said. "How could he?"

Susan looked away from her friend, almost as if she had betrayed her friendship, but she said, very simply and honestly: "It doesn't seem to matter as much as I thought it did."

Jess grinned at her.

"Nice you're so in love," she said. "I'm afraid I never have been. Oh, I saw that Lev's been made vice-president of his firm. How exciting!"



Eleanor took Susan's arm with a show of affection and approached Mrs. Barney. "This is Levington's wife, Mrs. Barney," she said.

"Yes, isn't it? We had a real celebration last night. Theatre and dancing and all. And Lev gave me this—it was his mother's." She showed the pin she wore at her throat. It was an old-fashioned sunburst of pearls.

"Not bad!" Jess murmured.

Eleanor went away for a visit in the country. The first night they were alone, Susan said: "This is really the beginning of our living together." She was a little solemn about it.

Levington put his hands on her shoulders and said: "You don't really mean you've resented having Eleanor here? She thought you did, but I said it was her imagination. Why, Eleanor belongs here as much as I do."

"I thought the house was left to you?"

"So it was. But Eleanor and I have always shared things."

"I don't see how you can share our life—yours and mine."

"No, of course not. But I certainly don't want her to feel left out. I'm very fond of her." Then, more stiffly: "You don't want me to put her out, I hope?"

Susan drew a little away from him.

"I don't see why you should have to," she said. "I think, though, that she shouldn't want to be here."

"Susan!"

She gave a slight shrug. Then she said: "But, Lev, we've only been married a little while. It's hard to feel together when someone else is here."

"I don't see how we can be apart. We're married," Lev said, and kissed her. She clung to him for a moment, pressing her face close to his.

"I love you," she whispered. Then she looked at him pleadingly and said: "Even the pin, darling—she told you to give it to me. I would have liked it better if you'd thought of it."

He laughed, though he reddened at the same time. "Come," he said. "Come upstairs with me and choose something you'd like." They went running up the stairs and he took out the black box that had some of his mother's jewellery in it, turned back the cover and said: "Have a present just from me."

She took out a narrow band of garnets and said: "I'd like this."

"It's not very good," he protested.

"I'd like it all the same," she said, and kissed him.

III

YOU LOOK so radiant these days," Jess said.

"I feel radiant," Susan admitted.

Then Eleanor was back, bringing a friend with her, an artist she had met in Spain somewhere.

"We won't bother you, Susan, darling. We'll take our meals out—Susan's new at this business of being married, and

"Well, if Lev likes it, that's all there is to it."

In the fall Susan knew she was going to have a baby. Eleanor made a great joke of it.

"Lev—a father!" she said. "We must cable dad."

"He isn't a father yet," Susan said.

One day Eleanor came in with a Hungarian decorator she knew and said: "A present for you, Susie. To celebrate your fertility! She's been hating these curtains ever since she came here, Mr. Szabo."

"And small wonder," Mr. Szabo murmured.

"Well, let's have some new ones. I saw some terra cotta ones in Mr. Szabo's window, Susan, and I thought: There! That's gay enough even for Susan. So—here's Mr. Szabo with the samples."

Mr. Szabo spread out the terra cotta moiré reverently.

"It's lovely," Susan said.

"You look white," Eleanor said. "You aren't going to be sick or anything, are you? I really don't know much about this baby business, Mr. Szabo. But I know women are always wanting things—and so, here's something."

The curtains really transformed the room. Mr. Szabo suggested moving the piano to the end of the room and this was done.

Jess dropped in the day the curtains were hung. It chanced that Susan was there alone. Jess put up one of her vigorous hands in salute and said: "Bravo! I never thought you would. It's beautiful—makes the whole house over. And surely Levington can't want to hang onto the old green velvet after seeing these."

Susan laughed and said: "It took some mental pressure, but everyone likes it better."

"I should hope so. And I take off my hat to you. I didn't think it could be done."

Susan grew sober. "Why, it could have been done long since," she said. "Lev's terribly generous, you know. But I didn't want to do it unless there was the right feeling about it."

Levington came home while Jess was still there. "What a lovely change you've made here," Jess said to him.

"Yes—it makes us very gay, doesn't it?" Levington agreed. "Eleanor was afraid we were letting Susan into too drab a house."

Susan was beyond Levington, and she turned and made a little grimace toward Jess, as if to say: "Let him imagine Eleanor negotiated this if he likes!" and Jess winked back at her.

After Levington went upstairs, Jess said: "I wish I were a diplomat. Sometimes I think I'd have made a go of things if I'd been more of one. It's just the difference between an artist and a sign-painter, I suppose."

"Jess, are—are things going badly again?" Susan asked her.

"Yes," Jess said briefly.

One day Susan had a letter from Levington's father. She was surprised when she noted her name on the foreign envelope, for Mr. Jones always wrote to Lev or Eleanor. She carried the letter up to her room, opened it standing before the green-tiled hearth.

"My dear Susan," Mr. Jones wrote, "I have been sitting here in the sun on Madame Bouchet's terrace, watching two little boys pick nuts from the pine tree. It comes to me with some distinctness that I didn't have much of a talk with you when I was in Canada and that per-

haps I should have stayed a little and become acquainted with you. But I have a sort of passion for not intruding and I felt very safe in leaving my son in your hands. Now, however, having run away from any duty that may have presented itself, I have twinges of conscience. There have been several letters from Eleanor of late and they disturb me. This may seem a disloyalty—but do you think it wise to allow Eleanor to live in your home? She is a person of dominance and she is used to dominating Levington. I am like an eel and slip from her fingers, but Levington is not so wily. I believe, and I have reason for believing, that there should not be three people in a new household. Now this is frank enough, and gratuitous enough and I realize it is easy to say, sitting over here lazily in the sun, but I am moved to say it nevertheless. Soon Eleanor tells me, there is to be a child. Perhaps it was the thought of the child, and seeing him in these two little gamins, that prompted me to write. Sincerely yours, Chapman Jones."

Susan read the letter through three times, then folded it and put it away beneath her handkerchiefs. She went to the mirror and looked at herself. "I have changed," she said, though she looked quite the same person that had come into this house some months since. "I would put her out, but I am not strong enough," she said. "I am too proud."

The baby was born in late April. It was a dark little girl, not pretty—hardly as sweet as babies have a right to be.

Levington and Eleanor had come together to the hospital, and they stood by the bed smiling down at Susan.

"She's black," Susan murmured.

Levington said: "She certainly doesn't look much like you, darling. She's like Eleanor."

"I've always wanted a baby by proxy," Eleanor said. "I shall adopt her."

"No, I want her," Susan said.

The nurse put them out. That night Susan could not sleep and toward morning she asked the nurse to bring the baby to her. She looked down at the queer little, unsmoothed face and said: "It's impossible."

"What's impossible?" the nurse asked her good-humoredly.

"That she looks like—like this."

"She'll bleach out," the nurse said.

The next day Levington came in at noon and said: "Darling, Eleanor's done the most amazing thing! She's putting a really big sum of money into a trust fund for the baby. You know, it touched her, having the baby look like her."

"But—but we can take care of the baby, Lev."

"I know, but it is awfully sporting of her, isn't it? All she wants is to name the baby. I told her she might—do you mind?"

"But Lev, I wanted to call her Catherine, after mother."

"Well, what does a name matter? It would please Eleanor terribly and it won't hurt anyone. She's lonely, Susan—you don't seem to realize that."

It seemed that Eleanor had already named the baby. She had told the doctors, the nurses, everyone that came

came back, still not seeing Jess, stared at her an instant as if she did not know her, then began once more to pace the flower bed.

Amaryllis looked toward them from her place under the apple tree, then began to walk toward Jess.

Jess cut a great rust-colored ball of a flower and said: "I can't help your mother much, Amaryllis. You'll have to. She seems to be walking and talking in a dream."

The red of the feather ran into the red of the flowers.

"In a dream," Amaryllis whispered. Her thin young face was white beneath the dark bangs, and her dark eyes held no gentleness or sadness.

II

THE DAY Susan Ordway was married to Levington Jones was one of high wind and bright blue sky, a day to lift the heart from the earth and make it beat with hope and happiness.

"It's a good omen, this day," Susan said. "It will all be like this."

She walked down to Levington, waiting for her in her aunt's drawing-room, and she said, almost shyly for so proud and poised a girl: "This is the day. Do you want to back out?"

He was tall and austere looking—he was already well up in the old importing firm his grandfather had helped found—but he smiled at her and said: "Do you?"

"It's so queer—I've known you three months and I've known you forever," she said. "I'm not even frightened. Has your father phoned?"

"Yes. They'll be here by two."

She went to him, put her hand on his arm in a curiously intimate gesture, considering that she scarcely touched him, and said: "I've never wanted to marry anyone—and now I'm going to marry you. It's such a queer business, marrying. You see so many marriages go on the rocks . . . but we—we do think together in the nicest way, Lev. If that happens, I don't see how anything can go wrong, ever."

He took her face between his thin hands and kissed her.

"Lev!" she whispered, as if that said everything. Then she said: "Do you know, I'm almost glad now that I'm an orphan. It'll be just the Levington Joneses against the world!"

All in a breath they were married. It was not till after the dreamlike and yet sharply clear words were said that the faces of Levington's father and sister became real faces. They were all tall people, the Jones people. Levington's father had a thin sandy beard and thinning sandy hair, but his eyes were kindly enough, though shrewd. He had lived abroad for some years. Levington's sister, Eleanor, was tall, too, but she was not kindly. She was not handsome, though she had a darkly vivid face and a catlike grace.

"And this is the child you've married. Shame on you!" Eleanor said.

"Child?" Susan said. "I'm twenty-four."

"Child, all the same," Eleanor said. "Such a charming one, too."

Eleanor put her hand through Levington's arm and said, suddenly dismissing Susan, the marriage, the moment: "Lord, but Paris was dull without you, Lev."

"Well, we'll talk it all over. We'll be back two weeks from Tuesday, and we'll have your room all ready for you. It's nice you're back, Eleanor."

Susan was in one side of the room with her aunt and her friends; Lev was

on the other side alone with Eleanor. They looked so alike, the brother and sister, in the way twins often look alike—not facially, but as if living forever in a secret world together.

She was silent as they drove away.

"Happy?" he said at last.

"I don't know," she said.

"Don't know?"

"I was. I'm not so happy now. Lev, why did you invite Eleanor to visit us?"

"Invite her? Why, she would take it for granted. She's always been with me."

"You've never even talked of her much."

"Haven't I? Well, we've always been together, especially since my mother died. You don't like her?"

"I don't know her. It's that that hurts me, Lev—that I didn't even know of her, of what she meant to you. It frightens me in a queer way."

"But, darling, she's Eleanor, my sister—you're Susan, my wife."

"A whole world I didn't even know existed seemed to open up in your life when you two were together."

"But you can't be jealous of a sister, Susan. If I haven't talked of her it's because I've always taken her for granted. I presume there are a good many things you've never talked to me about, too."

"There's nothing important that I haven't talked about," she said a little flatly. "There's nothing I wouldn't tell you, if I had time."

"Well, what do you want to know?"

"Nothing, now," she said. Then she looked around and Levington's dark face seemed withdrawn in a strangely complete way. She laughed and said: "Good heavens, we're not quarrelling—and the wedding only two hours past."

And for a few days then they were gay and close to happy, and they did not talk of Eleanor. They walked in the spring woods and rowed on the moonlit lake, they swam and read and talked. But one morning as they came out in a little cleared space she caught her breath with the loveliness of the moment, with its birds, its soft air, its adder's tongues and its Solomon's Seal—then turned to Levington to let her eyes say to him that this moment was theirs, only theirs, and he was thinking of something quite other than this now.

"Lev . . ." she began hesitantly, then did not go on.

He turned to her and said: "What is it?"

"Nothing," she said. "Only you did seem a million miles away all of a sudden." He caught her hand in his as if to emphasize their nearness, but she did not raise his hand to her cheek as she sometimes did. Presently she said: "We must never, never let ourselves be far apart!"

They came back to town and settled into the house that Levington owned. He had not been living in it of late, but it had been the family home for many years. It was a tall thin house, with a long narrow drawing-room and seemed quite like the Joneses. There were good pictures and some fine pieces of furniture, but the general effect was one of cold.

They were welcomed by Eleanor.

"So the honeymoon is over," she said, coming forward to kiss Susan. She did not kiss Levington, only took his hand in a manner that put kissing aside for children. "Aren't you glad?" she said. "Honeymoons are an indecent custom I've always said. Lev, I've got Mrs. Barney!"

"Have you, really?"

"It's marvellous," Eleanor said, turning to Susan. "She's our old housekeeper, and it just happened she was free. She knows every nook and cranny in this old barn and she'll make life simple as anything for you."

Susan waited an instant, as if she expected Levington to say something, but he did not, and she said then: "I'd half asked a woman my aunt knew of."

"Oh, but you'd never get anyone like Mrs. Barney. She's absolutely perfect and she adores Lev! You're really in tremendous luck."

"It's awfully kind of you to have troubled about it," Susan said.

"Trouble? Heavens, child—why shouldn't I? I was born and brought up in this house, and I expect to come and go in it for a good many years more."

"Your room's not been touched—except the whatnot. You did say once you wanted a whatnot," he said.

She smiled that quick smile, that smile of the deepest kinship, and said: "I have one or two of the choicest knick-knacks in mind for it."

The phone rang and it was Jess Walcott, Susan's best friend.

"Yes—yes, we're back, and do come over, Jess. Of course. I'll look for you."

"That was Jess," she said. "She wants to come over to say hello."

"Tonight?" Eleanor said. "Oh, why couldn't folks have left us alone tonight? I was just in the mood for a good hour of reminiscing. Lev and I have so much to catch up on."

Again Susan hesitated; again she cut off the silence that ensued and said: "You and Lev can visit—Jess won't interrupt. We'll have some visiting to do and we'll go up to my room."

"Oh, I didn't mean anything of that sort," Eleanor said.

But when Jess came, Eleanor said: "Susan's shoved us out, Mrs. Walcott. I suppose she wants to tell you what Lev said to her and she to Lev. Come along up to my room, Lev, and let them talk."

Jess let her frank blue eyes take in the two walking up the staircase. She turned to Susan with a smile.

"We'll have to do something about that one," she said. Then: "And this house, too. It chills me."

"Oh, the house is nothing. Lev wants me to fix it up to suit myself—it'll be lovely when I get through with it. Or I hope it will. You must help me buy things. Want to look around?"

Once, as they made the tour of the house, Jess turned to Susan and said: "It doesn't look as if it had been changed by an iota in fifty years! Are you sure you'll dare?"

"I begin tomorrow," Susan said.

"And Sister Eleanor—what happens to her?"

"Oh, she's quite charming, really, Jess. She adores Lev—she might well resent me, you know, for she's always had him at hand, but she's been terribly nice to me and she's given us outrageously expensive presents."

"H'm!" Jess said. "I don't like the look in her eye, but if you can put up with it, I shouldn't worry, I suppose."

"After all, I didn't marry Eleanor," Susan said.

"I wonder," Jess replied.

"I've never had a family, you know, Jess," Susan said slowly. "I think I will like it."

"The first rule of a happy marriage is: Not too much family," Jess said, grinning. "I, who should know, say it."

Before they slept Susan said: "Did you get talked out about Paris?"

"Oh, we never get talked out—Eleanor and I," Levington answered.

In the morning Mrs. Barney had come when Susan came downstairs. Eleanor took Susan's hand with a show of affection and approached Mrs. Barney, arranging the silver. "Susan, this is our Mrs. Barney," she said. Then she went on with an indulgent smile. "One wants to say: 'This is Miss Susie!' But it is Levington's wife, Mrs. Barney."

Susan's fragile blondness was not childlike and she did not smile as she said: "Miss Jones tells me I am very lucky to have you to look after us, Mrs. Barney."

Mrs. Barney was businesslike.

"Well, I know the house and Mr. Jones's likes and dislikes," she said.

"You won't even have to tell her how you want things done," Eleanor said. "She knows more about housekeeping than you or I ever would. Father always said that Mrs. Barney was the only person he knew who could manage to have the food absolutely hot in this house—it's such a long way from the kitchen to the dining room, you know. I doubt if father would have gone back to France, if he'd known you were to be here."

Levington came down to breakfast and the three sat there together.

"What lovely old silver," Susan said.

"It's mine, really," Eleanor said.

"Oh, I didn't know. We'll put it away," Susan said. "I have some nice things my aunt gave me."

"Put it away?" Eleanor said. "Don't be ridiculous. What's mine's Lev's. And what's his is mine. It's always been that way. What would I want with a heavy old silver service like this? And it belongs in this house."

Susan looked about at the heavy sideboard, the velvet curtains and heavy lace. It was true enough that the silver belonged here but, her glance seemed to say, when I have finished with this room, perhaps something lighter, more delicate would fit here better.

Levington rose, said: "Well, the holiday is done!" came around to Susan, bent and kissed her. Then he went on to Eleanor, kissed her.

Susan's delicate face took on a sort of proud stiffness at that kiss. You kiss the one you love best last; she had had that for one of her mottoes since she had been a child.

Susan did begin at once on the house. She said: "You know you said I could do some refurnishing, Lev. How much can I do?"

"Why, anything you like," Levington said. "You sound as if you wanted to do a great deal."

"Well, I would like it a little more gay. Wouldn't you?"

"Oh, dear," Eleanor said. "Don't tell me you're one of these restless young moderns who want green curtains one day and white the next? Of course this stuff here is old and out-of-date, but changing furniture always seems to me the last of the occupations! I like backgrounds to remain the same and the excitement to come from within. Oh, I know the new lot doesn't have much within to furnish excitement, but nevertheless, I don't like to think Lev's married one of them. But he hasn't, has he?"

"I don't know," Susan said with some bravery. "I don't like things always changing. But I do like to have the feeling of building something myself. And I must say, I'd never have chosen the furnishings of this house. Nor would you, would you?"

CHATELAINE'S Complete Novel

"We're growing up, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, I'm not one of these light-and-laughter disciples, Susan. But I do think there has to be united hope for life, belief in life in a marriage. So far as I can see, the only union is the old one of Eleanor and Levington. You and Levington aren't working for anything in particular together—now, are you?"

She looked away from his shrewd eyes to the fire. "Of course we are," she said. "For our home and our children, for ourselves."

He laughed, dryly. "I suppose you are being loyal," he said. "I have known Levington a long time, my dear. He has always been a little cold and arrogant and stubborn. I had hopes that you would bring him to life, for there is life there, but he is withering away into something quite unpleasant, and you are freezing. I haven't bothered you much over the years—and I have withered, too—but I do feel sincerely concerned and I don't mean to pry needlessly."

Susan looked at him now, gravely and honestly. "You are kind," she said. "But I know now, Mr. Jones, that happiness is something too rare, that most of us only glimpse it. I was something of a child when I married—Eleanor was right in thinking that. And the pattern we build is something bigger than we are and more important."

"You are a child still," he said sharply, "if you believe that, Susan."

She rose and fussed a little with one of the logs, stood holding the fire tongs in her hand an instant before she said: "Perhaps I don't believe it. Perhaps I am a child, whistling in the dark. I don't know. I only know that having, mistakenly or no, set my life in this road, I can take no other."

At that moment, the door opened and Eleanor and Levington came in.

"Why don't you come to London with me, Eleanor?" Chapman Jones said almost at once. "The McCamerons are going to be there this winter and things should be quite jolly."

"Oh, perhaps I will, toward spring," Eleanor said. "I chauffeur Amaryllis to school and I like it."

"Well, I imagine she would get there somehow. You hardly give Levington and Susan a chance to get acquainted, Eleanor," he said, without finesse.

"Oh, you've been telling him what a nuisance I am, Susan?" Eleanor said.

"Of course not," Susan said. "Don't be silly, Eleanor."

"No, of course she hasn't," Chapman Jones said. "I'm telling you. A visit's one thing and living here month after month's another."

"We couldn't get along without Eleanor, dad," Levington said. "She furnishes all our excitement."

"So?" his father said.

Before he left Chapman Jones had one more talk with Susan.

"Have you any talent?" he said unexpectedly.

"I can draw a little. Not well enough."

"Draw, then. Make yourself a life, Susan. It'll stand you in good stead one of these days."

VI

IT WAS a full month later that she went into Bury's one day and bought drawing materials, and, on an impulse, paints. She fixed up a place at the end of the old attic and began to work. Her hands were unaccustomed to pencils and brushes, but gradually the old feeling came back and she worked with some excitement and pleasure. One day Lev-

ington came home early and found her in the attic.

"What on earth are you doing?" he demanded.

"Painting. Look, Lev — this almost looks like my Aunt Sophie!"

"Good heavens, don't be one of these females who putter around with paints and live on the fringes of the real artists' lives," he said. "Who told you you could paint, anyway?"

"No one. I'm just doing it to occupy my time."

"Your time? I should think it would take all your time to manage this house and three children."

She put her brush down carefully and, staring at Aunt Sophie, said: "No, it doesn't, Lev. I don't manage them. I have Mrs. Barney and she doesn't want any interference about the house—and there's Miss Tedley. I could take care of the boys; I'd like to, really, but there's nothing for me to do except take an occasional walk with them or kiss them goodnight. Eleanor takes care of Amaryllis and I think Amaryllis believes Eleanor's her mother; she goes to her for everything. I know I'm not a real artist, but I do have a little knack for it and I want to do it . . . I—I want to do it, because there's so little for me, Lev. We don't have much life together, do we?—and you have to have something to put yourself into."

"Are you trying to go psychological on me, Susan? Please don't—It's not your type of thing." Then, as she stood silently, he went on: "Look here, Susan—don't I make you happy? You act so abused sometimes." He went to her, put his arms about her. "We love each other—what more do you want, darling?"

"I seem to want the impossible," she said. "You do love me, Lev?"

"You know I love you."

"I'm not a child, Lev, though you all act as if I were. I know what love is."

"That *does* make you adult!" he said, laughing at her.

People always exclaimed about the twins and turned to look at them in the street. They were slight and fair and shy. Intelligent, too. But little by little was built up about them an impression of slowness, of prettiness without brains.

"Yes, aren't they sweet?" Eleanor'd say. "Almost too sweet. I like a youngster with more fire and rebellion." Or she'd say: "The twins are learning to read—they make such work of it. I suppose Amaryllis spoiled us — she learned to read without anyone's even telling her. I don't know what we'll do with two boys who have to be pushed through school."

One day Susan told Jess something the boys had said, something original and poetic, and Jess looked at her with some surprise. "Why, how lovely!" she said. Then, as if she felt compelled: "To hear Eleanor go on, Susan, you'd think the boys were morons."

"Oh, I know," Susan said after an instant. "She favors Amaryllis, of course, but that's only natural—they're so much alike."

But after that day, when Eleanor sat in the drawing-room of an afternoon and called out to the twins to come in and present themselves to guests after school, Susan would say: "You must excuse them this time, please. They promised to tidy their room immediately after school." Or: "Run along, boys. This is a grown-up party."

Eleanor would sometimes laugh and say: "Perhaps it is just as well. Little

boys who are so shy they stutter before guests aren't always amusing." Susan always smiled in agreement, but presently she would slip up to the boys' room and look in on them, see if they were happy. Once Chapman, the taller twin, looked up from a map he was making—he and John were obsessed by the thought of far places—covered the map with his arm, then said without smiling: "Oh, it's mother, John. Just so not any of The Others get in."

It was Eleanor who managed the friends for the children, especially for Amaryllis. Amaryllis shot up very fast into a somewhat awkward, dark, unfriendly little girl, dressed in the most dramatic clothes a little girl could have. Susan always dressed plainly and smartly and that was how she wanted her child dressed, but Eleanor said: "Good heavens, Susan, use some sense. She's not pretty, like you. She's artistic and brilliant, and she needs artistic and brilliant clothes." So Amaryllis always had a different sort of haircut, different, bright clothes. Girls and boys began to come to the house.

The first time Amaryllis had a party, Susan was dismayed. The guests gathered quietly, antagonistically, unexpectedly. "They don't like her. They're dragged here," Susan said. "They're spoiled children and they didn't want to come." What was it, she said, that she had liked best to do when she was a child? She took the children attic-ward and opened the old trunks full of rich, old-fashioned dresses and said: "Let's dress up!" And they did wake up and laugh and become children and race or walk in stately, dramatic fashion through the house. And there were beautiful prizes for games and Mrs. Barney's good food.

"Did you like your party?" Susan asked Amaryllis after it was over.

"It was all right," Amaryllis said, but she did not look at her mother. But later Eleanor said: "The party was a great success. The girls have been asking Amaryllis if she isn't going to have another one at Christmas time."

They had one, too, though Amaryllis didn't seem to care much whether they did or not. "That's the way, darling," Eleanor approved. "Keep independent and they'll all flock after you." But Amaryllis, though she wore her fine clothes arrogantly and kept independent, did not seem happy. She went places more often with her Aunt Eleanor than with children.

Eleanor was not so successful managing the boys' friendships. She tried, but sometimes when she had arranged for other boys to come, Chapman and John slipped off to some corner of the house by themselves and hid till danger was past. "They ought to go to camp. They have no manners; they don't know the meaning of co-operativeness," Eleanor said often.

And finally Levington said: "Susan, we're letting the twins get queer, aren't we? Shouldn't they be going to camp and learning how to bump up against the world a little?"

"But, Lev, they're very young yet. I do want them to stand on their own feet, but they—they hardly know what security is yet."

"Security? Well, they've certainly lived securely so far. Too securely, I'd say. I think Eleanor's right and that a camp would knock some of their evasiveness out of them."

The boys did not go to camp that year but it was understood that they would

go the next. They stayed in their room a great deal, drawing their interminable maps or reading to each other, or pretending a universe that was fantastic but so delightful that sometimes they had difficulty in coming out of it when they came downstairs. Sometimes they played in the garden or walked to the park and fed the squirrels, but mostly they liked their room.

"It's unhealthy," Levington said.

"Oh, they keep very well," Susan said. She let them come to the attic sometimes and watch her paint. They liked to do that, never talking to her much, just lying on the floor, going on with their games of some other country, but knowing all the time what she was doing, when she put her brushes down, when she began using some new or exciting color.

Eleanor mentioned that painting as if she were commenting on a child's playing with dolls. Then one day Pete Morrison said: "Let's see what you are doing, Susan."

Susan said: "Heavens, no! It's not for public view."

"Where do you work?"

"In the attic."

Later that evening Pete returned to the matter. "Please let me see," he said. "I'm interested for a reason."

"Come, then," Susan said. She turned on the attic light and said: "I just do it for fun, Pete. I'm not serious, you understand."

Pete looked at the drawings and the three paintings Susan had finished. "Why, I like them," he said. "They're simple but they have definite charm."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes, I do. I'll tell you why I wanted to see them. I'm doing this experimental reader for the teachers' college and I want illustrations submitted with it, not just tacked on afterward. I just wondered if you could possibly do it. Perhaps you could."

"Oh, I couldn't. I'm really not that far along, Pete. Not that I wouldn't love to try."

"Well, I'll tell you — I'll bring the manuscript over and let you see it. See if it would excite you. . . . You see, Cora, Eleanor's friend, wants to do it and I don't want her to. She doesn't know anything about a six-year-old mind—she never was six, was she?"

So Susan took the manuscript to her attic and read it and began to paint some very simple pictures for it. She didn't talk about it but she worked very hard. And Pete liked them and said he thought they'd do. The night the thing was definite, Susan said to Lev: "Lev, they've taken them. They're going to use my drawings for Pete's book." Her eyes said: "Now—now, you see, I am not a child! I've done something you must respect me for."

But he said only: "Is that so? Well, I don't suppose a book of that sort would have much of a circulation. They could not afford a really first-class artist." Susan's eyes grew still and cold.

But she went on painting, and now and then she did get some small job of illustrating. Never much, but little sops of encouragement. Eleanor often mentioned the painting. "Enter, Cézanne!"

to visit. She had named the baby Amaryllis.

"Amaryllis Jones — she couldn't!" Susan protested. "Why, it's silly!"

"Tis at that," Levington said. "But it's a profitable joke and somehow I think she'll bear up under it. Every time I come in she's shouting above everyone else in the nursery."

"Lev, I don't care about the money—let's name her ourselves. After all, she's our baby."

He took her thin hand and held it in his.

"Listen, Susan—I don't want to upset you, when you're sick, but you are rough on Eleanor, you know. Can't you be a little friendly? She's been pretty generous, considering how you hold her off, it seems to me."

She turned her head away on the pillow and did not answer. But when Jess came in, her arms full of daffodils from her garden, and said: "Don't tell me it's true—that her name's Amaryllis?" Susan pulled herself up in bed, grinned and said: "That's it! Time for a little light touch in the Jones family, don't you think? We did it for a joke, but I'm beginning to like it. And, Jess—Eleanor's done something really exciting!" She told her about the money. "It really is pretty swell of her," she said. "She's never had to give anyone anything, you know. And this is a lot."

"Beware of the Greeks!" Jess warned. "Oh, Jess, don't be so suspicious."

"I know," Jess said soberly. "I guess I am suspicious, at that. You're a lot nicer person than I am, Sue. I fought John's mother till the whole town rang with the blows—and if I'd just loved her a little, maybe it would have all been different. Yes, you're definitely nicer."

After Jess went out, Susan began to cry. She had not cried at all, though the nurse had told her she probably would—they all did on a certain day. Susan had passed that day, but she cried now for a long time.

She came home and the baby was Eleanor's. Eleanor brought home the most extravagantly beautiful clothes, the most useless of toys. The plain but good little dresses that Susan's aunt had presented faded to the wardrobe of a charity child beside the exquisite embroideries, the soft satins and laces of Eleanor's gifts. It was Eleanor who hired a first-class nurse and saw that she tended Amaryllis expertly. It was Eleanor who showed the baby off to everyone. "I call her mine," she would say. "Susan doesn't mind. She's too young to be bothering with babies anyway."

And one day Susan said, when there were guests in the house: "It's really wonderful, you know, having Eleanor watching Amaryllis like a hawk. I have all the fun of a daughter and no responsibilities." She began to go about again and Lev liked that, Lev liked to go, well dressed, to the theatre between Susan and Eleanor, Susan so delicately fragile and ashy blond and Eleanor so tall and striking in her fashionably brilliant clothes. Eleanor always did most of the talking. She talked well, wittily and quickly, though often with an undercurrent of viciousness. People were afraid of her but they liked to hear her talk, nevertheless.

IV

ONE NIGHT as Susan was undressing, she paused in the bathroom doorway, her light blue robe pulling

about her, and said: "I've asked the Pete Morrisons for dinner."

"The Pete Morrisons? You mean the professor?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to. I like them."

Something defiant in her voice made him turn to look at her.

"Well, of course, have them. Why not, if you want to?"

"I want just a few of my friends."

"Oh, come now, darling. As if you didn't have your friends here all the time!"

"They're your friends. Yours and Eleanor's."

"But they're yours, too."

She had the dinner party; five of her old friends and Eleanor and the woman artist Eleanor liked. She bought a new dress for the party; she had never looked more lovely. The party went off well, too. There was sparkle and laughter and even Jess's husband said he'd had a good time.

"I'm glad you had the party," Jess said.

"Why?"

"Oh, some of the crowd were getting the idea you were trying to high-hat them. They really had an awfully good time. Pete was funny, wasn't he? He seemed to like Eleanor."

"Oh, Eleanor's very entertaining."

"She truly is, isn't she?"

But to Levington she said: "You didn't talk much tonight." Her sparkle was gone. Her voice said: "Please. Please—doesn't this party mean anything to you? Anything special?"

"Well, I haven't much to say to professors."

"Then you haven't much to say to me. I'm like them, like the Morrisons and the Townleys—and Jess."

"Susan, what's the matter with you, anyway? Nobody said anything at all tonight, except Eleanor, and you know it. Conversation's dying out and there aren't many Canadians willing to revive it."

"We might try."

He laughed.

"There have to be protagonists," he said.

Her thin face, which had gone very fine of late, grew colorless. But she had more parties. She did ask Eleanor's friends, but she asked her own, too. She played bridge at Jess's house and said: "It's awful, having so fussy a husband. There are just certain people he'll have—he says he won't waste his life on mediocrities. So, if you get asked, girls, you'll know Lev thinks you're not a mediocrity!"

"You don't say! The snob!" Jess said, laughing. "What's Lev got that lets him be so picky?"

Susan put out her hands in a how-should-I-know gesture and said: "Oh, he does have everything, even if he is my husband. And he is discriminating. He and Eleanor knew all the art galleries in the world by the time they were sixteen—you know what a connoisseur Lev's father is—and Lev has a devastating wit, he really has. Sharp, like Eleanor's, only he doesn't use it so often. Oh, he has a right to be picky, but it makes it a little difficult for me, not being given to brilliancy."

"Oh, you'll make out," Jess said affectionately.

After that, Susan's parties were looked upon as something special. Her friends might grumble about Lev's haughtiness, but they were honored when asked all

the same. There were the literary people Susan had known before her marriage and Eleanor's artistic friends and a sprinkling of Lev's business friends for an audience. Conversation did take on an extra sparkle in the narrow old house, and whenever Lev spoke there was always a murmur of laughter as if he had said something that topped off



Levington rose from the table, bent over and kissed his sister.

all that had gone before. But quite often at that laughter Susan looked down at her plate.

One day Jess said: "Do you know, Susan, it's amazing what you've done in the time since you came into this house. I remember the first time I saw it and I thought: Susan'll die here. This is the coldest, ugliest house I've ever been in. And here it is, one of the most charming in town and filled with interesting people—even John likes to come and he doesn't like to go anywhere!"

Susan went into Amaryllis' room and picked Amaryllis out of her crib, to the raised brows of Miss Tedley, the nurse, and carried her into her own room, sat down by the fire. She looked down at Amaryllis' odd, dark little face against her breast and said to her in a whisper: "It's still cold, my darling, my darling. It's still so cold. But no one knows it but me. And maybe in time, it will come real and warm . . . only, my darling, my darling, it's all so different from what I dreamed!"

She rocked Amaryllis back and forth till Miss Tedley came with her brisk tap and said: "It's time for the baby's supper, Mrs. Jones."

Amaryllis was three and a half when the twins were born, two blond little boys, beautifully fine featured, like Susan, and small boned. Eleanor had been abroad when they were born but when she returned and saw the boys, then two months old, she was disposed to be jocular about them. "Susan's going in for breeding in a big way," she said. "Next she'll be having quintuplets!" She made twins indecent, like honeymoons.

"Oh, they're all right," she would say. "They're pretty little boys. But they'll never have the individuality of my Amaryllis. That girl's going to be a person."

V

ABRUPTLY, it was time for Amaryllis to go to school. Eleanor said: "She can't go to a public school."

"Why can't she? I did," Susan said. "I don't want her growing up to class consciousness, Eleanor."

"Why not? After all, she does belong in a class all her own. She should by rights be taught at home."

"Nonsense, she's not different at all, except that she's ours. She doesn't get on well with children and she ought to begin learning how."

"I'll pay for the school," Eleanor said.

To a group at the house one night, Eleanor said: "You should hear our Susie hold forth on the virtues of our public school system. She thinks because she attended a little red school-house, Amaryllis must go to No. 42 and be democratic in a big way. The world's grown a little past red schoolhouses, Sue, darling!" They laughed at Susan. There was no doubt Amaryllis looked different; she had a dark, forbidding, defiant little face, not pretty, hardly childish. She had a prodigious memory but not much invention.

"Oh, well, it can't hurt her—and if Eleanor wants to spend the money!" Levington said. "I'm not much for these educational mills, myself."

"But Amaryllis already thinks she's better than anyone else," Susan said. "We don't want her that sort, Lev."

Levington said: "I'm afraid you don't want her to go because Eleanor does, Susan."

Susan walked out of the room without answering, but when Jess laughed at her for her swanky gesture, she said: "You know, Jess, I don't like to refuse Eleanor. She went to this school, you know, and she has a sentiment for it. And Lev likes it because Eleanor went there. It is generous of her, too, isn't it?"

Chapman Jones came home for a visit. He seemed taller and thinner than ever. Age was making him very attenuated and bony and shrewd. Susan had a dinner party for him and it was a gay affair. After it was over, Eleanor said: "Come along, Lev—let's take a walk. We still take our evening stroll, dad," she finished toward her father.

"And you, Susan?" Chapman Jones said.

"Oh, Susan is a fireside flower," Eleanor said.

Susan, in a long-sleeved green velvet, looking frail and beautiful, sat by the fire with her father-in-law.

"You didn't take my advice," Chapman Jones said finally.

"No."

"I'm sorry."

She smiled a little. "But you needn't be," she said.

"Why do you have parties if you don't enjoy them?" he said then unexpectedly. His long, satiric face, made longer by the thin sandy beard, accused her without condemning.

"You didn't enjoy it?" she said.

"Not much. I watched you and Levington and felt hurt that things were as they are."

"I'm afraid I don't understand you," Susan said.

"Why, I'm only saying what you know, that you and Levington aren't very happy. And it's too bad."

CHATELAINE'S Complete Novel

Susan's first letter to Amaryllis Dupré took her a very long time.

"Seems sort of silly to open that big house this summer," Levington said. "With Amaryllis and Eleanor both gone."

"I thought it would be pleasant—quiet and good," Susan said.

"Too quiet," he said.

"I've invited quite a few people," she said a little stubbornly. "They will be expecting to come. And the boys would miss it."

She went to open the country house. She called up various people and urged them to come see them in the country.

It was very much the same. The same people they knew in town came and swam and played bridge and talked. Susan leaned forward at the table and asked Lev to tell tales of the importing business, which he did very well; she rode every day with Lev, while her guests looked on with envy for a companionship that seemed so close and so perfect:

"It's such fun to go to Susan's," people said. "She's charming and her house is charming. She doesn't make any fuss about company and that witty Levington—he's such fun! And her painting—she's really very successful at it and yet she's so modest about it. Lev's so proud of her, too!" And Susan smiled her shy but charming smile at one and all and arranged flowers and worked at odd hours in her room that was the artist's dream of a workroom, and wove, forever wove the pattern of an exquisite life.

Then it was autumn and Amaryllis was on her way home. It was almost time for the boys to go to school, time to close the country house, to take up the weaving in the thin house in town. And so she would have done had not Levington one night walked into the twins' room, looking for a magazine, and seen an atlas on the table, open to a map of South America and having a circle in purple ink marking **Bogota**. Susan passed in the hall and Levington called out to her: "What's this?" Susan came into the room and looked at the atlas, smiled, but not till after she had stared at the purple circle for as much as several ticks of the clock, and said: "Oh, just one of the boys' dreams. I presume. You know how boys always plan to see the world."

"They do? I always supposed it was the boys who were held down at home that had that itch. Not boys that have had everything they wanted from the day they opened their eyes."

"All boys have it. I'm sure you did once," she said.

The twins were coming up the stairs and now came down the hall, pausing, startled, to find Susan and Levington in their room. Chapman's eyes slid at once to the open atlas, and Levington said: "Well, so you boys are planning a tour of the world!" Chapman went to the table, shut the book angrily.

"Here, here," Levington said. "None of that!"

"None of what?" Chapman mumbled. "Well, none of that impudence, for one thing."

John walked past Susan and picked up some papers, put them in a drawer. "I should think we could have one place people didn't come into," John said.

Levington laughed, none too pleasantly. "Of course, this house is your especial property," he said.

"This is our room," Chapman defended John.

"Of course it is," Susan said suddenly.

"Come along, Lev. I don't know what we're doing here!"

"And I don't know what they're doing here, day in, day out," Lev wouldn't let the matter go. "Get outdoors where you'll get some fresh air. Fine football players you'll make!"

"We don't want to be football players," Chapman said sturdily. "We are going to be writers."

"Writers? Good heavens!"

Susan took his arm and pulled him toward the door. "Come along," she said. "Let them be writers if they want to."

Levington went down the stairs angrily. He began walking up and down the living room, talking about the ungratefulness of youth and of his children in particular. "But, Lev," she said at last, "perhaps they will be writers. Perhaps they are living just the sort of life that will fit them for it. Perhaps even if they ran away to Bogota, it wouldn't hurt them."

He stared at her. "Are you crazy, too?" he demanded. "Here's Amaryllis married to some man old enough to be her father and you say—let her go—let it happen. And now you say the boys might as well run off to South America. You always have had the queerest attitude toward your children, Susan. Anyone would think you didn't feel any responsibility for them at all. And certainly if you'd put your hand to disciplining them a little more, perhaps they wouldn't have these wild ideas."



"Well, so you boys are planning a tour of the world!" said Levington.

"Wild?" Susan said slowly. "But I don't know that they are wild. You don't either. You don't know enough about them to know whether they're wild or not. As a matter of fact, the boys are normal enough; they aren't queer at all." She walked toward the door which was open, stood there in the doorway, said without turning, and almost as if she were speaking to someone else: "Perhaps they will run away. Perhaps they will."

He did not speak for a moment. When he did, he seemed to have put the matter aside. "What time does Eleanor's boat dock?" he said. "I thought I might fly down and meet her. Look over this Dupré, too."

"It's due at ten on Friday," she said, still not turning.

"I think I'll walk down to the turn and meet Ed and Leone," he said then.

"It's raining," she said dully.

"No matter."

He walked off in the rain, looking very tall and sharp as he walked along the stone wall toward the highway. I am displeased with you, his shoulders said. You annoy me and I will be glad to have Eleanor back. Of course I will get wet, but what of it?

He came back with Ed and Leone and three others who had come to make a party of their last night on the hill. He played host, told a story or two, was politely rude in his own manner. And Susan covered up his rudenesses as always, making them pass as the arrogance of a very superior man, made laughter come in the right places, saw that music was played, food was served, the fire always blazed, making its warm patterns on the picture of sand and sea above the mantel. Once she saw that Levington shivered as with a chill and she said: "You haven't caught cold?"

"No," he said impatiently.

But he had. In the morning he asked Susan to call the office and say he would not be in. Abruptly his temperature went up and Susan called the doctor. Influenza, the doctor said. The second day after he had stopped shaving, he began to look like his father. Susan did all the normal things one does looking after a patient. She said to everyone over the phone that it was nothing serious. She went into the room often to ask if there was anything she could do. The hour she first recognized his likeness to Chapman Jones, her voice took on a troubled note.

Young Chapman came to her door once and said: "Mother . . ." hesitantly.

"Yes, Chapman?"

"Mother, John and I weren't really going away—not without telling you."

"That's good!" She smiled at him with a little touch of loving ridicule. Then she paused an instant, said quietly, as if taking Chapman into her world: "I wonder if you'd call the doctor, Chapman. I think he should come again tonight. Call him at once, please—I feel a bit worried."

For the barest space, his eyes accused her, said: You have no right to be worried. Then he went to the phone.

Susan went into the bedroom and there seemed little change. Mrs. Barney came with a bite of supper, stood beside the bed, brisk and critical in her white apron, proffering food. "Now eat this, Mr. Jones—you need nourishment," she said. Levington Jones turned his face away from Mrs. Barney and said irritably: "I don't see what on earth the boys were thinking of . . .!"

For an instant something seemed to glow behind the polite solicitude of Susan's eyes, something eager and young and hopeful, but at once Mrs. Barney said: "Now don't go worrying about anything, Mr. Jones. Just eat this and by tomorrow you'll be yourself again. Why don't you go and lie down a while, Mrs. Jones? I'll sit here while Mr. Jones has his supper."

"I'm not tired," Susan said, but her voice was tired.

"Oh, yes, you are. You lie down, now . . . I guess your sister'll be here tomorrow, Mr. Jones. That'll be a tonic for you."

Only a little after supper he became worse. The doctor came but there was little he could do and about midnight Levington Jones died. All Susan's friends rallied round—and there seemed a good many of those friends; it was a great shock, for he was really a young man.

Jess said: "Why don't you bury him up here on the hill, Susan? He always liked

it here, and it's all so very beautiful."

"All right," Susan said.

Mrs. Barney did everything necessary about the house as always; friends sent flowers, came to call. Amaryllis and Eleanor came together from New York. Eleanor was white and drawn and hardly spoke to Susan.

The morning before the funeral, Amaryllis came into her mother's room and said: "I suppose I should have brought Georges. He wanted to come."

"Why didn't you?" Susan said.

"I couldn't. I just couldn't, mother."

"But, why?" Susan said insistently. "I haven't been difficult about your marriage, have I? I know he must be all right or you wouldn't have married him. He seems old, but perhaps he's not too old . . . you should have brought him."

"Perhaps I will, later," Amaryllis said.

"Mother, I—I wish I could tell you why I married him—I don't know how, exactly."

"Why, because you love him, I hope," Susan said.

Amaryllis thrust her hands into her coat pockets. "I don't know," she said. "I think so. It was just that everything came real and clear when I was with him and I wasn't—wasn't in the fog any more. I—I don't know what 'tis about the way we live, mother—only it's always seemed like a show of some kind. Like a dream. And when I met Georges and he was so real, why, it changed everything. Perhaps he is too old, I don't know. But he is awfully real . . . I don't know what it is," she stumbled on childishly, "and maybe I'm crazy—everyone's always envied me—so maybe . . ."

And so Levington was buried a quarter mile from the house on the very top of the hill, and more than one said it was fitting; more than one spoke of their perfect marriage. And Susan said the right things to the right people, affirming the perfection, the years of happiness, her own grief.

IX

SUSAN WALKED now in her green jacket up and down. She thought: Jess, if I could but put my head against your shoulder and weep forever! If I could but say to you that I have failed, too. If I could but tell you how bitter is your comfort, how little a garnet ring and a few unanswered words is for a lifetime. If I could but say to you, Amaryllis, my darling, that you may have saved your very soul by this queer marriage of yours. If I could only step outside the road just once, the road I chose so long ago . . . I do not know any more, which is the dream, which is the real. It may be there is no division. Only, once, I was so sure there was.

Jess rose with her hands full of flowers, saying: "Do you think they are beautiful, or only gaudy? Lev was always so discriminating about flowers—and colors. Remember how Leone's dresses always pained him so? And yet, that white against that deep rose is good, isn't it?"

"Yes," Susan said steadily. "I am sure even Lev would have liked it."

They walked side by side toward the house.

THE END

she'd announce. "Or is it Jessie Wilcox Smith today?" Or she would say: "Our Susan got a cheque for seven-fifty today—she's going to have the world at her feet any moment now." All with apparently indulgent affection. And once she picked up a drawing one of the twins had made in school and said: "Now, did you really do this, Susan?"

Susan made a little picture of Amaryllis. "She looks like a wooden Indian," Eleanor said. Susan turned toward Amaryllis and Amaryllis did look like a wooden Indian.

"Do you think portrait painting is quite your sphere?" Levington asked.

But Susan liked her portrait, and she bought a round gold frame for it and then said with that humorous simplicity that made all her friends think her charming and almost touchingly honest: "Lev's really ridiculous. He makes such fun of my painting and now he's bought a frame good enough for a portrait by Sisti!"

VII

IT CAME another summer and it was time to think about camp for the boys. It was then that Susan was driving one day with Jess and saw the place in the country, saw the For Sale sign and drove in. The house was on a hill and the grounds about it were lovely; there was a badminton court and a small pond for swimming.

"It's perfect," Jess said. "It would be perfect for you, Susan."

"Yes," Susan said. "But it's much bigger and nicer than we could manage."

"Oh, but think of that long room in the attic where you could paint—and think of how marvellous it would be for the twins and Amaryllis."

"It would, wouldn't it?" She stood on the hillside, looking about her at the lovely pushing new shoots of red and green everywhere. "I do have such a passion for the country," she said. "And the twins share it. If only we could have this."

Levington said no, he wouldn't think of buying it. They'd be overrun with company and it would cost too much.

Susan wrote Chapman Jones about the house. "There is room in it for everyone," she wrote. "Its pattern is not set and the twins will not be tied to one room, and yet will not have to go to camp to achieve freedom. It seems the answer to a great many things." But she did not send the letter.

She said to Levington: "It is expensive, I know, Lev—but you are the president of your firm now. A certain dignity of living is due you. And Eleanor can have her friends there and still keep more or less free of us."

They bought the summer place. They bought, also, two horses, a canoe for the pond. The first night they were there, Susan went out on the steps and looked up at the stars that burned so much more clearly than stars in town. "It must change now. It must come right now," she whispered to the stars. The stars promised nothing.

The Jones house became a very gay place. Susan urged everyone to come and everyone accepted. It was a place of enchantment, a place made for summer loafing. It was quite the thing that year, and afterward, to say: "Let's run out to see Sue and Lev." Amaryllis's friends came, too, seemed to overrun the house. Now and then there would come a moment when Susan would stand in her doorway and see all the gay faces, hear the laughter, watch Mrs. Barney's competent figure moving among the

guests with a tray, and her face would say: "Is this it?"

But one day when three girls were staying in the house, Amaryllis walked away from her guests and sat alone under a tree, and Susan walked over to her and said: "Aren't you leaving your friends too much alone?"

"Oh, they just came because they thought you'd do their portraits," Amaryllis said calmly. "And of course they like to play badminton."

"Why, Amaryllis!"

"Well," Amaryllis said doggedly. Then



After that first day, the morning rides became quite a habit.

Susan turned away with no question in her eyes.

But some mornings she would look out of her attic window and see the twins walking toward the woods with an eagerness of step alien to them, or hear their whistle from the barn, and on such mornings she would pick up her brush slowly, look at it as if it were a friend, work long and painstakingly.

One day she said to Lev: "We shouldn't let the children use the horses all the while. Why don't we go out early mornings before you go to work?"

"Heavens! I haven't been on a horse in ten years," Lev said. "There's nothing wrong with my figure and I'll leave such dawdlings to those who like it."

"But think how elegant you'd be as a country squire," Susan said lightly. "And," she added more soberly, "I've often heard Eleanor tell of how you used to ride when you visited the McCamers in Scotland."

"So we did," Levington said, savoring that time a little lingeringly. "Eleanor'd be surprised to see me cantering off some morning, eh?"

And after that they rode every day. Lev took to using horsemen's terms with some complacency and bought himself new riding boots. Sometimes on the woods roads Susan would turn to him suddenly as if she had something intimate and important to say, then she would ride on silently, not saying it.

At this time, when the morning rides had become a habit, Jess Walcott's marriage went definitely on the rocks. Susan asked her and her two daughters out for two weeks. She sat with Jess on the wide verandah and Jess clasped her brown arms under her head, leaned back tiredly in the wicker chair and said: "It is so heavenly here, so heavenly—no jangling, no anything but peace and fun."

Susan looked out across the valley and said, almost apologetically: "Yes, it's perfect—just as you said it would be that first day we were here."

"Susan," Jess began, "I keep wondering where I slipped. For I did, you know. I just wasn't big enough to manage it. I had so much to work with, too, and I couldn't do it. I don't know why. I wanted something like this—something beautiful and yet full of fun and life. I just had quarrels that kept getting more and more bitter—and now nothing. Life's so damnably queer, isn't it?"

"Yes," Susan said.

"I know I'm not like you; I'm not serene and I haven't any looks—but goodness knows, I wanted things to come out right. And the devilish part is—you don't need to spread this among the girls—I still want John. I should be ashamed to say it, but I do."

"I don't know why you need be ashamed—I'm sure I'd always want Lev," Susan said.

"Yes, but Lev adores you."

Susan did not look around at her friend.

"I suppose he does," she admitted. "So I suppose I can't say that."

Her eyes took in Amaryllis walking down the hill alone while Jess's daughters were diving off the pier.

VIII

WHEN IT came near time for school to open, the twins grew somewhat silent and sullen. One day Chapman came into the attic and stood watching Susan work. Presently Susan turned and said: "What is it?"

"Nothing," he mumbled. Then he said, a little desperately: "I wish we could stay here all year. I wish we didn't have to go back to town."

"But there's school, son."

"We could study by ourselves. Honest, we could, mother. It's not much fun in town—everybody spying on us and all that."

"Spying on you, Chapman?"

"Well, sort of. You know how 'tis there—Amaryllis and her snobby old girls and Aunt Eleanor snooping into everything! Listen, mother, why don't we stay here—you could teach us and all that. And father and Amaryllis and Aunt Eleanor could go back if they wanted to."

Susan took his face between her hands, kissed him somewhat solemnly and said: "Silly!" But that same night she said to Eleanor and Lev: "Eleanor, I believe you are right about schools; after all, I believe it would be a good thing for the boys if they went away to school for a few years."

And so it happened. The twins' summers came to be spent at the Hill Farm, as it was known, and the winters at the Compton School. Gradually their eyes became clear, less evasive, and Jess said once: "Your boys certainly are turning out well, Susan. There was a little while when they did seem difficult, but they've quite outgrown that, haven't they?"

"Yes," Susan said.

When Amaryllis was sixteen, Eleanor asked Levington to come to England with her. She did it casually enough. "Now look here, Lev, you ought to take a vacation and not in the country, either," she said. "You ought to come to London with me and have a real time. We're city people—there's no reason for Susan not to like the country if she wants to, but we were made for cities and civilization, what there is of it. I'm not going to take no for an answer; I'm going to drag you off with me this winter. Would you mind, Susan?"

Jess happened to be there and she laughed and said: "You know quite well,

Eleanor, that you haven't a chance. Lev's never taken a vacation apart from Sue since they've been married."

"Time he did, then," Eleanor said. "Time he did. Marriages go stale that are run on this possessive pattern."

"Do go," Susan said. "I really wish you would, Lev. I'd get some painting done."

"See?" Eleanor said triumphantly. "It's all settled."

But it was not all settled. Levington said: "Crazy notion Eleanor's got. She forgets we're not youngsters still. Of course, if you'd come along..."

"I wasn't invited," Susan told him.

"Oh, don't get like that. I gather you don't really want me to go?"

"Want you to go?" Susan said sharply.

He did not answer her. It was a way he had, to stop abruptly in the midst of an argument, leave her to feel ashamed of herself. In a moment he said he had letters to mail. "It's storming hard," she said mechanically. But he went out, and that was part of his way, too, to make himself uncomfortable as if driven to the discomfort by her.

Eleanor said: "Truly, Susan, possessiveness never gets you anywhere. Well, I'll take Amaryllis; she's just the age when London will seem a fling to her."

Susan said, after a moment: "I'm sure she'd love it."

When Amaryllis sailed, Susan kept saying to herself: "I've sold you. I've sold you, Amaryllis. But I couldn't have borne having her take him. I couldn't have borne it." Then, as they walked away from the pier and Levington said: "It'll seem very quiet without them," she said to herself: "But what would have been the difference? She has taken him."

To her friends, however, she said: "It's really wonderful that Eleanor's given Amaryllis this chance. It's so much more than college for a girl of Amaryllis's sort. It's been a bit of real luck to have Amaryllis look like Eleanor—it's made Eleanor so awfully generous!"

She told the boys of what Amaryllis would see, of what a marvellous chance it was for her.

Then one day there came a letter from Eleanor. It was not entirely coherent but the gist of it was that Amaryllis had married a French actor, a man twenty years older than Amaryllis. Just married him, without saying a word to anyone.

Levington was furious. He would have it annulled. He wouldn't allow the man in the house. What was Eleanor thinking of to allow it? And so on and on. "Cable her to come home," he said.

Susan said: "She wouldn't be ordered so—not by me, Lev. She's never minded me."

"Well, why hasn't she? If she had, this wouldn't have happened in the first place!"

"No, I suppose not," Susan said. "Lev, we'll have to let it go, make the best of it. After all, Amaryllis is more than sixteen—she's always been old."

In the end they let it go. Susan said: "Well, you know how she's always despised the callow boys she's known and this Georges Dupré is a man of importance and integrity. I really feel it's a good thing. She's read more than most college students now, you know. She's not a child."

"It's marvellous, the way you take it," her friends said. "I'd be tearing my hair—but you're right, of course, and it probably is the very thing for Amaryllis."



He's stuck out there in front of all the others, the attraction at every tattoo and big review. You often see his picture in the papers. He sometimes wonders if the colonel's not beginning to get a little jealous.

But supposing he made a mistake. Every newspaper would print the story . . . the whole world would laugh at him. That's the penalty of fame. When you are in the limelight, you've just got to be good . . . all the time, every time.

And that applies to the limelight of ad-

vertising, too. The manufacturer knows that his product *must* be good, before he can advertise. The better known it becomes, the more jealously it is examined, compared, criticised . . . the bigger the fall if he makes the slightest mistake. So, to be on the safe side, he is always testing and improving. And the improvements are all passed on to you.

That is why advertised goods are the best and cheapest. Study the advertisements in this magazine therefore, and remember **Advertised Goods have got to be good.**

This Advertisement Courtesy of Advertising Club of Montreal

This is Chatelaine Pattern No. 1605



Price 15 cents. Sizes 8 to 16 years. Available only by mail order to Pattern Department, Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Description of Simplicity Patterns, pages 30, 31

No. 2925 — Sizes 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 20. Bust 30 to 38. Size 15 requires, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch fabric; $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2930 — Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Bust 32 to 42. Size 16 requires, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch fabric; $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch fabric. Slide fastener for side pocket: 9 inch. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2931 — Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Bust 30 to 40. Size 16 requires, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch fabric; $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2912 — Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Bust 30 to 40. Size 16 requires, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch fabric; $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch fabric. Sash: $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2932 — Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust 30 to 38. Size 16 requires, Dress: $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch fabric; $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch fabric. Overblouse: $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch fabric; $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch fabric. Overdress: $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch fabric; $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

What is Wrong With Women's Clubs

Continued from page 10

One of the most successful of these is replacing the former long-speech method of getting information on a given topic, by a round-table discussion. "Round tables" are groups, preferably small, with appointed chairmen, who lead direct and sum up points of the matters under discussion. Others of the group (appointed in advance in order to be prepared) discuss briefly certain phases of the topic. Any member may ask or answer questions. The round-table method is usually provocative of keen stimulating discussion and provides the opportunity of many individuals taking part—which in the long run makes for a live club. Large meetings are often broken into small groups, discussions running simultaneously.

I recommend this treatment of many resolutions, before final action is taken. Recently, a resolution affecting women's provincial dower rights came up at the convention of British Columbia Women's Institutes. It was to urge upon the provincial legislature those similar to Alberta. Discussion revealed that hardly anyone knew Alberta property laws and most were hazy of those in British Columbia. It was decided finally that this be the first legislation topic of study directed by the convener of laws for the ensuing year. Such a subject would make a fine round table for the 165 Women's Institutes in B. C.

ART FOR art's sake—handicrafts learned in club classes and continued in leisure home hours—could be another fascinating women's club program attraction. There's a joy and satisfaction in beautifying one's own home with one's own handiwork, or making some exquisite hand-done wearing apparel. Too often, however, there is a danger of clubs commercializing handmade articles—making them mostly for sales. Usually the monetary reward is so pitiful in proportion to the time spent in making these articles, that it savors too much of sweated labor and waste of time.

Hundreds of home women would consider demonstration lecture programs in sewing, millinery, knitting, interior decorating and first aid, real reasons for joining a club. Just observe the throngs of women, most of them young, who attend the "free" cooking and dressmaking classes promoted by your local newspapers or department stores. Women do not need to be "sold" on the advantages of learning how to feed the family scientifically—in relation to health—to make new dresses and trim hats; how to treat cuts and bruises and other accidents, or how to beautify their homes and persons too. Competent demonstrators can always be secured through governmental extension services, commercial companies or local trained persons. There's no end to the variation of such practical program features.

If your club should decide to build a program on such a basis, I would suggest a survey of what governmental extension services your province has to offer. British Columbia leads Canada in government-sponsored adult education classes in vocational and recreational work, especially physical culture. For more than five years, Quebec Women's Institutes, with the co-operation of McGill University, have been sponsoring adult education classes of both men and women in literature, history, drama and other cultural subjects.

Women's clubs in smaller centres have a tremendous opportunity to interest prospective young women members by fostering and promoting the national youth-training program, which is being launched and financed by the Dominion and provincial governments. This is being carried out through short-course schools in agriculture and household science for young people between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five years. These schools are organized at central points and draw students from the surrounding country within a radius of thirty to fifty miles. Living at the school may be had at a minimum cost. The courses for women include instruction in foods, nutrition, clothing, health, practical handicrafts and community leadership. Evening meetings of a nonvocational nature, with cultural programs of literature, music, drama and discussions on current social problems are open to the general public.

Communities throughout Canada are being asked to form local committees, on which are representatives of various local organizations. The suggested duties of the committees are to provide halls for large assemblies or classes, dormitories or billets, cooking equipment, and, if necessary, to raise funds for the subsistence of those students unable to finance themselves. This is a real service to meet an urgent need of this day and generation.

AT TIMES I feel that this first generation of women's club joiners, as a group, are not enough aware of the vital problems of the day, and that our club policies are too much in the control of these older women. I once heard an eminent psychiatrist say that up to the age of forty we are progressive—after that, retrogressive, and that our attitude toward living is interpreted through our past experiences. The majority of club women today certainly are more than forty years old. Are we too "ladylike" to face in open club discussion such controversial subjects as birth control and sterilization of the unfit? (The president of the National Council of Women, at the recent national convention in Vancouver, put the closure on these subjects.) In taking such a stand are we attuned to the frankness of the present

generation? Is this attitude one of the reasons why younger women are refusing to join women's clubs today?

Or do many of these young women avoid clubs because they are children of the club slaves of the first generation of joiners? Have they endured too many milk-bottle-canned-food meals while mother has been away on a child welfare campaign, or "exercising the franchise"? It is an indisputable fact that women's clubs today, as well as yesterday, can dominate one's life to the extent of neglecting homes, families and business! There is ample opportunity and temptation to make club activities the main work of life. The reward is the honor and glory of being acclaimed a "good citizen," a "leader in the community," of having one's picture in the paper, of being singled out as a convention delegate or special official representative. This being in the public eye, or what Dale Carnegie calls "the desire to be important," has a far greater lure than the average club woman admits. Perhaps the young woman of today realizes this and avoids it by not joining any club.

Yet today, as never before, women's clubs need these trained young women. They need their courage to bring out of closets such social skeletons as venereal diseases, the alarming increase in the reproduction of the mentally deficient, the devastating increase in deaths from septic abortions, the cruel facts of sweated labor, and the truth about political corruption. We need their perspective of the unemployment problem, which is so vitally their problem. We need their fearless frankness in coming to grips with the false doctrines of narrow nationalism and much of the so-called "patriotism," which is fostered by armament makers to make themselves rich. We need their interest and study to help solve the great international economic problems, which affect every dweller on earth today. Never before in its history has the world so cried out for women of brilliant intellect and flaming spirit, "self-spending daughters of truth and power and light," with courage to shake the world and compel it to see that there can be no lasting happiness or prosperity without international understanding and friendship. Within our women's clubs we have a tremendous power which, when properly directed, can build up a public opinion which will demand the fulfillment of the greatest ideal of all—world peace.

And so let us older club women encourage and promote these younger women into club leadership. Too many of us hold onto office too long. Let us discard that superiority complex of "years of experience" and "reward for service," and elect frank fearless intelligent young women, who will streamline our aims, objects and mottoes to meet the swing of the times.

The characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons.

Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manu-

script, drawing or photograph. Contributors should retain copies of material submitted.

Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Use of its articles, in whole or in part, for advertising purposes or in stock selling or promotion, is never sanctioned.

A great Cook Book New, Different!

**Priced at Less Than Half Regular Value
Contains Over 2,000 Tested Recipes**

HERE'S important news for every Chatelaine reader — a chance to secure this first edition of a brilliant NEW cook book, "Modern Cookery Illustrated," at a price that is less than half its regular value. The most practical and up-to-date book of its kind, utterly different from any cook book you have ever seen — a book that brings you thousands of valuable new ideas, hints and tips — 640 pages, 400,000 words, scores and scores of unique "how-to-do-it" photographs that show each stage in the making of many important dishes; a book that will literally save you many dollars and help you to become a past master in every phase and aspect of home cookery.

"Modern Cookery Illustrated" has been specially compiled and edited by one of the most famous English cookery experts, Lydia Chatterton. Every chapter, every recipe, every word, is the result of many years experience, careful research and experiment. The work has been planned throughout on an entirely new basis and is the first great successful effort to be made to show housewives how to beat the high cost of living — how, with straightforward new ideas, brilliant yet simple ways and means, they can begin right away to save hard cash every day, yet produce an immense variety of dishes. In no other book can you get all these ideas.

"CAN'T-GO-WRONG" RECIPES

The over 2,000 recipes in this great book are the biggest and most useful contribution to perfect and economical home cooking ever made. Just think! Here are recipes for every kind of food and every type of meal. Every recipe has been tried, tested and proved under ordinary kitchen conditions. You simply can't go wrong. In short, these recipes provide the world's greatest collection of ideas for getting the best out of food, the most out of money, and for keeping the family contented and well nourished.

The illustrations in this work have been specially prepared and form the most valuable, most helpful collection ever to be found in one book. They include a unique series of "Cinema" lessons, showing each stage in the making of many important dishes and step-by-step pictures of the way to carry out such awkward tasks as plucking and trussing a chicken, carving, etc.

INVALUABLE INFORMATION

You can become an expert pastry-cook, and turn out the lightest, daintiest cakes (large and small), biscuits, tarts, pies, confectionery, etc., etc. You will find invaluable information on the selection and cooking of joints, meats, fish, poultry, game. You will learn how to make the best use of all kinds of fresh vegetables and fruits. You will find many new and inexpensive ideas in the preparation of puddings, tarts, pies, jellies, etc., etc. Other sections in this work deal with cooking for children and invalids—preserving and bottling Fruit and Vegetables—how to stock without waste—the Efficient Management of the Kitchen—General Household Hints—a splendid money-saving guide to thrifty shopping, etc.

In addition "Modern Cookery Illustrated" contains a big "why-did-it-go-wrong" section in which scores and scores of cooking problems are fully and authoritatively explained.

MANY SPECIAL SECTIONS

In addition to all of the practical recipes and information that one would look for in a first-class cook book, "Modern Cookery Illustrated" has special chapters on such important subjects as these—Principles of Cookery; Carving; Hors d'Oeuvres; New Dishes from Leftovers; Ices and Frozen Desserts; Jams and Preserves; Jellies and Marmalades; Preserving Fruits and Vegetables; Pickles, Sauces and Chutneys; Home-made Wines and Beverages; Nursery Puddings; Invalid Diets (including Diabetic and Anaemia); Meals from Cans; New Types of Sandwiches; Catering for Two; Christmas and Entertaining.

**640
PAGES
400,000
WORDS**

ONLY \$1.39

Plus 25 cents to cover cost of postage, packaging and insurance. Air Mail postage extra if required.

"Modern Cookery Illustrated" is a magnificent, large sized book. Its 640 pages are of beautiful white ivory finish paper with special glossy surface that perfectly reproduces the unique illustrations. The text is printed throughout in large clear-face type and the recipes are printed in extra-bold type. A detailed A-to-Z Index enables you to find every recipe at a glance. The book is 8¾ in. deep by 5½ in. wide. It is durably and handsomely bound in stiff covers of hard-wearing canvas crash, with the title beautifully embossed on the front and spine, to harmonize with the binding.

Send for your copy of this great cook book today! A limited supply has been ordered—make sure that you secure your copy at this astoundingly low price!

THIS OFFER FOR CANADA ONLY

SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY!

BOOK WITH CARE

From HOME BOOK SERVICE
210 Dundas St. W., Toronto MC

(Print Your Name and Address Clearly
in Block Letters)

Name

Address

To HOME BOOK SERVICE
210 Dundas St. W., Toronto

Please send me.....copies of Modern Cookery Illustrated at \$1.39 per copy, plus 25 cents per copy to cover special packing, mailing and insurance. I enclose my remittance for \$.....

Name

Address



IMPORTANT

This label must be sent along with the coupon; do not detach it. Fill in your name and address clearly in block letters.

MC-CH-1

(If you do not wish to cut this from the magazine, send your order on a plain sheet of paper)